



His MAJESTY's Most Gracious
S P E E C H

both Houses of Parliament, on Tuesday the Eleventh Day of November, 1,

My Lords and Gentlemen,

SINCE your last Recess, I have, by the Blessing of Almighty GOD, concluded such Terms and Conditions of Peace and Alliance between the Greatest Princes of *Europe*, as will, in all human Appearance, induce others to follow Their Example, and make any Attempts to Disturb the Publick Tranquillity, not only Dangerous but Impracticable.

These Engagements, I am perswaded, will be so much the more Agreeable to all My Good Subjects, as they bind the Contracting Powers to Support the Succession to these Kingdoms in My Family, to which some were not at all, and others not so fully bound by any former Treaties.

During the whole Course of these Negotiations, a most strict Regard has been had to the Interest of *Spain*, and better Conditions have been stipulated for that King, than were insisted upon in his Behalf even at the Treaty of *Utrecht*; but the War in *Hungary* (which by Our Mediation is since happily ended) having tempted the Court of *Spain* unjustly to Attack the Emperor, and the Hopes they have since conceived of Raising Disturbances in *Great-Britain*, *France*, and elsewhere, having encouraged them to believe, that We should not be Able to act in Pursuance of Our Treaties for the Defence of the Dominions Invaded by them, nor even to support those other Essential and Necessary Conditions of the Treaty of *Utrecht*, which Provide against the great Monarchies of *Europe*, being at any Time hereafter United under one Sovereign; They have not only Persisted in such a Notorious Violation of the Publick Peace and Tranquillity, but have rejected all Our Amicable Proposals, and have broke through their most Solemn Engagements for the Security of Our Commerce.

To vindicate therefore the Faith of Our former Treaties, as well as to maintain those which We have lately made, and to protect and defend the Trade of My Subjects, which has in every Branch been violently and unjustly oppressed, it became necessary for Our Naval Forces to check their Progress. It was reasonable to hope, that the Success of Our Arms, the repeated Offers of Friendship, which I have never ceased to make in the most pressing Manner, and the Measures taken in Concert with the Emperor, and the Most Christian King, to restore the Publick Tranquillity, would have produced a better Disposition in the Court of *Spain*; but, I have received Informations, that instead of listening to Our reasonable Terms of Accommodation, that Court has lately given Orders at all the Ports of *Spain*, and of the *West-Indies*, to fit out Privateers, and to take Our Ships.

I am perswaded that a *British* Parliament will enable Me to resent such Treatment, as becomes Us; And it is with Pleasure that I can assure you of the ready and friendly Resolutions of Our Good Brother the Regent of *France*, to concur and joyn with Me in the most vigorous Measures.

The firm Confidence I repose in the Affections of My People, together with My earnest Desire to ease them of every Charge not absolutely necessary, determined Me, immediately after the Exchange of the Ratifications of Our Great Alliance, to make a very considerable Reduction of Our Land-Forces; nor could I better express, than by so doing, how little We apprehend the Attempts of Our Enemies to disturb the Peace of My Kingdoms, even though *Spain* should think fit to continue some Time in War. Our Naval Force Employed in Concert with Our Allies will, I trust in GOD, soon put a happy End to the Troubles which the Ambitious Views of that Court have begun, and secure to My Subjects the Execution of the many Treaties in force relating to Our Commerce.

Gentlemen of the House of Commons,

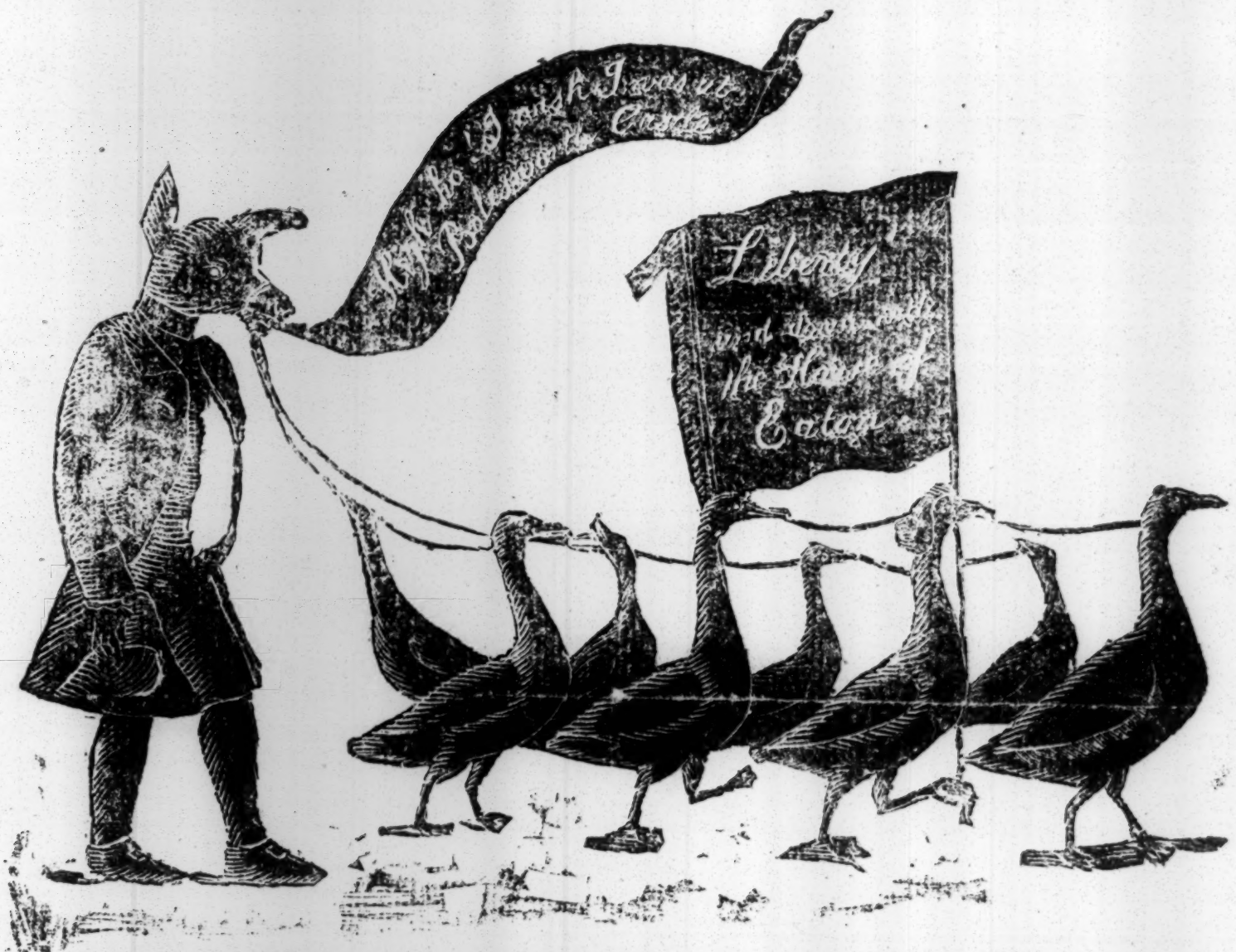
I must desire you to grant Me such Supplies, as will enable Me to carry on the Service of the Year. I have given Orders to have the proper Estimates laid before you, whereby you will perceive I have reduced the Expence as much as Our Circumstances can well admit. I have the Pleasure to observe to you, that the Funds appropriated for Sinking the Publick Debts, have answered above Expectation. I must however recommend to you to consider of proper Methods for Improving them, by preventing the Frauds and Abuses daily committed in the Publick Revenues, not doubting but in all your Proceedings, you will have that Regard to the inviolable Preservation of the Publick Credit, which may quiet the Minds of all those that have trusted to Parliamentary Engagements.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

There never was a Time when your Unanimity, your Vigour, and Dispatch, were more necessary to so many good Ends, as those We have now in View. I have done My Part. It remains with you to give the last Finishing to this great Work. Our Friends and Our Enemies, both at Home and Abroad, are waiting the Event of your Resolutions: And I dare promise My Self, that the first have nothing to apprehend, nor the others to hope from your Conduct in this important Juncture, who have, during the whole Course of my Reign, given such lively Proofs of your Zeal and Affection to My Person, and of your Love to your Country.

THE CACKLING OF THE GEESE; OR, THE GRAND ENTRY

O F
JACKY C**** into the CITY,
Involuntarily led in by the *Talbot Junto*.



First Goose, [M----- T-----] COME along, *Jacky*, come along, don't be afraid, *we'll insure your Return!*

Second Goose, [T-----] Aye, *we'll tread upon the House of Eaton*, never fear.

Third Goose, [S---d] All the Members of the *Church* I can command! so a *Fig* for the *Corporation!*

Fourth Goose, [Major Bluster.] Gentlemen, no Man respects the *Freedom* of Election more than *I do!* As to those Reptiles, the *Trademen*, *we* have them under our *Thumbs*; and he that won't stand up against those Tyrants, the *Body Corporate*, why I wish, Friend *H--b*, you had all their *Wives* and *Daughters* lock'd up in the *Spiritual Court*, that's all!

First Goose, [aside] Heaven help 'em if they were;---I believe, Major, they wouldn't care how *SPEED-ily* they *jump'd* out of the *Window!*

Fourth Goose. [Bluster] The *Freemen* at large are *ours*; and as to those greasy *Dogs*, the *Butchers*, *we* have *them* to a Man.

Jacky C---e. Why, Gentlemen, *that Interest* I have some Reason to be fearful of;---there is a good *worthy* Fellow among them, *honest William*, his *Interest* I cannot expect; the *Turnip-field!* the *Turnip-field!* I'm afraid must come against me.

Fourth Goose, [Bluster] Never fear, I'll oblige him; if he refuses, he shall never send another *Rump* to my House!

Third Goose, Gentlemen, *our Cause* is the Cause of *Liberty!* So come along, Mr. *Crewe!*

Omnes. Huzza! *Liberty* and *Independency*, my Boys, shake off your Chains, now or never, *Confusion* to the *Corporation*, and down with the *House of Eaton!*

[Entering the *Coffee Room*, shouting.

It may not be unnecessary to apologize for the gloomy Appearance of the Cacklers; which is, that as their Cause is evidently in a dying State, MORNING SUITS are more consistent with their Characters.

CASE

OF

C. 161 f. 2 (3)

Captain THOMAS SMITH.

Late Commander of the NIGHTINGAL, now
a Prisoner in Newgate.

SHewTH, That after Thirteen years Faithful Service in the English Nation, he was accused by some of his Sea men (when Commander of Her Majesty's Ship the *Bonetta-Sloop*) of some Misdemeanours, which they soon after retracted under their Hands, which Writing coming not time enough to the Court martial the said Smith was there Tried, and Broke of his Imploy and Multed six months of his Pay, Notwithstanding he to shew his Innocence of his Accusation, and his Respect to the Nations Service, Addressed her Majesty in Council at St. James's, in December 1705, and did there Receive Her Majesties Gracious Word for to Attend the Princes Council, in Order to be Restored, or Imployed in Her Majesties Navy as they should see meet: So that the said Smith gave daily his long and Expensive Attendance at the Admiralty; and finding no Imploy came, he Entered himself a Volenteer under the Command of my Lord Marquis of Carmarthen, on Board the *Winchester*, where he behaved himself with all Dilligence and Sobriety, as appears by good Evidence: And that the said Smith took none of the Queens Pay during the said Service, in hopes to have Retriev'd his former Misfortunes, and by his good Service the sooner to have gained an Imploy in Her Majesties Navy again; and when my Lord Marquis of Carmarthen was Ordered home by his Royal Highness Prince George, Lord High Admiral of England, that then the said Smith Address'd the Princes Council again for an Imploy in the Navy, who told him he must Petition the Queen, which accordingly he did, as Appears by his Papers, setting forth the same, with Certificates from under the Hands of the Chief Magistrates of those Ports whereunto he had been Serviceable in this Nation, and likewise of his Conduct and Behaviour; and had upon his Petitions several times to the Queen, Her Gracious Word to Attend the Princes Council, which accordingly the said Smith did, from time to time, for the space of about Three Years; and after many Addresses was flatly denyed of having any manner of Imploy in the Navy, after having spent all his Substance was then in a Deplorable Condition, & not knowing what to do, he Offered himself a afters-mate in any merchant-Ship, by the help of one Mr. Hill at the Sign of the *White-Hart* at Wapping-new-stairs, who was to have Twenty Shilling for helping the said Smith to any such Imploy, and he waiting so long had been with several Masters in Company with *Mr. Hill*, who makes it his whole Imploy under the Name of a *Crimp*: But being the dead time of the Year) and but few Merchant-Ships then Fitting; so that nothing of an Imploy happened untill the said Smith had neither Money nor Food to help himself, insomuch that he borrowed Five shillings of one Mrs. Boul at *Kitchell-Cross* to help him to his home, which was at *North-Shields*, in the River of *New Castle upon Tyne*, and then coming home finding with his Wife and Family all things but very mean and no Credit, was forced to Sell and Pawn what Plate and Rings with other overles he had left, for the Relief of himself and Family; the said Smith took Passage in the *St. Peter* of *Stockholme* at *North-Shields*, and Bound for *Lisbon* in hopes of getting an Imploy there, under Commissioner *Wright*, to whom he was recommended by a Relation, who had great Influence on the Afforesaid Commissioners for the English Nation; the said Smith Sailed away in the said Ship from *North-Shields* On the seventh of February 1706, and in his Passage was taken near the *Ile of Wight*, by a French Privateer on the fifteenth of the same Month, who let the Ship pass away on her Voyage, only Detaining Smith as a Prisoner on Board the French Ship Some few days after, the French Privateer Took a small Ship of *London* from *Oporto*, *John Clarke* Commander and *John Burroes* his mate, with his men, were brought on Board the said Privateer as Prisoners, and the Prize sent away, and the said French Caper Sailing to the Westward, seeking more Purchase, fell in with two Swedish Ships bound for *Lisbon*. and Commanded their Masters on Board with their Papers, at which time the said Smith begged of the Captain of the French Privateer to set him on Board of either of them, which he refused, and after his time being out for Cleaning his Ship, he Carried the aforesaid Smith with *Mr. John Clarke* and *John Burroes* into *Dunkirk*, where they were put into the Common Prison, when *Clarke* and *Smith* were Bed fellows together upon straw-beds: In which place Smith was offered to be Imployed in the King of *France's* service, he having nothing to rely on in *England*; and by reason of his being taken in a Foreign Bottom, could not be Exchanged as a Prisoner of War, and no Money to help himself nor Credit, was forced to Accept the King of *France's* Bread, rather then Starve in a Prison, so that the said Smith did not leave the Nation of *England* out of any Disgust or Malice, but purely for Want of Bread.

Written with my Own Hand in Newgate,
April 24th. 1708.

Tho. Smith.

T O W N L A D Y .

A Town Lady is a new Name, which the Civility of this Age bestows on her that our unmannerly Ancestors call'd Whore and Strumpet. A certain Help-meet for a Gentleman, instead of a Wife; Serving either for prevention of the Sin of Marrying, or else as a little Side-show, to render the Yoke of Matrimony more easie. She is an excellent Convenience for those that have more Money than Wit, to spend their Estates upon; and the most that can be said in her Commendation, is, that she will infallibly bring a Man to Repentance. Yet you may call her an honest Curtezan, or at least a Common Inclos'd; for though she is an Out-lier, yet she seemst to be confined within the Pale and differs from your ordinary Prostitutes, as Wholesale men from Retailers; one perhaps has an hundred Customers, and tother but two or three, and yet this gets most by her Trade. Indeed she may well thrive, seeing she always carries her stock above her, and every man is desirous to deal in her Commodity: For she is a Gallant business, a Citizens Recreation, a Laawyers Estate in Fee-tail; a Young Doctors Necessary Experiment, and a Persons Comfortable Importance.

The Royal Preacher calls her a *Strange Woman*, but usually term her a *Common Woman*, and have reason to do so; for she that were strange in *Solomons* days are common in ours. She is a caterpillar that destroys many a honest Young Gentleman in the *Flitch*, a Land-Syrene more dangerous than they in the Sea: For he that falls into her hands, runs a three fold hazzard of Ship wracking, Soul, Body, and Estate.

She talks high of her Family, and tell a large story how they were Ruined by the late Wars. But the true History of her Life, is generally to this Effect: She is only the Cub of a Bumkin, lickt into a Gentle form by Town-Conversation: Nature gave her a good Face, and an indifferent stock of Confidence, which she by prudent management has improved into Impudence; like a forward Rose-bud she openeth betimes, and lo! that trifle they call a Maiden-Head, is early, that she cannot remember she ever had such a thing. She was scarce thirteen when her Fathers Plow-man, and the Squire their Landlord (the very Clown of the two) were joint Tenants to her Coppy-hold; but proving with Child, she had no Wit to lay it to the last, who for his Credit, dispatcht her Incognito, with a train of Money on a Carriers Pack, to be disburden'd at *London*, the goodly Forest in *England*, to shelter a great Belly: There the youngling was exposed to the Tuition of the Parish in a *Shool*, and the Charitable Midwife (who counsell'd her in a civil way, a necessary part of her Office) soon brought her acquainted with a Third-rate Gentlewoman, who took her a Lodging in a Garret, and allow'd her six shillings a Week. But making a Sally abroad one Night, pickt up a Drunken Cully, at a Tavern (whilst he was no less pleasantly employed) pickt his Pocket of a Gold Watch, and some stragling Guineas, and left him to pawn his Sword and Perriwig for the Reckoning. After this lucky Adventure, she discards Monsieur shabby (her former Customer) and her lofty Lodging; puts her self in a good Garb, gets a Maid (forgive me, for I Lye, I mean a she-servant) whom she teaches to call her Madam, and your Honour, and hires Noble Rooms richly Furnished, about *Covent-garden*; there she takes state upon her, and practises every day four hours in the Glass, how Greatness will become her. Her first business is to make her self to be

taken notice of, to which purpose like *Diab*, she walks the streets; sometimes like *Jael*, she stands at the Door; and sometimes like *Jezabel*, she looks out at the Window: but her main Market place is the balcony, where she frequents as constantly as any Lady in a *Kitchen*; and the Language of her Eyes is, *What an art thou art*. By which she at last attracts a Wealthy Gentleman, with a little address, obtains the mighty Honour of her Acquaintance; but she seems extreme Nice, Reserved and Modest, Protests she would not go to a Tavern for a World, when the whole business is, she is only afraid of being Pawn'd there. In brief, she manages him so discreetly, that she Cheats him into Love infensibly, like a Taylors-Bill, wherein a man fees himself soarkt abominably, yet knows not where to find fault. Having thus got the Woodcock into the Pit-fall, she resolves to pluck him: When he importunes her for the great Kindness, and talks of Honour and Confidence, and vows she will never stain her Reputation but for reasonable Considerations: this brings them to *Arr*, he promises to allow her a Hundred and fifty pounds a Year, and she swears a thousand distinguishing Oaths, how infinitely she loves him, and that she will prove constant, and true to him alone, and never be conversed with any other man in the World; and the first thing so fatally bewitcht as to believe her; And continues a long time in that fools Paradise or Dotage, whilst in the mean time she drives a Trade privately with two or three more. For the Concealing of which from the first, tis the whole Imploy of the little Harlotry, her Chamber-maid, to study Lyes, pretences and excuses, and she makes them pay her even to Extortion; to picken her Invention, sometimes she is gone abroad in her Aunts Coach; sometimes one of her Cozens, a *Drapers-Wife* in the City is used, and she must visit her. Nor is madam her self less full of Plot and intrigue to Bubble her Gallant: sometimes having pleased him well, she begs the best Ring on his finger, or r reads her self to be in Debt; and that unless he suffer her to be scandalized with with an Arrail, should he must be for her to one of her Confederates (you may be sure) for fifty pound, and the everlasting Changeling, can not find in his heart to deny her.

But in time, his Appetite being cloy'd his Purse exhausted, or his Eyes enlightened, he begins to withdraw, and she soon finds out another, a verier Fool than he; but for Security, will not Trade, unless he settle an Annuity of 300l. a Year on her for Life; which being firmly done by an able Conventant in *Sheep-skins*, half as large as the *Premises*: Within one moneth she abandons him for a more Wealthy and generous Gallant. And now being arrived at the height of her Glory, she has her Boys in *Levey*, her House splendidly furnisht, and scorns to stir abroad without a Coach and six Horses: she glitters in the Houses of the *Play House*, and draws all Eyes after her in the Street to the Shame and Confusion of all honest Women, and Encouragement of each pretty Girl that love fine Cloaths, good Chear, and Idleness, to turn *Flirt*, in Imitation of such a thriving Example. She becomes a Loathsome thing, too unclean to enter into Heaven, too Diseased to continue long upon Earth; and too foul to be toucht with any thing but a Pen or a pair of Tongs: And therefore tis time to Leave her, — For, *Foh, how she stinks*.

C. 161. f. 214
THE

130
Dying Thoughts and last Reflections

O F

Mr. Thomas Brown,

Who Departed this Life the 16th of June, 1704.

In a Letter to a Friend.

THAT the World may be convinc'd, that they are not imposed upon, but that the following Letter is Genuine, Mr. *Brown's* own Sentiments, Written by Himself, and sign'd before several Witnesses, and given into my Hands some few hours before his Departure, with a Request to make it publick after his Death. This I think my self bound to attest, in respect to a Friendship that commenc'd between us in our Youth (being both brought up at the same School) and which has ever since been kept up by a fair Correspondence: As also in Justice to him whom I frequently Visited all the time of his Illness, wherein he often express'd a very great Remorse for the Actions of his Life past, and declared that the short remainder of it shou'd be spent in making the best Provision for Eternity. He often heartily wish'd that all such who might have Imbib'd any ill Notions from his Example, Writings, or Conversation, wou'd be so far convinc'd by his dying Experience, that a Vertuous Life is the best Consolation upon a Sick Bed, and a good Conscience the best Physician; for the rest he recommends them to his last Reflections, which he hoped might prove, in some measure, useful to those who are not yet come to a true Sense of Eternity, and a future Accounts.

Tho: WOTTON,
Curate of St. Laurence Jury, London.

Mr. Wotton.

IN all the several Periods of my Life, I have found none so sure and faithful a Friend as your self. I always kindly received your wholesome Admonitions in the time of my Health, and in this my last Illness (which has brought me to the brink of the Grave) you have done all that could be expected from a good Christian, and the most affectionate Friend.

Upon *Tuesday* the sixth of *June*, I sent for you to Communicate to me the Holy Mysteries of the Blessed Eucharist, for which I hoped I was sufficiently prepared. You chearfully complied with my demand.

Finding my self totally decayed, that I was certain I cou'd not hold out much longer. I made bold to send for you on *Monday* the 12th of this instant *June*, to administer to me the last Consolation of the Church, her Absolution.

This you cou'd readily grant, you told me, *Provided I answered the Conditions upon which she gave it.*

You

You asked me, *whether I was in perfect Charity with all Mankind.* I answer'd, Yes: Adding, that I had begged their Forgiveness, and that for my own part there was not a Man in the VVorld, whom I did not Heartily Forgive, tho' he had Injured me never so much.

That I had paid my Debts, as far as a few Trifles of my own wou'd go, or the Generosity of my Friends enabled me; that this was all I cou'd say upon that point.

Well, but says you, *the greatest difficulty is still behind, you have published several Books, wherein not only the Holy Ministry is ridiculed, but they contain abundance of Prophane Immoral Passages, which have given Publick Scandal.* 'Tis true, the Books are so dispersed and lodged in so many Hands, that now 'tis not in your power to call them home, and consequently this will not be expected from you. But I hope you have most Solemnly repented for the same: To that I answered, Yes. You concluded that I ought to employ all my Interest with the Booksellers concerned, to expunge all Passages that gave a just Offence in the next Editions, which I promised to do, and then you gave me the Holy Absolution.

VVithin a day or two after, Mr. *Briscoe* the Bookseller coming to see me, I conjur'd him to leave out all Prophane, Undecent Passages in my Letters, whenever he came to Reprint them, which he readily promised. The same promise another of the Profession made me with great Alacrity; thus far I have done as you required of me.

By a particular oddness of my Destiny, I have been thought, and represented for a better Man than really I am by some People, and by others for a much worse.

They did not consider, or know that I was too lazy in my Temper to VVrite much, and yet all the Pamphlets Good and Bad, Lampoons, Trips, *London Spies*, and the like insignificant Trifles, were Father'd upon me without any more Examination.

'Tis true, my Feet were deep enough in the Mire, but to have disclaimed every Libel and Pamphlet that was thus undeservedly Imposed upon me, wou'd have been an endless trouble, and so I fate as contentedly, as I cou'd, under the Scandal.

But I ought to be seriously ashamed, if what has been said of me were true, *viz.* that my Conversation was Atheistical and Prophane. I will not disown, but that over my VVine, I have complied too much with the Libertinism of the Times.

Of those Things which are said to belong to Me, not One in a Hundred are mine: And that I ever encouraged the Loose and Villanous Principles of this Age, I am sure it is out of any Man's Power to prove. I confess, out of too much Complacency to a Vicious Age, I have taken too much Freedom in Conversing about the *Universal Flood*, and some other Indifferent Matters, to some pleasant Gentlemen, wherein the true Essence of Christianity is not a jot concern'd: But this I can faithfully assure you, that I never once doubted of the Verity of our CHURCH in which I was bred, and in whose Communion (though an unworthy Member) I dye, begging Her Pardon for any Scandalous Reflections that may have been thrown upon Her, or any of Her Ministers, by my VVritings, humbly Recommending my Self to Her Prayers, and my Soul to the Mercies of my Eternal Redeemer, and Merciful Saviour the holy Jesus, who, I hope, will Accept of my late, though sincere, Repentance; who, with the Father, and the holy Spirit, liveth and reigneth one God for ever, *Amen.*

SIR, Be pleas'd to Accept of this small Testimony of my Affection, and the sincerity of my Intentions, who am

Your obliged humble Servant,

Aldersgate-Street,
June 16. 1704.

Thomas Brown.

Printed for A. Roper at the Black Boy in Fleetstreet, 1704.



An Answer to a Libel falsely called, A True and Impartial Account of the Poll of the Inhabitants of the Ward of Broad Street, upon the Nomination of an Alderman, in the Room of Sir Joseph Woif, in the Year 1711.

TH E Persons who stood Candidates for Aldermen of Broad-Street-Ward in the Year 1711, were Sir William Wisbiers, Sir William Leaven, Sir George Newland, and Sir Robert Duckley, on the one Side; Sir John Houblon, Sir Samuel Stanier, Sir John Scot, and Sir Gerard Conyers, on the other Side.

When the Poll was taken and cast up, and a Declaration made of those who had a Majority on the Poll, a Scrutiny was demanded and granted, and at several adjourn'd Meetings was taken with great Patience by Sir Gilbert Heathcote, then Lord Mayor of London; and when all that could be said on either Side was heard, it became necessary for Sir Gilbert to take the Opinion of Council touching the Legality of the contested Votes.

Sir Gilbert Heathcote said he would consult his Council, and any body of common Sense might understand, that by his Council were meant the City Council, which were his as Lord-Mayor of London, and with these and no other did he consult.

He was attended on this Occasion by the Recorder, (now the Lord Chief Justice King) Duncan Dee, Esq; then Common Serjeant, and Mr. Smith an eminent City Attorney known to be in a contrary Interest to Sir Gerard Conyers.

The Attorney read the Objections and Answers to every contested Vote, and this without naming the Name of the Persons objected to, that Partiality might not be so much as possible; and as the Recorder and Common Serjeant gave their Opinions that the Vote was good or bad, so it was instantly set down allowed or disallowed; and after the Votes which the learned Council above-mentioned declared to be illegal were disallowed on both Sides, a clear and undoubted Majority of Votes, either including or excluding the Unfreemen, fell upon Sir John Houblon, Sir Samuel Stanier, and Sir Gerard Conyers, who together with Sir George Newland, were returned to the Court of Aldermen, and they chose Sir Gerard Conyers out of that Number.

The candid Behaviour of Sir Gilbert Heathcote on this Occasion, took such strong Hold, and made such an Impression not only upon the Recorder, but upon the Common Serjeant, and City Attorney above-mentioned, that, notwithstanding the Weight of Party, they all concurently vouched the Truth and Sincerity of this Transaction upon all Occasions Publick and Private.

But the Force of Truth not being sufficient to stem the Torrent of a Tumultuous Party, especially one that had the City Cash at Command, and loved to have the spending it, they resolved to endeavour to vacate the Election upon any Terms.

And to this End a Quo Warranto was moved for and obtained.

To this Quo Warranto Sir Gerard Conyers pleaded, That he and three other of the Candidates

were Elected and Returned to the Court of Aldermen, who finally chose Sir Gerard Conyers out of that Number, and admitted him accordingly.

One would think that this was the Time proper for the Objectors to this Election of Sir Gerard Conyers to have joyned Issue with him, and tryed the Question, and so put an End to this Contest.

But instead of trying the Election, the Prosecutors had Recourse only to the Chicanes of the Law, and so demurred to Sir Gerard's Plea, chusing rather to stand the Question, Whether Sir Gerard's Plea was good in Law, than true in Fact.

This Demurrer was twice argued in the 12th Year of Queen Anne, but the Prosecutors ashamed of their Demurrer, have ever since, for near Ten Years together, stopt all Proceedings, although the City bore the whole Expence.

This plain State of Facts will no Question put to Shame such an imaginary Account, such Guess Work, and Fancy as is now set up.

But since it is objected that the Numbers standing in the Poll-Book were against Sir Gerard, it may in Answer to it be said, the more is the Reproach and Scandal to that Side who had so many bad Pollers.

And since the old Objection is revived, that Sir Gilbert Heathcote did not give in a Particular of the Names of those on each Side that he allowed or disallowed. The Answer is, that none but a Madman would give each Side a List of the Voters that were disallowed, especially in so doubtful a Case as the contested Right of the Unfreemen, since thereby the disappointed Party would be furnished with Opportunities to commence so many several revengeful Actions as there were Persons disallowed.

And as Sir Gilbert was not compellable in Justice or Reason to give such a List, so he was told by the Lawyers who attended him, that he was not obliged so to do by Law; and if an Hundred more Lawyers had been asked the same Question, the same Advice would have been given.

Upon the whole, let Gentlemen but ask themselves if they can find throughout the City an honest or a better natured Citizen than Sir Gerard Conyers; let them remember that Sir Gerard is an Alderman who was chosen Sheriff without any Objection; that he has served that chargeable Office with Candour and Reputation; that a regular Succession to the Mayoralty has for a great many Years been religiously observed by both Sides, moved thereunto by the sole Consideration of preserving the City in Tranquility; and 'tis hoped that every Citizen will conceive a just Indignation against those that are now breaking its Peace, especially at a Time when Credit and the Good of the Kingdom call for the united Assistance of every honest Man who has any Regard to the Publick, or even his own Private Interest.

An Answer to a Libel falsely called, A True and Impartial Account of the Poll of the Inhabitants of the Ward of Broad Street, upon the Nomination of an Alderman, in the Room of Sir Joseph Wolf, in the Year 1711.

TH E Persons who stood Candidates for Aldermen in the Broad-Street-Ward in the Year 1711, were Sir William Withers, Sir William Low, Sir George Newland, and Sir Robert Knuckley, on the one Side; Sir John Houlton, Sir Samuel Stanier, Sir John Scot, and Sir Gerard Conyers, on the other Side.

When the Poll was taken and cast up, and a Declaration made, that who had a Majority on the Poll a Majority was demanded and granted, and at several adjourn'd Meetings was taken with great Patience by Sir Gilbert Heathcote, then Lord Mayor of London; and when all that could be said on either Side was heard, it became necessary for Sir Gilbert to take the Opinion of Council touching the Legality of the contested Votes.

Sir Gilbert Heathcote said he would consult his Council, and any body of common Sense might understand, that by his Council were meant the City Council, which were his as Lord-Mayor of London, and with these and no other did he consult.

He was attended on this Occasion by the Recorder, (now the Lord Chief Justice King) Duncan Dee, Esq; then Common Serjeant, and Mr. Smith an eminent City Attorney known to be in a contrary Interest to Sir Gerard Conyers.

The Attorney read the Objections and Answers to every contested Vote, and this without naming the Name of the Persons objected to, that Partiality might not be so much as possible; and as the Recorder and Common Serjeant gave their Opinions that the Vote was good or bad, so it was instantly set down allowed or disallowed; and after the Votes which the learned Council above-mentioned declared to be illegal were disallowed on both Sides, a clear and undoubted Majority of Votes, either including or excluding the Unfreemen, fell upon Sir John Houlton, Sir Samuel Stanier, and Sir Gerard Conyers, who together with Sir George Newland, were returned to the Court of Aldermen, and they chose Sir Gerard Conyers out of that Number.

The candid Behaviour of Sir Gilbert Heathcote on this Occasion, took such strong Hold, and made such an Impression not only upon the Recorder, but upon the Common Serjeant, and City Attorney above-mentioned, that, notwithstanding the Weight of Party, they all concurrenly vouched the Truth and Sincerity of this Transaction upon all Occasions Publick and Private.

But the Force of Truth not being sufficient to stem the Torrent of a Tumultuous Party, especially one that had the City Cash at Command, and loved to have the spending it, they resolved to endeavour to vacate the Election upon any Terms.

And to this End a *Quo Warranto* was moved for and obtained.

To this *Quo Warranto* Sir Gerard Conyers pleaded, That he and three other of the Candidates

were Elected and Returned to the Court of Aldermen, who finally chose Sir Gerard Conyers out of that Number, and admitted him accordingly.

One would think that this was the Time proper for the Objectors to this Election of Sir Gerard Conyers to have joyned Issue with him, and tryed the Question, and so put an End to this Contest.

But instead of trying the Election, the Prosecutors had Recourse only to the Chicanes of the Law, and so demurred to Sir Gerard's Plea, chusing rather to stand the Question, Whether Sir Gerard's Plea was good in Law, than true in Fact.

This Demurrer was twice argued in the 12th Year of Queen Anne, but the Prosecutors affirmed of their Demurrer, have ever since, for near Ten Years together, stop't all Proceedings, although the City bore the whole Expence.

This plain State of Facts will no Question put to Shame such an imaginary Account, such Guess-Work, and Fancy as is now set up.

But since it is objected that the Numbers standing in the Poll-Book were against Sir Gerard, it may in Answer to it be said, the more is the Reproach and Scandal to that Side who had so many bad Pollers.

And since the old Objection is revived, that Sir Gilbert Heathcote did not give in a Particular of the Names of those on each Side that he allowed or disallowed. The Answer is, that none but a Madman would give each Side a List of the Voters that were disallowed, especially in so doubtful a Case as the contested Right of the Unfreemen, since thereby the disappointed Party would be furnished with Opportunities to commence so many several revengeful Actions as there were Persons disallowed.

And as Sir Gilbert was not compellable in Justice or Reason to give such a List, so he was told by the Lawyers who attended him, that he was not obliged so to do by Law; and if an Hundred more Lawyers had been asked the same Question, the same Advice would have been given.

Upon the whole, let Gentlemen but ask themselves if they can find throughout the City an honest or a better natured Citizen than Sir Gerard Conyers; let them remember that Sir Gerard is an Alderman who was chosen Sheriff without any Objection; that he has served that chargeable Office with Candour and Reputation; that a regular Succession to the Mayoralty has for a great many Years been religiously observed by both Sides, moved thereunto by the sole Consideration of preserving the City in Tranquility; and 'tis hoped that every Citizen will conceive a just Indignation against those that are now breaking its Peace, especially at a Time when Credit and the Good of the Kingdom call for the united Assistance of every honest Man who has any Regard to the Publick, or even his own Private Interest.

F O R T H E
P R E S E R V A T I O N
O F T H E
G A M E .

AT a Meeting the 17th of *March*, 1752, The Noblemen and Gentlemen who have entered into a Subscription for preserving the Game all over *England*, have already ordered the Commencement of several Actions against Poulterers, Salesmen, Innholders, Vintners, Coachmen, Carriers, and Higlers, in *London* and *Middlesex*, for Selling, Buying, and Carrying of Game, contrary to the Statute, and are resolved to prosecute all Unqualified Persons, who shall Kill, Destroy, Sell, Buy, Carry, or have in their Possession, any Sort of Game, or keep, or use Dogs, or Engines for the Destruction thereof, by reason whereof the Game is greatly destroyed, and in some Counties wholly. It was further Resolved and Agreed, to give the following Rewards to any Person or Persons who shall Inform against the Offender or Offenders against any of the Laws now in Force for the Preservation of the Game.

TO every one who shall Convict any Person or Persons of Snaring or Destroying Hares, Leverets or Pheasants, or Taking Partridges or other Game in any Part of *England*, the Sum of Five Pounds. And to every one who shall Convict any Person or Persons of Destroying Pheasants or Partridges Eggs, the Sum of Five Pounds. And to every one who shall Convict any Unqualified Person, Higler, Carrier, Salesman, Poulterer, Vintner or Innholder, of having in his Custody, or Buying or Selling Game, the Sum of Ten Pounds. And to every one that shall Convict any Unqualified Person of Hunting, Shooting, or otherwise Destroying the Game, the Sum of Five Pounds over and above the Rewards given by Law.

AND as it is well known that Carriers, Higlers and Stage-Coachmen, are the General Receivers of the Game unlawfully taken: And that the Salesmen, Poulterers, Vintners and Innholders encourage them therein, and are Buyers and Sellers thereof, Notice is hereby given, that the Laws will be strictly put in Execution.

THE said Rewards to be paid by Mr. *James Cecil* in the *Temple*, who is ordered to carry on the said Prosecutions at the Expence of the Society.

N. B. *No Informer* or Witness shall be discovered, unless the Offender stands a Trial at Law; and then, not 'till the Time of such Trial.

All Noblemen and Gentlemen, and other Qualified Persons, are desired to Write, or order their Titles or Names to be set, with the Day of the Month, on the Directions sent with their Game, by any Stage-Coach, Higler, Waggon, Cart, or in any other Manner.

The Subscribers propose to meet, every Month, at the *St. Alban's-Tavern* in *St. Alban's-Street*. The next Meeting is appointed for *Thursday April 9*, at Twelve o'Clock; when it is hoped such Noblemen and Gentlemen, who are willing to encourage this Undertaking, will meet the present Subscribers, or send their Names to the said Mr. *Cecil's*, where the Subscription-Book is kept, and Subscriptions taken in.

*A P L A N for the better carrying on the BRITISH WHITE
HERRING FISHERY, humbly offered to the Consideration of
WILLIAM BECKFORD, Esq; Member of Parliament, and
Alderman of the City of London.*

S I R,

YOUR Attention and Attachment to the national Undertaking of the Herring-Fishery is so conspicuous, that I am induced to offer the following Hints to your superior Judgment; and as I mean nothing but the Good of the Society and the Public, hope that will prove an Apology for this Intrusion.

Many have wrote upon the Utility of the Fishery, but none have as yet sufficiently pointed out the best Method and Oeconomy necessary to be observed, in order to reap those Benefits naturally expected by the Nation in general, and the Proprietors in particular.

The great Advantages made by other Nations in this Branch of Business, are but too obvious to need illustrating; from whence I apprehend it follows, that, if we have not yet reaped the same Advantages, it must proceed from Mismanagement in some degree or other, too common in the Infancy of all Undertakings of this sort: To remedy which, it is humbly submitted, whether it will not be advisable to reduce both the Number and Expence of the several Agents, and their Tribe of Underlings now employed in this Undertaking: and to dispose of the Busses, so as to be fitted out from several different Ports, in order to avoid the further laying out large Sums in the erecting of Magazines, &c. at one Place of general Rendezvous; and so to unite the Interest of the Society, and those to be employed by them, as to render the Profits proportionably mutual; making it their Interest to promote the general Good of the Society: and consequently bring all our Fishermen to understand this Branch of Trade, so as to be able to carry it on to Advantage without a Bounty, by the End of the Term granted the Society by Parliament; and save the Nation a large annual Expence, and prevent its being continued a Monopoly: an Abhorrence of which, upon all Occasions, you zealously profess. As in the Beginning of this Undertaking it was imagined there would be a Difficulty in finding proper Markets for vending the Herrings; it would be great Ingratitude not to mention the high Obligations due to you from the Nation and the Society; for the indefatigable Endeavours you have successfully used, in procuring Markets in the *West Indies* in so effectual a Manner, that the *Yarmouth* Herrings, (which our Neighbours sell only for 16s. per Barrel,) are now shipped here for the *West-Indies*, at 25s. per Barrel, which has not only increased the Profit 9s. per Barrel, but has so raised the Credit of the Society's Herrings, throughout the whole *West-Indies*, that there has been a Demand, this Season, for many thousand Barrels, more than the Society could comply with.

No Body, Sir, is a better Judge than yourself, of the Representation I here offer, of the present Situation of the Society; and what has, and what may be carried into Execution, which, if duly attended to, it is humbly conceived will answer all the Expectations that might naturally arise from this national Undertaking, which is the most sincere Wish of

S I R,

*Your most Obedient, and
Very Humble Servant,*

T H O M A S C O L E.

31st, January 1754.

The present Expence of the
Society's fitting out

	l.	s.	d.
To victualling a Buſs, con- taining 17 Men at 6 ^d per Day, for 6 Months	77	7	0
To a Maſter, at 4 ^{l.} per Month, for 6 Months	24	0	0
To a Mate, at 2 ^{l.} 5 ^{s.} per Month, for 6 Months	13	10	0
To 2 Danes, at 3 ^{l.} 5 ^{s.} each per Month, for 6 Months	60	0	0
To 2 Coopers, at 3 ^{l.} 5 ^{s.} each per Month, for 6 Months	21	0	0
To 6 able Sailors or Fiſhermen, at 3 ^{l.} 0 ^{s.} each per Month, for 6 Months	54	0	0
To 3 Landmen, at 1 ^{l.} each per Month, for 6 Months	18	0	0
To 2 Boys, at 10 ^{s.} each per Month, for 6 Months	6	0	0
Total of Victualling and Manning	273	17	0
To 400 Barrels at 3 ^{s.} 2 ^{d.} per Barrel	63	6	8
To 400 Buſhels of Salt at 1 ^{s.} per Buſhel	20	0	0
To the Share of a Buſs in the Expence of Tenders	25	0	0
To the Share of a Buſs in the Expence of Manage- ment	55	0	0
To the Share of a Buſs in the Expence of the Storeſhip	55	0	0
To the Share of a Buſs, to ſink her Prime Coſt annu- ally	50	0	0
To Repairs annually	20	0	0
To the Expences of Nets annually	100	0	0
	662	3	8

Per Contra Creditor.

	l.	s.	d.
As the Society's Buſſes caught but 7000 Barrels of Herrings laſt Seaſon, which were ſold one with another at 25 ^{s.} per Barrel, the Share of each Buſs came to but	235	5	3
The Bounty of 30 ^{s.} per Ton upon every Ton the Buſſes meaſure	120	0	0
The outward Bounty of 2 ^{s.} 8 ^{d.} per Barrel	53	6	8
The 3 per Cent.	23	0	0

Total 426 11 11

Loſt by each Buſs 204 6 6

Loſt by the whole 38
Buſſes 99 4 6

If each Buſs had caught
400 Barrels, which is the
common Compliment gene-
rally expected, they would
have gained but 33 17 0

and the Gain of the whole
38 Buſſes would have been 1336 9 4

There are ſo many other incidental
Charges not here mentioned, attend-
ing the *preſent* Method of the Socie-
ty's fitting out their Buſſes, that they
would not have been able to have
ſaved themſelves, by each Buſs catch-
ing 400 Barrels. Beſides the Artifi-
ces of the numberleſs Agents, Ser-
vants, and Inſpectors they employ,
and to whoſe Integrity they are

obliged to truſt: Some of whom have already been found to take up Mo-
ney without Account, others to ſell Nets before they became uſeleſs, and
appropriate the Value of them to their own Uſe; alſo to provide others
of ſuch bad Quality, and ſo ill-diſpoſed for the ſeveral Fiſheries, as to ren-
der it impoſſible for their Buſſes to catch their uſual Compliment of Fiſh:
And were the Materials their Buſſes are built with, as alſo their ſeveral Build-
ings erected at *Southwold*, inſpected into, 'tis feared, many more illegal Prac-
tiſes would be found out. The Council were alſo ſo deceived by their Agents
and Inſpectors at *Southwold*, in the Number of their Nets, that no leſs than
25 of their Buſſes could not be ſent out to the Fiſhery the laſt Seaſon.

To avoid all the ſoreſaid Enormities, and to render the Succeſs more
certain, I humbly propoſe, That the Society ſhould contract with the Maſ-
ter of every Buſs, to victual and man the Buſs he Commands, at a certain
Sum to be paid him for every Barrel of Herrings he catches, cures, packs
and delivers to their Agents upon the Fiſhing Ground, in good and mar-
ketable Order; the Society ſending Ships, Salt, and Barrels, in which Caſe
their Profit and Loſs would then ſtand thus, viz.

Expences



Expences fitting out.			Per Contra Creditor.		
	<i>l.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>		<i>l.</i> <i>s.</i> <i>d.</i>
The Society to allow each Master 12 s. per Barrel, which upon 400 Barrels amounts to	240	0	0	As the general Quantity, which a Buſs catches, the moſt indifferent Seaſons is 400 Barrels; which being ſold at 25 s. per Barrel, one with another, of <i>Shetland</i> and <i>Yarmouth</i> Herrings, amounts to	500 0 0
To ſinking the Prime Coſt of a Buſs annually	50	0	0	The Bounty of 30 s. per Ton	120 0 0
To her annual Repairs	20	0	0	The outward Bounty of 2 s. 8 d. per Barrel	53 6 8
To the Share of a Buſs in the Expence of Tenders	25	0	0	The 3 per Cent.	23 0 0
To ſinking the Prime Coſt of the Nets	100	0	0	Total	696 6 8
To the Share of a Buſs in the Expence of Management	40	0	0		
To 400 Barrels at 3 s. 2 d. per Barrel	63	6	8		
To 400 Buſhels of Salt at 1 s. per Buſhel	20	0	0	Profit upon each Buſs according to this Method	135 13 4
Total	558	6	8		

It is worthy obſerving, that the Expence of the Nets might be reduced to 50 *l.* per annum, if the Maſters themſelves were to make or provide them; whereas the Nets of each Buſs now coſt above 400 *l.* and don't laſt above four Years, from the Badneſs of their Quality and the little Care taken of them; being generally thrown into the Hold the Moment they are hauled in, full of Weeds, Mud, Sand, &c. and by that means heat and relax ſo as to become uſeleſs long before the fiſhing Seaſon is over, as will more fully appear from what happened the laſt Seaſon: But, when a Maſter is thus intereſted in the Succeſs of the Adventure, he will for his own Sake, inſpect into the original Quality of the Netts, and take a particular Care to preſerve them during the Voyage; and, if well made and properly tanned, will ſerve eight Years, inſtead of four.

The 20 *l.* per Annum, allowed for Repairs of each Buſs in the aforeſaid Calculation, may alſo be reduced to 10 *l.* becauſe, when the Maſter has the ſole Direction and Government, of the Buſs at his own Port, he will know it to be his Intereſt as well as his Duty to make his People do every thing that is neceſſary, to keep her in good Order and Repairs; neither will there be any Occaſion for a Storeſhip, becauſe each Maſter will take Care to carry every thing that's neceſſary with him: the Charges of Management will alſo be greatly reduced, as the Society will have no Occaſion for Agents, either to Victual or Man the Buſſes.

If the Buſſes are properly manned, and well provided with Materials, as they naturally will be by this Method, becauſe the Maſters Profit will depend ſolely upon the Succeſs of the Adventure; they frequently catch 5, 6, 700 or more Barrels of Herrings, in a Seaſon.

The Society's nine Buſſes caught 3600 Barrels of Herrings the Year 1751, altho' their Crews were Novices; and their 18 Buſſes caught 9000 Barrels in the Year 1752, out of which the *Cheſterfield* Buſs (being the beſt manned and provided) caught 900 Barrels; in the Firſt is one with another 400 Barrels each; and in the Laſt one with another 500 each; but this Succeſs was very much owing to the Care and Vigilance of Mr. Alderman *Janſſen*, who ſpent moſt of his Time in providing every thing that was neceſſary for their being well fitted out, and was aſſiſted by ſome other Gentlemen who were then in the Council; notwithſtanding which, it has ſince appeared, that even during that Period, the Expences exceeded the Profits; principally becauſe the general Rendezvous was at *London*, and

so great a Number of Agents employed : and the transporting the several Materials from *London*, and other Places, to that Port ; from which 'tis manifest, that it is impossible for the Society, under these Circumstances, to carry on this Undertaking, in the present Manner of conducting it.

As it may be objected, that there are no Masters to be found, who will contract under the Restrictions before mentioned ; the following Calculation may serve to demonstrate how consistent, it is with their Interest so to do ; as well as of all remote Sea-ports to encourage, and recommend, good and able Masters to the Society for this Service, &c.

The Master's Expence in victualling and manning.

	<i>l.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
To 4 <i>l.</i> per Month, to himself as Master for 6 Months	24	0	0
To his Mate at 2 <i>l.</i> 5 <i>s.</i> per Month, for 6 Months	13	10	0
To 2 Coopers at 25 <i>s.</i> each per Month, for 6 Months	15	0	0
To 4 able Sailors as Fishermen, at 30 <i>s.</i> per Month, for 6 Months	36	0	0
To 6 Landmen at 20 <i>s.</i> each per Month, for 6 Months	36	0	0
To 3 Boys at 10 <i>s.</i> each per Month, for 6 Months	9	0	0
To victualling 17 Men at 6 <i>d.</i> per Day per Man, for 6 Months	77	7	0
Total	210	17	0

Per Contra Creditor.

	<i>l.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
To 400 Barrels of Herrings, at 12 <i>s.</i> per Barrel	240	0	0
Profit to the Master in this single Article, besides his Wages	29	3	0

Besides which, the Master is now allowed all the Profit he can make of the Fish he catches with the Hook, which generally amounts to something considerable, besides what they catch for their own Consumption ; those Seas abounding with Cod, Ling, Tusk, and Turbett, the catching of which does not interfere with the taking of Herrings. The

Master also may have the Benefit of what Freight he can make, from the last Place he delivers his Herrings at, to his own Port, without any Prejudice to the Society, by insuring the full Value of the Buys : And 'tis apprehended it would be advisable, for the Society to let him also have, by way of Encouragement, as much Twine as is sufficient to make and mend his Nets, at the same Price they let others have it ; and pay him for making them as they do others ; as also Staves to make his Barrels, and to be paid in like Manner : This would not only employ him and his Crew in Times of Vacation, but also many poor Families of the Sea-port he belongs to, which may be desirous of having 1, 2, or more Buys to winter in it. This must be productive of a good Recommendation, of a proper Number of good and able Masters to contract with the Society, and give their Buys all the Assistance in their Power ; lest they should lose the Advantage of the Buys wintering in their Port.

The Masters will also Victual and Mann, out of the remote Sea-ports, much cheaper than the Society's Agents can from a Place of general Rendezvous, and have the Advantage of taking several Apprentices every Year ; so that in a few Years they will have a full and complete Crew of their own Servants bred up to Fishing, and Net-making, &c. and be both inured to Discipline, and contented with a moderate Allowance ; infomuch, that this Undertaking will become the real Nursery for Seamen, which the Parliament expected when they granted this Bounty to the Society ; and save the Expence the Society are now at, in collecting Sailors from all Parts of the Kingdom, to enter on Board the Buys at their Place of general Rendezvous ;



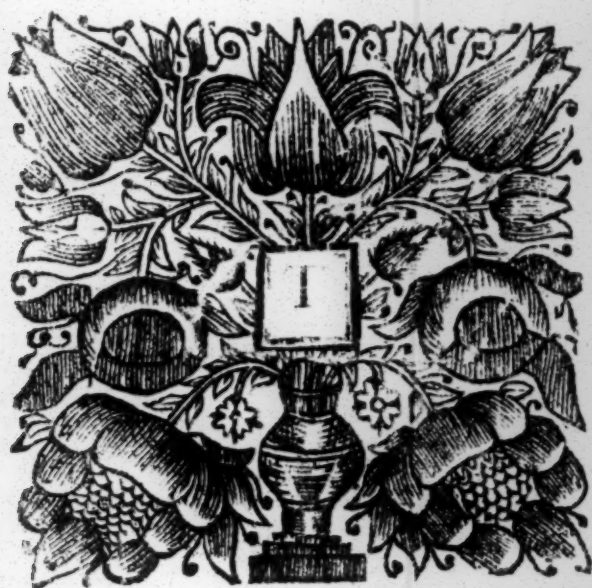


C. 16. f. 2. (a)

TO THE
Kings most Excellent Majesty,
THE
HUMBLE ADDRESSES
OF THE

Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Commons of the City of London, in Common Council Assembled.

SHEWETH,



That we Your most Loyal and Dutiful Subjects, having with Astonishment received the Discovery of a most Traiterous and Horrid Conspiracy, of divers Ill-affected and Desperate Persons, to compass the Death and Destruction of Your Royal Person, and of Your Dearest Brother *James Duke of York*; and that to effect the same, they have held several Treasonable Consultations, to Levy Men, and to make an Insurrection, and made great Provision of Arms; A Design notoriously tending to the present Destruction, not onely of Your best Subjects, but of the Sacred Person of Your Majesty, the best of Princes, and to Involve this and the future Generation in Confusion, Bloud, and Misery; carried on, notwithstanding their specious Pretences, by known Dissenting Conventiclers, and Atheistical Persons.

And having in the first place Offered up our solemn Thanks to Almighty God, for His watchful Providence in bringing to Light this Impious and Execrable Machination,

We do in the next place humbly Offer to Your Majesty the Deep Re sentiments of our Loyal Hearts concerning the same, and beg Your Majesty to Rest fully Assured, That as no Interest in this World is valuable to us in comparison of Your Majesties Service and Safety; So we are Determined readily to Expose our Lives and Fortunes in Defence of Your Majesties Person, Your Heirs and Successors, and Your Government Established in Church and State, and particularly, for Discovering, Defeating, and Destroying all such Conspiracies, Associations, and Attempts whatsoever.

All which Resolutions are accompanied with our Daily and Fervent Prayers, That Your Majesty may Vanquish and Overcome all Your Enemies; And that the Years of Your Happy Reign over us, may be Many, and Prosperous.

2 July 1683.

It is His Majesties Pleasure that this Humble Address be forthwith Printed and Published.

L. JENKINS.

HIEROGLYPHIC EPISTLE

from

to



*in Answer to that
lately receiv'd from
Pandemonium.*

Postage 6 Pence.



Most po^l and respect^l PRINCE!

Y^Haneis's Epistle came safe & Hond, & a r^oght sonsy one it w^{as}, and gave me muckle Glee. I ha shewn it & aw my Friends upon Pth. w^{as} R glad & h^o t^h there is sic a guide Under King Between us, & t^h I am t^hake & I a cl^oite & low & I am above. I am (they say) so I versil in the R^{ts} of In Cⁿ & I ion and D C m^l I ion, & I Dceiv^e e'en that Arch-Chiel the Deevil himsel: so t^h they do & doubt & salt & a & I proc^l & P^l & I in your infern^l Court, for aw t^h faithful North Britons, w^{as} have so Minently Distinguished themselves b^y their Lealty & Attach^l & their & Country. Mony brav Iads o' my ain Clan have act^l & I solicited me I ready for t^h Purpose; & I & I t^h they have Talents & XEQ^{te} any of Y^Haneis's most hellish & d^oabolic Commands. — I have rarely gull'd the English Malecon, & I a pure 10 ded Resign I ion; & I t^h is aw a Hum. for t^h I have indeed quitted the immediate Gu^dance of the Helm, & I attend & give Diractions in aw P^lers of N^lion & Importance.

I am glad t^h I approve of my Scheme for X¹⁰ ding the Excise-Laws, a Scheme I had puzzled the most skillful Politicians o' er & I about. & I gin I wull ha P^lience, & I sall h^o how I fected it. — I ken weel I my Country, & I Donald says i' th' Play, I how Adam & Eve w^{as} I p^led I gether in Eden, wi' Plenty o' Bannocks & Cail, & aw t^h they wish'd, & I were proheebited the eating o' Pe & how w^{as} I Haneis whisper'd a saft Speech in her Lug, our Gramum fell & in an I Pepin without I ing & I pare it. Now thought I, gin sic I Things R^o & I done I Power o' Oratory, I se e'en tr I a Specimen o' my ain Elocution; upo' I & I whisp bonny Laisie, whom I ken right weel, and I soon found t^h I had na got the wrang

B^y Dint o' this amazing Talent I sall shortly r^o the English in 2 tot^l & I S C^l the Day w^{as} the boldest freeborn Englishman o' them aw sall not dare & I gr^o I now Impositions of Arbitrary Power, & I groan in Cret & I neath th of despotic Sway & Caledonian Tyranny

I have the Honour & I & I most devoted Serv^l, & I



Lord Butler's letter
to the Lord
in King's Bench



A N

E L E G Y

On the Much Lamented **D E A T H** of the *Right Honourable* the
Lord Feversham, who departed this Life at *Somerſet-Houſe* on *Fry*
day the 8 h of *April*, in the 69th. Year of his Age

Lament, lament, you lofty Heroes all,
 And view your Fate in this Man's sudden fall,
 Whoſe Greatneſs ſhine'd moſt Bright in Days of Yore
 Is now Eclipſ'd and ne're will be no more:
 From hence learn Goodneſs, and an humble Mind,
 For 'tis the Lot of thoſe who ſtay behind.
 Could *Fame* and *Glory*, *Wealth*, *Reverence*, or *Power*,
 Have ſtop't the Courſe of this unhappy Hour,
 Great **FEVERSHAM** had ſtill been Living here,
 A *Worthy Loyal*, and *Renowned P E E R*.
 But Providence and Fate together joyn'd,
 And ſnatch'd him hence to make his Soul refin'd;
 That Better part, made pure from lumpiſh Clay,
 Is now advanc'd to Everlaſting Day;
 Where perfect Light and *Glory* ſtill appears,
 Not waſted by old Time, or Term of Year,
 Where never Dying Ages rolls along
 In Joys, not to be nam'd with Pen or Tongue
 Cœleſtial Raptures Happineſs compleat
 The Centre of Content; the Bleſſed Seat
 Where all our Wiſhes in Perfection meet.
 There, there he's fix'd; Ah! Happy Noble Peer
 Thou'rt far above all Earthly Care and Fear.
 No Princes Frowns, or Monarchs angry Brow,
 Can e'er diſturb thy Peace or Conſcience now.
 No *Revolutions*, or ſtrange Turn of Things
 Can vex thee, ſince thou'rt with the *King* of *Kings*
 Thy Loyal Mind, was ſo affected here,
 By Conſequence thy Soul is Happy there.

In worſt of Times, when *Vertue* paſſ'd for *Vice*
 And *Knave*s and *Fools* eſteem'd Grave and Wiſe
 Your greater Knowledge ſoon foreſaw the Thing
 What wou'd befall both *Subjects* and their *King*;
 And in Concluſion, wiſely did prepare
 Againſt the worſt of Dangers Man could Fear
 Yet like a Rock unſhaken, firm you ſtood,
 As well for *King*, as for the *Peoples Good*,
 To ſave your *Honour*, and the *Subjects Blood*.
 Let after Ages to their Children tell
 What **FEVERSHAM** has done, and done ſo well
 What mighty Tryals he did undergo,
 As well from Friends, as from an open Foe.
 Adieu, Great *Statesman*, lofty was thy Fate,
 Thou'ſt left a Pattern both for Church and State.

E P I T A P H.

HERE lies the Body of a Noble P
 Whoſe Soul's advanc'd above the hig
 (Sphe
 His Earthly Glory by Two Kings were gi
 And now is placed with the King of Hea
 The higheſt Poſt the Beſt of Kings can ha
 When Crowns are levell'd equal with the Gra
 For let a Man be ne'r ſo Rich or High,
 He muſt ſubmit, as well as you and I.

T H E Age of Mad-Folks.

I.

These Nations had always some Tokens
Of Madnefs, by Turns and by Fits,
Their Senses were shatter'd and broken,
But now they're quite out of their Wits.

II.

Can any Man say the L——d M——r,
Of Parliament likewise a Member,
Did wisely to set up a Bear
To Preach on the Fifth of *November*.

III.

Was the Doctor less touch'd in his Brain,
To stuff his harangue with Gun-Powder,
Or D——en, who fir'd the Train,
And made it crack louder, and louder.

IV.

Even *He* who wrought all under-hand,
So thinking to save his own Bacon,
Some doubt, if for all his White Wand,
For a Conjuror h' ought to be taken.

V.

But our Senate hath out-done 'em all
By their solemn and grave Proceeding,
On a Pageant in *Westminster-Hall*,
When the Nation lies almost a Bleeding.

VI.

In such a Nice and Critical State, [several,
When of Weighty Affairs there were
To spend their sweet Lungs in Debate,
About *Hondly* and *Henry Sacheverell*.

VII.

Of the Danger that threaten'd the Nation,
From the scandalous Term of *Volpone*,
Thrown on the Man of high Station
Who so freely supplies us with Money.

VIII.

So as the rare Frolick went round,
It seized at last on the People,

Who swore they would pull to the Ground
The Churches that wanted a Steeple.

IX.

They Rebell'd in the Doctor's Defence;
Who so boldly had cry'd their Pow'r down,
And freely gave up their Pretence
To Fight for the Church and the Crown.

X.

On the Folks who so zealously strove
For their Power, they outrageously fell,
And by Force of Arms they would prove
They had no Right to Rebel.

XI.

The C——s by Arguments keen,
From the Sense of the Doctor's Expressions
Prov'd some Words that *nothing* cou'd mean,
To be Damnable Crimes & Transgressions.

XII.

The P——rs having all Things regarded,
Affirm'd he had highly offended;
They Vote he ought to be rewarded,
And so the rare Farce was ended.

XIII.

Thus I've prov'd that the M——r who invited,
And the Zealous Doctor, who preach'd;
The Men who the C——ns incited,
And those that the Doctor Impeach'd.

XIV.

All those who the Question did handle,
The Mobb and all such as did gain-say;
The P——rs (be it said without Scandal)
To be all in a desperate Phrensy.

XV.

What Remedy then in the Nation
For this Madnefs that really too much is,
But some Sober and Wise Application
From S——nd and the Wise D——s.

F I N I S

An Hieroglyphical Epistle, from the P---e of
W—s, to the Right Hon. Mr. P—t.



Mr.



S^r,

 have taken  t
 my  co^rt  r  dour, 
 imag^e   w^ell  hold  r  ce
 d^egr  .  gr   d^ed 
my   soon;   C  w^e 
the  e a  thor of th^es   hav^e   r
      have  been
a  sh  tr  th,   etter now
than w^e  w^e the  ; w^e  t^e t^e me
 reaches  sh  forget  r fr^end-
  for   sh  d^e 
h^em. My fr^end F^ett   st me 
  my  fort  nes, &  my tro 
  .  ray let  s shake   , t^e crack
a  &  a  of  on   .  f 
 ld l^ekeyy re   d me   ar-
  t w^e   stance  w^e  , 
shall  ways kee  t  my m^ed. 
know my  s  cere, &  
wo  ld  h^e any  al^eve.

rs, &c.

C. 1617. 2. (14)

A

NEW SONG,

BEING THE

TORIES TRYUMPH,

OR, THE

Point well Weathered:

To a New Theatre Tune.

I.

Some say, the *Papists* had a *Plot*,
 Against the Church and Crown;
 But be it so, or be it not,
 The *King* must please the Town.
 The *Papists* take *Tybourn* by turns,
 To please the City-Gulls;
 It's strange, that they, who all wear Horns,
 Should fear the *Popish Bull's*,

II.

The *House of Commons* blow the Coals,
 The Nation to disettle;
 And, like true Tinkers, make two Holes,
 To mend one in a Kettle:
 Orelse, What needs that precious *Vote*,
 That if the *King* should Fall
 By *Pagan*, or *Phanatick Plot*,
 The *Pope* must pay for all?

III.

Our Royal *James* of Princely Race,
 And High Illustrious Fame,
 Was not thought fit, by *Commons* base,
 To follow *Charles's Waine*:
 But let that *House of Office* know,
 When they have Sow'd their Leaven,
 He shall Succeed, though they say no,
 By all the Laws of Heaven.

IV.

Old *Cavaliers* for Loyalty
 They streight Clapt up for Treason,
 In hopes to bring in *Anarchy*,
 'Gainst Justice, Sense, and Reason.
 Brave *Hallifax* and *Feversham*,
 Brave *Worster*, Just and Wise,
 They did Vote down, as dangerous Men,
 That they Themselves might Rise.

V. *Beaumont*

But Oh! that Lord in *Leistershire*,
 Turn'd Catchpole, though too Late,
 'Tis better Priests in Prison were,
 Then Bums should loose their Trade:
 For Priest poor *Waller* never fought,
 But where was Golden Crosses;
 His *Mirmidons* went Snacks, 'tis Thought,
 In all the Owners Losses.

VI.

The *Doctor* he has bid Farewell
 To *Jesus*, and the Court;
 And *Tony's* Tap runs flat and dull,
 Makes *Catch* in hopes of Sport.
 Bleu *Protestants* can make no work,
 Unless like *Hungary*,
 They for Religion Joyn the *Turk*,
 For *Christian Liberty*.

London, Printed for J. D. in the Year 1682.

A
REJOYNDER
 TO THE
VVHIGGISH POEM
 UPON THE
Tory-Prentices-Feast
 A T
MERCHANT-TAYLORS-HALL:

WELL! Tory Poets answers come at last,
 The Tory Sots never write Verse in haste;
 Or else the Cur got drunk like snoaring Sow,
 Lay under Board, and never wa'kt 'till now;
 But if the noise the yelping Beagles keep
 Did waken him, his Verse I'm sure's asleep.
 I'll swear, I thought (when first I looked on
 His Poem) he had sent me back mine own:
 'T began alike; alike almost throughout,
 'Twas only mine was turn'd the inside out:
 'Tis a damn'd trick the Tory Tools have got,
 To kill an Enemy with his own Shot:
 Had he not imp'd me, he'd been to seek
 For an *Exordium* another week;
 For of the Tory Poets I must say
 It's a witty Rogue can write a Verse a day.
 But *Gaffer-Goose-Cap*, who told you such stories,
 His Majesty sent Bucks to feast the Tories?
 You might as well have said the *King was drest*
 In Royal Robes, and came to be your guest.
 But you may speak amiss, amiss may do,
 It had been *Treason* if I had said so;
 Tories may murder Fame, may Honour kill,
 May slander Kings, and yet be Loyal still,
 Their Loyalty consists in doing ill.

}

You

You may 'tis like by these your Verses lewd,
 Make the mistaken *Tory* multitude
 Believe I *Treason* spake, and that I swore,
 And I may safely say, you'l Drink and Whore,
 But this for truth they all do know before.
 That *Noblemen* were *Priests*, I ne're said so;
 But Doctor *Crape-Gown's* may, for ought I know;
 'Twas *Scandalum magnat.* if I do in jest
 But speak one word 'gainst *Stewards* of the Feast;
 Though *Lords* be high, yet *Prentices* are low,
 And lowly *Taylor's* itill were counted so:
 You may say what you please, but without doubt
 I may speak *Treason* gainst the *Ragged-Rout*;
 And Silly *Fops* 'cause they've all *Whiggs* abhorr'd,
 Shall have as good a title as a *Lord*;
 And prosecute for scandal whom they please:
 Such Lordly things are lordly *Prentices*.
 No, silly *Citts*! for ever doom'd to Shops,
 Keep still your ancient titles, *Fools* and *Fops*.
 This Sham won't take; I'm Loyal still and true;
 Although I'm scandaliz'd by traiterous you;
 Disloyal *Tories*! you the Traytors are;
 Whilst Loyal *Baxter*, *Curtis*, Loyal *Care*
 Bravely maintain their *Sovereigns* right in truth,
 Without e're feasting of the snorty Youth,
 True *Whigs* ne're stoop to such mean tricks as these,
 To feast the hungry sniveling *Prentices*.
 Illustrious *Charles*! by all that's great and high!
 (Tho I am branded with Disloyalty)
 No fawning *Courtier* e're shall so much glose
 As I'll detest thine and thy Nations Foes;
 No *Charles the third*, nor budding *Embryo-King*
 Shall be the Subject for my *Muse* to sing
 Whilst thou dost live; let *Traiterous Tories* sooth,
 And raise Sedition in the Faction Youth;
 Long may'st thou live and flourish on thy Throne,
 While all these little *Kings* shall basely tumble down.

LONDON, Printed in the Year 1682.

A N
A N S W E R

To the *Whiggish* POEM on the

Loyal Apprentices

F E A S T.

THe buisy Town grew still, and *Trait'rous Whigs*
Had lately chang'd their *Looks and Periwigs*,
Left *Envy's Face* behind, and *Sniv'ling Cant*,
And *Hectors* turn'd, with *Loyalists* to Rant.
I know not which it was, whether They thought
Some *Conventicling Whores* might there be brought
By *strict Devotion* to meet a **BROTHER**,
Or whether 'twas they Scented out some other
Warm Zealous *Game*, as *Pasty, Pudding-Pie*,
Nor Superstitious now, if **WHIG** be by.
But something 'twas made *Godly'st Men o'th' Nation*
Back-slide a little now for Recreation;
And here's a *Penitential Psalm* of One
That tells his **BRETHREN** what Himself has done
At **LOYAL-FEAST** in **MERCHANT-TAYLORS-HALL**
'Mongst *Coxcomb-Lords*, and *Worshippers of BAAL*;
Whither *Foolish KING*, and **PRINCES** too had sent
Fat BUCKS, in Sacrifice to **IDOLS** meant.
Yet 'mongst such Fools a **WHIG** can Eat and Drink,
Whilst H'one thing Speaks, and doth another Think.
He in Deceit can mannage cunning slight;
Not so the *Tories*, they must be downright,
And naturally are so to all Mens sight.
But *Whigs* with Reservation Speak and Write,
And far out-do the greatest *Jesuite*.
Well; Fools we must be then, the *Whigs* will have
For their dear selves the other Surname, *Knave*.
Then let them hav't, we'll give the Devil's due,
Whig earns it better than *Papist, Turk, or Jew*:
'Tis but re-counting in **PHANATICK** strain
The foulest Crimes, and then they're **SAINT** again.
A FALLEN STAR to day, perhaps to morrow
May shine like **LUCIFER**, and from him borrow
A brand or two of his *Infernal LIGHT*,
T' intoxicate poor people in the *Night*.
New *Lights*, and new *Discoveries* they bring,
Dark-Lantern-Counsels how t' abuse the *King*; Make

Make every thing *Ridiculous* appear,
 That pleases *HIM*, or any *LOYAL PEER*.
 The *ROYAL FAMILY*'s but a *Popish Crew*,
 And *Doctor Crape-Gowns* are all *Papists* too ;
 A puny *Pray'r* is the best thing they can tell ye,
 Whilst their *Devotion*'s fix'd upon their *Belly* :
 Loyal *ADDRESSES*, and *ABHORRENCES*,
 (*Quoth Turn Coat Whig*) are sortish *Flatteries* ;
 The *KING* delights in *Parasites*, we see,
 And none but *Fools* can in His *Favour* be ;
 Dissolving *Parliaments* deserves *Damnation*,
 For keeping *Publick Justice* from the *Nation* ;
 And th' *Godly Persecuted*. 'Lafs ! 'tis worse
 Than *Tyranny*, or *Arbitrary Force*.
Popery is come already ! Where be we ?
 Brethren, stand fast in *Christian Liberty*.
 See how the *Loyal Beagles* of the *Town*
 Flock from their *Shops*, & adore the *Idol CROWN*.
 Those silly *Curs*, that sometimes used to help's,
 And foll'w our keen *Rebellious Blood-bound Whelps*,
 They're now declaring for the *ROYAL CAUSE*,
 Think *KINGLY BLOOD* too sacred for our *Jaws*.
 Help now or never, *Baxter*, *Cum Care*,
 And all *True Patriots* of our *Holy War* ;
 The *KING* and *COURT* can't be more odious made
 Strike now ; strike home, or all our *LOF* is betray'd.

Thus far the *Whigs* ; For here the *True Sense* lies
 Of all their *Libels*, *Rhubmes*, and *Forgeries* ;
 And yet they're *LOYAL* still ; But ye must know,
 'Tis with a *Mental Reservation* though,
 As *Brother Poet* has at last confess'd ;
 Who, if he'd hid *This Truth*, had spoil'd his *Jest*.
 Ay, we've experienc'd well what *LOYALTY*
 Since *Forty One*, his *Brethren* brood and be
 Are like to shew ; which makes us think, and say,
 Old *Nick*'s as *True*, and *Loyal* too, as *They*.
 But *YOU*, Brave *Loyal GUTHS* (that *Fools* and *Fops*
 Are nick-nam'd by the *Rebel-Rew*) Your *Shops*
 Shall be Protected, by the *Sov'reign Charms*
 Of *CHARLES* and *TORR*, and their *Victorious Arms* ;
 With *Heav'n's* assistance, win Your selves *Renown*,
 Redeem the *Credit* of this *Ancient Town* ;
 Say, *LONDON'S PRENTICES* have done the thing,
 Joyn'd *Zeal to GOD* with *Duty to the KING*.

C. 161. f. 2

161

Apostacy Punish'd :
O R,
A New Poem on the Deserved Death
O F
JONAS ROWLAND,
T H E
RENEGADO,
Lately Executed at
MOROCCO.

A Certain *English-man*, who did of late
Change his Religion and his Christian state,
Becoming of a *Moor* and a *Pagan* high,
To be an Object for sad Destiny ;
A thing that's against the Rules of Nature,
To go about to destroy a Creature :
Since 'tis read, He that denies his Master here,
Will scarce find him when mounting through the ayr ;
A case so very rare, and to so strange,
'Twill cause discourse upon the *Old-Exchange* :
That such a wretch in *England* should be born,
And to become each Man and Womans scorn.
Surely the Planets were at variance, when
That he was born one of the Sons of Men :
Not one of them owns him, but all do say,
It was his will that he did go astray.
Thus we see, and so understand again,
That Man is but poor, and but born in vain :
That of all things does not get mighty grace,
To run by that gay charm his humane Race ;
Else the Beasts are in a better sort than he,
And are remov'd from pain for to be free ;
While vicious Man his own ruine seeks,
And by no means any true vertue keeps :
The Fox when he's pursu'd avoids the Snare ;
As doth the Coney and the timorous Hare ;
And the Mole under earth near a Country Town,
VVon't be taken till Rustick knocks him down :
The Sparrow and the Lark, even they
The Fowlers Net and Gin they won't obey ;
And the Horse too, by Natures potent force,
VVithout all danger moves on his wonted course :
Thus Birds and Beasts all of them discover,
From Duck to Drake, from Pheasant to the Plover ;
How they avoid Ill, and so seek their Good,
By Natures light, and species of their Blood ;
But only Man, that silly Creature, he
Seeks not by Reasons way for to be free.

But

But still pursues such courses as be sad,
 And so the World does see he's only Mad :
 An experienced thing which we do know,
 Demonstrated by this the *Renegado* ;
 Who from his Master run, because did fear,
 His Guilt might let him Blood when at *Tangier* :
 His Soul did give him, the most high Alarms,
 For all his Mistris, and her potent Charms ;
 Guilt like a Conjuror when his Spirit does raise,
 Another Artist can't lay it by his ways :
 So Vengeance did this Villain pursue,
 To make the power of Heaven in all things true ;
 That it and it alone, has now of late,
 Made him to dye a death Unfortunate :
 I would not had him come to an untimely end,
 'Twas the desire of every Man and Friend ;
 Yet it was much to be feared, soon or late,
 That Fate would o're-take him in his Moorish state,
 To make him an Example of, that all
 May escape Heavens anger, great and small ;
 That men from their Religion may not turn,
 But rather dye, or rather chuse to burn :
 Heaven grant amidst all our Knowledge high,
 May know thee so well, shall we live and dye ?
 Then let what will come, or what shew its face,
 The *Saint* in Raggs is yet in Golden Lace :
 And he only is the mighty happy Man,
 That still continues a good Christian :
 A Favourite to the Powers above and below,
 As water by winds are tossed too and fro :
 While other men that their own ways pursue,
 They have not conversation, nor things true ;
 But careless are, and that of their dear life,
 And so move on in great and dayly strife,
 In mighty pains and travels of the brain,
 In very small esteem, and lesser fame,
 Till Death he comes and sets the business right,
 And draws the Curtain of the gloomy Night,
 And plants them in Regions high and low,
 For thither all mankind they still must go.
 Thus have I drawn the story here at large,
 By way of Figure, and from Natures charge,
 That none of us such evils should commit,
 Least to by Fate we also should be hit :
 For if in Vice we do our Anchor cast,
 The Pitcher will come broken home at last ;
 Then all is lost, and every Man undone
 For ever and ever, beyond the brighter *Sun* :
 Therefore let each man his Conscience keep clean,
 Then will its Vision by the world be seen,
 And he himself be happy while below,
 Till that to Heaven and its joys does go.

F I N I S.

Printed by T. H. for the Author 1682.

14

Proposition
THE PLOW-MAN'S COMPLAINT,
The Free-Houlders PROPOSITION,
And
The High-shoes RESOLUTION.

SHALL We stand tamely mute, and see our *England* sunk,
By *Papist-blood-bounds*, *Rogue* and *Whore*, debauch't and drunk?
No, no such *Salvage-Bruits* we'll bear no longer,
Tho *Impudence* be bould, **TRUE** *English-Hearts* are stronger.
And all our *Rights* we'll certainly demand er'e long,
For th' Nation's **OURS**. The **KING** is Bound to do No Wrong.
Then who durst Hurt or Harm's, except Our selves Consent?
Or what can do us Right? but An'all-Sov'reign Parliament.

AND you *New-Parliament*, that shortly are to Meet,
First *Inspect*, then *Augment*, and *Settle well* Our *Fleet*;
By *Turning out* the *Papist*, and each *Scabby-Sheep*;
Then may we say we have, or hope to have a *Fleet*.

Look to the *Forts*, and all the *Ports*, quite round our Land,
Let not a *Trust* remain in a *suspected Hand*.
In short, put such *Commanders* in our *Ports* and *Fleet*,
That we may *safely Trust*, when in our *Beds* we *Sleep*.
The *Militia* Form and *Raise*, in ev'ry *Shire*,
Commanded by the **BEST** *Free-Houlders* dwelling there:
And maugre *Tricks*, and *Cheats*, and *French*, and *Popish Charms*,
Once more *Disband* those *Rebel-Forces* now in *Arms*.

Forthwith to *Justice* bring the *Traitors* in the *Tow'r*,
Pursue the rest o'th *Plotters*, and the *Plot* each *Hour*.
To *France* and *Pope*, let's not be Sold by *Fools* and *Knaves*,
Oh! rather go like *English-Men* unto your *Graves*.

To *Protestant Dissenters* be Kind, and do'em Right,
Repeal those *Laws* that now in *Force* against them *Fight*.
'Gainst which there's none will be, but th' *Ignorant-Clergie-Mite*,
Or he who is, or is to be a *Romanite*.

Be sure *Reward* the *Mal-purloiners* of our *Tax*,
With *Banishments*, with *Halters*, *Gibets* and with *Axe*;
For 'tis but *Just*, before you give a farther *Aid*,
That we have something done, for what's already *Paid*,
Within these *Eighteen Years*, last past, which is, much *More*
Than all our *Kings* have had, *Six hundred Years* before.

Therefore,
An *Act* of *Resumption* Pass, before you *Rise*,
Take from the *Undeserving Knaves* their *Ill-got Prize*;
Let none retain one penny *Gain*, for *Mischief* done;
Oh! Let such *Villains* know, their *Day of Judgment's* come.

IF these things be *Deny'd*, *Delay'd*, or You sent *Home*,
Then *English-Free-Men*, Sound your *Trumpet*, Beat your *Drum*,
Stand on your *Guard*, keep *House* and *Yard*, and each *Towns-end*,
I'th *Protestant Defence*, Our **GOD** will us *Defend*.

Even so be it.

And

Let all the People say,

Amen.

From the **HEART** of **ENGLAND**, The first of *March*, com-
monly called *St. TAFFIES-Day*, 1678.

C. 161 f. 2 (19)

ENGLANDS

DOLEFUL COMPLAINT,

AND

MOST EARNEST SVIT,

UNTO HER HONOURABLE AND VICTORIOUS GENERAL,
And to the whole Body of the SOULDIERY under his Command.

As it was presented in a Letter, to his Excellency, the Lord General CROMWELL.

O Thou brave CROMWELL!
Ring the Lawyers Knell:
Then that brave Story
Will prove thy Glory:
For, Lawyers Bribery
Is Englands Misery:
And their great Power
Doth us devour.
Yea, the Lawyers Raigne
Is poor Englands paine:
But the Lawyers Fall
Will bring Joy to all:
Farre surpassing all
The Proud Prelates Fall.

Then thou worthy all
Speed the Lawyers Fall,
Good God be thy guide
At all Times and Tide:
Granting thee Power
These to devour,
To his great Glory,
Thy Fame and Story:
To poor Englands Peace,
And her Sonnes Release,
From the cruell Bands
Of Goales and Tyrants hands.
Then thus shall all pray
And eke ever say
O LIVE for ever,
Thou True Reformer.
Then Victor CROMWELL
Ring thou the said Knell.

*And thus also shall prayeth he
Who is poor Englands suffering Bee.*

THat ye brave Souldiers who in warre
have lost your blood by many a skar,
And do professe our freedoms gain,
may not delay but take the pain (flags,
To hang th' Lawyers Gowns by th' Scottish
and let old Tyburn break their Crag.

So shall true Justice smile on them
that have unjustly ruin'd men,
Since Henry th' eight, that cruel Swain
until the breach of Charles his wain.
In January forty eight,
the year of Lawyers greatest height,
Attorneys Goalers greatest power
who cruelly do us devour.
Heaven speed confusion to all these,
that so poor England may have ease;
And all her sons from Tyrants thrall,
may be delivered by their fall.

Then, &c.

Consummate this brave Sculdiers all
who are so deep engag'd, and call
To mind your protestations,
your Vows and Declarations
Made to God and this Nation,
In a most solemne fashion.

But, &c.

If this in you was meer Delusion, son.
then know't will prove your own confu-
This is the judgement true V. C.
of him that's Englands suffering B.

For, &c.

Whiles Lawyers, Priests, and Goalers sway,
to Fees, Tyths, Bribes we are made a prey.
Heaven look on this Impiety,
revenge thy cause, end this our misery:
Powre down thy vengeance on all those
that mercy sleight, and so become thy foes
Amen, Amen, Amen I say,
amend or end them all I pray.
For Priests the Word do sell for Gold.
and Lawyers Justice impiously and bold.

Probatum est.

PROLOGUE

SPOKEN BY

Mrs. Bracegirdle,

AT THE

Entertainment of LOVE for LOVE.

Custom, which every where bears mighty Sway,
 Brings me to Act the Orator to Day :
 But Woman, you will say, are ill at Speeches,
 'Tis true; and therefore I appear in Breeches :
 Not for Example to you City-Wives,
 That by Prescription's settled for your Lives.
 Was it for Gain the Husband first consented ?
 O yes, their Gains are mightily augmented :
 And yet, methinks, it must have cost some Strife :
 A Passive Husband, and an Active Wife !
 'Tis aukward, very aukward, by my Life.
 But to my Speech. Assemblies of all Nations
 Still are suppos'd to open with Orations :
 Mine shall begin, to shew our Obligations.
 To you, our Benefactors, lowly Bowing,
 Whose Favours have prevented our Undoing ;
 A long *Egyptian* Bondage we endur'd,
 'Till Freedom, by your Justice, we procur'd :
 Our Taskmasters were grown such very *Jews*,
 We must at length have Play'd in Wooden Shoos,
 Had not your Bounty taught us to refuse.
 Freedom's of *English* Growth, I think, alone ;
 What for lost *English* Freedom can atone ?
 A Free-born Player loaths to be compell'd ;
 Our Rulers Tyranniz'd, and We Rebell'd.
 Freedom! the Wise Man's Wish, the Poor Mans Wealth ;
 Which you, and I, and most of us enjoy by Stealth ;
 The Soul of Pleasure, and the Sweet of Life,
 The Woman's Charter, Widow, Maid or Wife,
 This they'd have cancell'd, and thence grew the Strife.
 But you, perhaps, wou'd have me here confess
 How we obtain'd the Favour ; — Can't you guess ?
 Why then I'll tell you, (for I hate a Lie)
 By Brib'ry, errant Brib'ry, let me die :
 I was their Agent, but by *Jove* I swear,
 No honourable Member had a share,
 Tho' young and able Members bid me Fair :
 I chose a wiser way to make you willing,
 Which has not cost the House a single Shilling ;
 Now you suspect at least I went a Billing.
 You see I'm Young, and to that Air of Youth,
 Some will add Beauty, and a little Truth ;
 These pow'rful Charms, improv'd by pow'rful Arts,
 Prevail'd to captivate your op'ning Hearts.
 Thus furnish'd, I prefer'd my poor Petition,
 And brib'd ye to commiserate our Condition :
 I laugh'd, and sigh'd, and sung, and leer'd upon ye,
 With roguish loving Looks, and that way won you :
 The Young Men kiss'd me, and the Old I kiss'd,
 And luringly I led them as I list.
 The Ladies in meer Pity took our Parts,
 Pity's the Darling Passion of their Hearts.
 Thus Bribing, or thus Brib'd, fear no Disgraces ;
 For thus you may take Bribes, and keep your Places.

Making Horns with
her Hands over her
Head.

F I N I S.

9

M. Manlius Capitolinus.

*Nescia mens hominum Fati, sortisq; futuræ
Et servare modum, rebus sublata secundis !
Turno tempus erit, magno cum optaverit emptum
Intactum Pallanta, & cum spolia ista, d'emq;
Oderit-----* Virg. Æn. 10.

AMBITION is a Plant, that's always found
To root the deepest in the richest Ground;
Fair to the Sight the op'ning Blossoms rise;
The Fruit's forbidden, and who tastes it, dies.

This, *Manlius*, was thy Guilt, this urg'd thy
Once styl'd *Retriever* of invaded *Rome*. (Doom,
When thy successful Arms oppos'd the *Gaul*,
Jove to thy Care consign'd his *Capitol*.
But black Designs obscur'd thy rising Fame,
And quickly left thee nothing but the *Name* :
Else mightst thou still in Camps have loll'd at Ease,
Fat with the Spoils of plunder'd Provinces ;
Still the brib'd Senate, and the frantick Crowd,
With Votes and Ballads, had thy Deeds avow'd :
But 'twas too fierce an Ardor for Renown,
T'aspire to Regal Purple, and a Crown-----
That Rock which gave thee Glory, prov'd thy
(Doom,
And was at once thy Trophy, and thy Tomb.

TO THE
Duke of Marlborough,
Upon the Late
VICTORY
AT
BLAREGNIES.



HO' bold the Muse, yet scarce she dares assay,
Too High th' Attempt for Her Advent'rous
Wing,

To tell the Fears of that Distinguisht Day,
Which cou'd new Glory to the Conqueror bring.

So swift the Force of thy Vindictive Sword,
Gluts its Just Anger on the Trait'rous Foe
The Rapid Conquests scarce will Time afford
To let Fresh Laurels for New Triumphs grow.

Pleas'd, we believ'd *Ramillia's* Field shou'd stand
The utmost Limits of Heroic Fame,
When, with new Vigour, thy Victorious Hand
Stretcht them yet outward to *Blaregnies* Plain.

If great Attempts for noble Ends pursu'd,
With lasting Honour Grace the Hero's Name,
Such Hardy Toil, so Manfully pursu'd,
With Wreaths of Glory shall Adorn thy Fame.

Never was Vertue so severely Try'd,
Nor Great Renown thro' such Great Dangers fought,
Never was Death so Daringly defy'd,
Nor e'er for Conquest was so bravely fought.

When e'er the Truth of this stupend'ous Deed,
With Artless Style, shall be transmitted fair,
The Wondrous Story much Mistrust will breed,
If Mortal Courage durst so Greatly Dare.

Such, and so Great, the Acts thou do'st Atchieve,
That their own Glory will their Fame suppress,
And after Ages, doubtful to believe,
To gain them Credit must Report them less.

L O N D O N :

Printed by *E. Berington* for *E. Sanger*, at the *Post House* at the
Middle Temple-Gate. 1709.

L---d T---rs out at last,

And Diliver'd up his S--ff.

A Certain Fox had Stole a Neighbors Goose
 And being hard persued,
 Was forc'd immediately to turn her loose
 And take for shelter to a Wood.
 Yet still the Country People ran,
 Swearing they'd kill him every Man
 And strait besat the Place:
 Which Reynard had for Refuge chose
 That he in Safety from his Foes
 Might hide his roguish Face.
 Zound's ? cry'd the Felon, what d'ye mean
 By following me so close's
 Can I be guilty of a Sin,
 Who have restor'd your Goose ?
 That's what you seek for I perceive,
 Then prithee Fellow give me leave,
 To rest a while in quiet.
 Your Neighbour has his own again,
 And it's a Favour I maintain,
 For me to quit such Diet.
 With that a Bumpkin made reply,
 Faith, Master, betwixt you and I,
 You've done the Thing that's Civil,
 It's true, we have regain'd the Theft,
 But should the Thief alive be left,
 Odzooks, 'twould be the Devil.
 Spare such as you, a very pritty jest,
 You've Stol'n one Goose, but shall not steal the rest.

M O R A L.

A Statesman question'd in his Trust,
 Flings up his Place, to prove he's Just:
 And thinks that he may Favour find,
 Because his Office he resign'd:
 But Parliaments have other Thoughts,
 And yet may search into his Faults;
 As they the Man, and not the Place persue,
 And give offending Sinners what's their-due.

Excellentissimo Dom^o. Dom^o. Johanni,
EPISCOPO BRISTOL.

Sigilli Privati Custodi, & REGINÆ
Magnæ Britanniaë à Secretioribus
Confiliis,

In Mosam Fluvium Accepto

GRATULATORIUM CARMEN

Kalendis Januarij Inscribit

THO. DIBBEN.

O Decus Angliaci Nautæ, pulcherrima Sylva
Filia, divitiis fulgens, auroq; decora,
Accipe Onus dignum Pompâ, tantoq; Paratu:
Europa Fatum portas, Te vota sequuntur

Desolati Orbis; dicent Te fera Nepotum
Secula, dum circum Pueri, innuptæq; Puellæ
Sacra canent, Funemq; manu contingere amabunt.

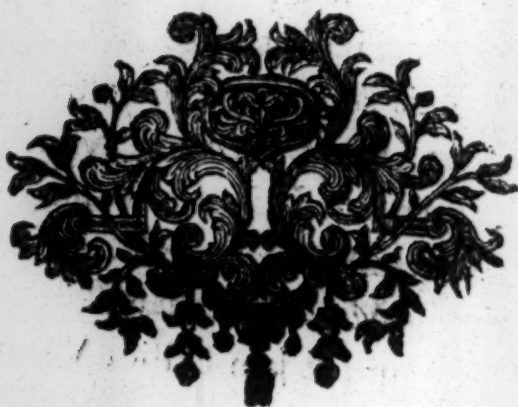
Dii quibus Imperium Pelagi, quibus *Anglia* curæ,
(Si sit adhuc curæ Genus intractabile) Navem
Paciferam servate: satis jam Sanguine nostro
Parta aliis sunt Regna, *Ister Blavennæq;* Sylva
Testantur Clades, Victrixq; *Britannia* Palmas
Crudeles plorat; fas tandem parcere Terris
Afflictis: Cessat Ludo *Mars* ipse cruento
Jam nimium longo Satur; & jam bellica Virgo
Os *ANNÆ*, & placidam vultûs imitata Figuram,
In melius mutata, suam prætendit Olivam.

Tuq; *Pater*, natus servare labantia Regna,
Servandæ Natus Patriæ, qui jam gravis annis,

Et requiem poscens, Senium venerabile Ponto
 Pro Dominâ, Imperii pro Majestate Britanni,
 Hyberno mittis, tua Te Pietasq; Fidesque,
 Quodq; colis Numen, placidè comitentur cuntem;
 Tuq; Tibi assuetis, fœlicibus utere Fatis.

Tum frustra insani Populi, fluctusq; tumentes
 Attollunt iras; frustra insidiosa minaces
 Neſcit Arena moras, & adhuc *Germanicus* Euris
 Infensus Paci fœvit; Vinc'la omnia solvunt
 Dii *Britonum*, Geniusq; tuus: Deus ipse rebelles
 Sub pedibus Tibi sternit Aquas, Puppimq; Tridenti
 Hærentem levat, & pacata per Æquora mittit.

O! Hominum ignaræ Mentes, invitaq; Regna
 Servari; perversi Animi, quibus horrida Bella,
 Armaq; bis decimum, credo, poscuntur in Annum;
 Vos obtestamur, Lacrymis miserescite fracti
 Orbis, & iratum liceat Diis ponere Fulmen.
 En! Venti, & Fluctus, inimicaq; cætera Pacis
 jam posuere iras; ~~ex his nimis est morari~~
 Discite Vos, Quodq; *ANNA* jubet cessate morari.



L O N D I N I:

Impensis Bernardi Lintott Bibliopolæ Londinensis. Pr. 2d.

The T A L E of a Disbanded Officer.

TH E Birds reduc'd once to a Pop'lar State,
Their King, and Lords of Prey, Ejected sat;
A frequent Parliament, in th' ahtient Wood,
There Acting daily, for the Nations Good.
When thus the *Swallow*, rising from the Flock,
To Mr. *SPEAKER*, the grave *Parrot* spoke;
Great Things for us Sir, Providence has done,
And we have thro' a World of Danger run.
The Towing *Vulture*, knows our dreadful Arms,
Dispairing now of Tricks, or false Alarms.
The *Kiteish* Peers, and *Buffard Crows* are flown,
Who Sat with us, till we cou'd set alone,
Like worthy *Patrots*, since your special care?
Hath settled our *Militia* in the Air,
Fortune hath blest our Feather'd Troops in Fight,
(Nor cou'd do less, because our Cause was Right.)
Now comes the Point --- Our Forces so to Head.
The *Kite* was chose, and on to Vi’ry led,
'Tis true, nor can we well deny his Fame;
The *Stork*, or *Buzzard*, might have done the same.
Vast Heaps of Spoil, he gather'd at Command,
Of Forreign Plunder, and Domestick Land;
But now he has --- nor will I more Explain,
Ill pleas'd our Expectations this C --- n.
These Reasons weigh'd, I think it reason good,
His mighty Praises shou'd be now withstood;
We've others --- tho' my Self, I will not Name,
That may our Troops Command with equal Fame.
Shall it be said in this our Feather'd State,
We have but one that can an Army Lead.
Which said the gentle *Linnet*, from the Throng,
Fam'd for his Eloquence, and graceful Song.
Arising said, *Most Honoured House of Birds*,
The *Swallow* hath in well invented Words,
A handsom Speech, deliver'd in a Trice;
But let's consider, e'er we take Advice.
The *Kite* he says, e'er yet successful was,
Then judge, where to remove him is the Cause.

Another may command, with equal Skill.
He says --- but who can Answer that he will,
Shall we leave Certainties, for Things in doubt,
Sooner lets Vote, to turn the *Swallow* out;
In this wise *Sanhedrim* I hope we ne'er,
Shall against common Prudence so much err.
'Tis time enough --- strange Buzzards so to trust,
Occasion only makes the Sentence just.

This said, the *House* rung with discording Notes,
This for the *Swallow*, that the *Linnet* Votes;
The Major still, the weaker part decry,
The *Swallows* Council, bearing to the Sky.
Storks: *Cranes*, and *Vultures*, did the vote Espouse,
And the Disbanded *Kite* forsook the *House*.

M O R A L.

TH ose who wou'd vote for turning --- out,
Know who is fittest to Command no doubt,
But an Old Proverb, here is worth repeating:
The proof o'th' Pudding always is 'th' Eating.
Tho' possibly another might Excell,
'Tis good for Folks to know when they are well.

Worcester Dumb-Bells ;

A B A L L A D.

To the Tune of *All in the Land of Essex.*

I.
I Sing the famous City,
Where once loud Guns did bluster,
And will ring you a Peal
May be heard very well,
Though the Bells were not at *Wor'ster*.
Cho. *From Senates Heav'n defend us,*
Our Trebles and our Tenours,
These perilous Times
May be su'd for High Crimes,
And Impeach'd for Misdemeanors.

II.
But wou'd you know the Reason
Of this their sad Condition,
All his Diocese round,
Old *Propb.* against Sound,
Had issu'd a Prohibition.
Cho. *From Senates, &c.*

III.
No Church, no Tow'r, or Steeple,
Was from his Wrath defended,
The Bells High and Low,
Ab Of—fi—ci—o
Were doubly now suspended.
Cho. *From Senates, &c.*

IV.
Thus Belfrys all were silenc'd ;
But what more new and strange is,
No Allowance was found
For the Bells to ring round,
For fear of sudden Changes.
Cho. *From Senates, &c.*

V.
Those brazen Mouths that bellow,
When Fate and Death defeat us,
Now think it full hard
They shou'd be debarr'd
From ringing their own *Quietus*.
Cho. *From Senates, &c.*

VI.
But since they all lay speechless,
A Spirit so discerning,
By his parlous Wit
Presum'd it was fit
The Clappers shou'd put on Mourning.
Cho. *From Senates, &c.*

VII.
True to the Churches Int'rest,
And of all Metals sparing ;
Good Man he much fear'd,
If the Clappers were heard,
The Bells might be worse for wearing.
Cho. *From Senates, &c.*

VIII.
But Whigs now and False Brethren,
Bilk'd of Election-Money,
Will order no doubt,
The Bells to ring out,
For the Death of old *Volpone*.
Cho. *From Senates, &c.*

IX.
You've heard of Friar *Bacon*,
In good time be it spoken,
For Speeches too proud,
And ringing too loud,
His Brazen Head was broken.
Cho. *From Senates, &c.*

X.
Prophetically Peals were,
Deny'd to Man of Prayer ;
Since once as *Fame* tells,

The ringing of Bells,
Made *Whittington* Lord Mayor.
Cho. *From Senates, &c.*

XI.
Our Seer then with good Reason,
Made Sexton shut up his Shop ;
For if Bells can afford,
To make City-Lord,
They may as well Lord Bishop.
Cho. *From Senates, &c.*

XII.
As when Disciple fullen,
Won't tell what part of Speech 'tis,
Persists in the Wrong,
But recovers his Tongue,
By letting down his Breeches.
Cho. *From Senates, &c.*

XIII.
So Metals ne'er so sturdy,
At Hammer's Provocation,
From Silence were found
To wake into Sound,
And chime out a Recantation.
Cho. *From Senates, &c.*

XIV.
Compell'd to Non-Resistance,
And Sovereign-Mob's Allegiance,
Prohibited Bells
Were bang'd into Peals,
And thump'd into Obedience.
Cho. *From Senates, &c.*

XV.
I mean Obedience Passive,
A Duty which in Fact is,
Of Force with us still,
So says Prelate *Will*,
But Occasional as to Practice.
Cho. *From Senates, &c.*

XVI.
But Oh! what woful *Tonys*,
And Politicians awkward,
By Incendiary fir'd,
The Nation requir'd,
At least to ring 'em backward.
Cho. *From Senates, &c.*

XVII.
Old *England* I bemoan thee,
How sorrowful thy Case is,
Church-Clappers deny'd,
While the Tongues are unt'y'd
Of Prophet *Balaam's* Asses.
Cho. *From Senates, &c.*

XVIII.
The Nation sure must thrive well,
Under such Able Teachers ;
Where Bishops set Spells
To silence our Bells,
State-Ministers our Preachers
Cho. *From Senates, &c.*

XIX.
Yet Bellfrys spight of Party,
And to the Whig's Confusion,
Will soon, we have Hopes,
Find Clappers and Ropes
To ring at their Dissolution.

Full Cho. *God save our Glorious ANNA,*
The Churches great Defender ;
Heav'n send us a Peace,
And a speedy Release
Of our Gracious Queen from Bender.



THE
WHISTLING-PLOWMAN,

A New Hunting Song.

RECITATIVE.

THE Whistling Plowman hails the Plucking Morn,
The Thrush melodious drown the rustic note,
Loud sings the Blackbird thro' resounding Groves,
And the Lark he soars to meet the rising Sun,

A I R.

A WAY to the Copsie to the Copsie lead aw,
And now my Boys throw off your Hounds,
I'll warrent I'll warrent he shows us some Play,
See yonder he skulks thro' the Ground,

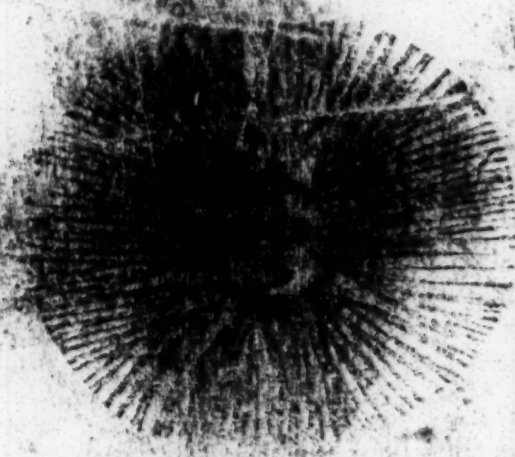
Then spur you brisk Couriers and make 'em my Booby,
'Tis a delicate scent lying Morn.
What Concert is equal to those of the Woods,
Be wixt Eccho the Hounds and the Horn.

Each Earth see he tries at he tries at in vain,
To Cover no safer can find,
So he Breaks it, he Breaks it and scowers amain,
And Leaves us at distance, behind.

O'er Rocks and o'er rivers and Heiges we fly,
All Hazard and Dangers we scorn,
Stout Reynard we'll follow until that he Die,
Cheer up the good Dogs with the Horn.

And now he scarce creeps, scarce creeps thro the Dale,
All parch'd from his Mouth hangs his Tongue,
His speed can no longer no longer prevail,
Nor his Life can his cunning prolong,

From our Stand he & feet back 'twas in vain that he Fled
See his Death falls becom'd forlorn,
The Farmer with Pleasure beholds him lie Dead,
And shout to the Sound of the Horn.



The Lottery, a Poem.

----- *Serius Ocyus*

Sors exitura-----

Omne capax movet Urna Nomen. Hor.

DO Thou, Great Goddess, whose Superiour Sway,
All Labours, all Events below obey,
Who, as thou pleas't can make us Rich and Great,
Or place Us in a Low, and Mean Estate
Assist my Muse, and Me successful make,
For 'tis thy *Wheel*, that for my *Theme* I take.

Where two vast Giants with Majestick Grace,
And grisly Front o'erlook the Awful Place,
Where ragged Flags, and tatter'd Standards tell,
That the Unhappy Bearer lost them well,
There stands a *Wheel*; 'tis true not vastly Great,
Yet this contains *Great Britain's* dubious Fate.
In this Each Order, Each Degree's concern'd,
In this the Fate of Ev'ry *Woman's* turn'd.

See! how the gaping Crowd with Eager Eyes
Expect the Dismal *Blank*, or Joyful *Prize*.
The Eager Youth, whom Friends severe withhold,
From his Dear Lovers Arms for Want of Gold,
Here meets with That, which can at once remove
His *Father's* Hate, and gain his Dearest *Love*.

Lo here a wither'd *Miser* takes his Place,
How sow'r his Looks, distorted is his Face.
The dismal Wretch has got a mighty Store,
Yet in his own Opinion still he's Poor,
And therefore hopes to get a *Little more*.
His feeble Knees through Age already shake,
But now for Fear of *Blanks* they doubly quake,
And make his aged Heart strings almost break.

A Blustering *Soldier's* next wh'as left the Wars,
His Body full of Wounds, his Face of Scars,
And to his Native Land is lately come,
In hopes to meet with better *Luck* at Home.
Who once was us'd to nought but Curse and Swear,
Now bends his stubborn Knees in Humble Prayer.

“ O *Lottery Divine!* whose Sovereign Power
 “ Can make the Man, whom neither Cannons Roar,
 “ Nor all the Terrours of a dreadful Fight,
 “ Nor Groans of dying Souls could once affright,
 “ Now turn devout, by thy Almighty Charms,
 “ And *Tears* and *Prayers* make his only *Arms*.

A *Merchant* next in Formal Habit stands,
 Who talks of Matters done in Foreign Lands,
 Then shaking Head against the *Times* he rails,
 And then ----- how strangely *Trade* and *Money* fails.
 With this Discourse he entertains his Friend,
 But the *Twelve Thousand Pound's* his chiefest End.

A *Petty Lawyer* next with Brief in Hand,
 Stands impudent, and talks of settling Land;
 At the first Sight 'twas *Judas* you would swear,
 For he (pray note) the Bag do's always bear.
 Nay here's the only Difference can be told,
 One sells his Friend, his Lord the other sold.

A Base *Stock-Jobber's* next, with busie Looks
 He talks of *Tickets*, *Bills* and *Entry Books*.
 These are the Wretches make our *Credit* fall,
 'Tis these dire Varlets poor *Britannia* Gall.

A Crowd besides of Fame obscure stand round,
 Who from their Throats send forth a Barb'rous Sound.
 Amidst this Crew an *Aged Virgin* stands,
 With Eyes brim-full of Tears, up-lifted Hands;
 Observing this her Mood, I soon got near,
 And heard her mutter the Ensuing Pray'r.

“ O *Goddeſs Fortune!* Queen of all the World,
 “ Let me not be in Endleſs Mis'ries hurl'd,
 “ Look down, and on thy Servant caſt an Eye
 “ Of welcome Pity, or I ſtraitway dye.

“ O *Deareſt Goddeſs!* Let not all my Life
 “ Be ſpent in vain, and I not call'd a Wife.
 “ I know my Flow'r of Beauty now is gone,
 “ Yet in thy Power it is, and thine alone,
 “ Ev'n now to make it Shine as if freſh Blown.

“ Do thou but grant me a *Successful Prize*,
 “ I ſoon ſhall taſte the *Blifs* of *Nuptial Joys*.

Here by a curſed Chance ſhe ſaw me Look,
 And haſtily the Place and Pray'r forſook.

FINIS.

2761. f. 3 (29) 19

THE GRAND ENQUIRY,

OR,

What's to be done with Him?



WHEN Beasts could every Office do,
That Men of Business now pursue,
Could Talk, Consider, and De-
[bate,
Of Matters of Momentous
[Weight,
They met together with Intent,
To make new Rules of Government,
And punish such as had made bold,
To be Transgressors of the Old.

BUT as a long continued War,
Had spread it self both near and far,
By Reason of the Birds, whose Rage,
Nothing but Empire could assuage,
Over such Creatures, as were known,
Not of a Species with their own:
So the good **LYONESS**, whose Sway,
Made it *Dominion to obey*,
Left it to them to think of Ways,
Not only new Supplies to raise,
But to Determine and Decide,
What of the *Old* was ill apply'd.

HENCE it fell out, among the rest,
That stood Examination's Test,
The **Leopard's** Arts, and Courtly Mien,
Could not him from Enquiry skreen:
But Depositions clearly made,
Prov'd that he had his Trust betray'd,
And had for Private Ends employ'd,
What Publick Weal should have enjoy'd,
While those that under him had serv'd,
Were for their Labours almost starv'd.

THIS Beast, of all the Four-leg'd Race,
Wanted for neither Wealth nor Place,
Not only had supreme Command,
Under his Mistress, o'er the Land,
But, as it were, the Scepter held,
Over the *Forest* and the *Field*.

THIS true, from Foes he scow'd the Plains,
And made Nine Fortunate Campaigns,
As General, acted with Success,
(Tho' some say, more by *Chance* than *Guess*)
But what if Conquering Troops he led,
Must no One but Himself be fed,
And he curtail the Soldiers B—d?
Their Lives as precious are to them,
As any D—'s may be im.
Besides, it manifest ap—,
He never Fought without Reward,
Was paid if he escap'd Defeat,
As much as if his Foes he beat,
Witness the Time, when *Musters-Rolls*,
Mourn'd more than Nineteen thousand Souls.

Gifts upon Gifts, upon him fell,
Whether he came off *Ill* or *Well*;
And ev'n the **LYONESS's** Dens,
Were thought too little for his Pains.

AT this, a **MASTIFF**, by whose Care,
The bleating Flocks in safety were,
And by whose Providence they fed,
Securely on the Mountain's-Head:

" Shall Titles and shall Riches save,
" So Great and Dignify'd a K—ve;
" VVhen I for One poor Sheep had swung,
" And without Hopes of Mercy hung?
" Where are our **PROPERTIES** and **RIGHTS**,
" If **Blunder** turns to **Perquisites**?
" If *Theft* is nothing else but *Pay*,
" Or if They *Live* that on *Us Prey*?
" By my consent first lets displace him,
" And of all former Grants uncase him.
" Since, nor his Conduct, nor his Courage,
" Make up for Loss of Food and Forage.
" Neither is what H' has done or may do,
" More than He owes his Sovereign Lady.

" **THIS** Act premis'd which Justice claims,
" From Beasts of such Illustrious Names,
" There yet remains, that for Example
" To others that on Laws may Trample,
" He to a formal Tryal brought,
" Should make Attonement for his Fault.
" Because whate'er's the **Leopards** Doom,
" Another may supply his Room;
" March in his Stead our Armies forth,
" Equal in Military worth:
" If not much better skill'd in Arms,
" To keep us from approaching Harms.
" All must undoubtedly agree,
" The **PANTHER** is as Brave as He,
" And above Thoughts of Bribery.
" Should he disdain that Post to bear,
" Because the **LYONESS's** Heir,
" Others who're not so near of Kin,
" Can lead us Victories to Win,
" For Troops like Ours of Martial Breed,
" Must under any Chief succeed.

HE Spoke— and with consenting sound,
Each Member nodding spurn'd the Ground;
Big with Events that were to come,
When the **BULL** brought the **OLIVE** home.
Whose verdant Branch had ne'er been plac'd,
Upon the surface which it grac'd,
Or given Peace to Earth and Air,
Had it been still the **Leopard's** share,
To fatten on the Spoils of War.
Which he pertinaciously prolong'd,
That he might thrive by those He wrong'd.

C. 161. f. 2 (30)

A Tail of J-n and S-h

OR, BOTH

Turnd out of C—t at Last. 16

Damon. **A** Las, the warlike Hero seems to grieve,
That he his restless toils of War must leave;
Untyrd with sound of trumpets beat of drum,

He seems displeas'd that he from Camp must come,
And is displeas'd the War is done:
He sighs and droops, and pleasure quite forsakes,
And in his Sa———'s Charms no pleasure takes;
Much rather had follow'd Wars alarms,
Than here to revell in his Sa———'s Charms;
The pomp of Court, or his fine Fabrick, yields
Him no enjoyment like the warlike Fields.
Like some forsaken Swane, he hides his head,
And droops, that heretofore hath vanquished
Great Britains Foes, and hath triumphant been.
No greater Hero in the World was seen

Thirsis. Why *Damon*, art thou ignorant of this,
Wherein the valliant Warrior's done amiss;
Know then our Royal Empress, our sacred *Ann*,
Whose Bounty smil'd upon that warlike Man;
And as his Conduct brought home fresh successes,
Her Royal Mind fresh gratitude expresses;
And crown'd his Conquests with her gracious smiles,
And Fames great Trumpet blaz'd him thro the Isle;
Nought but this Warrior was this Age's Story,
The Plains and Grotto's eccho'd with his glory;
Whose Victories atchiev'd, he seem'd to gain,
An everlasting praise and endless fame,
A *Mars* in Field, he conquer'd where he came.
But Royal *Ann* did command him cease,
From bloody Wars, and live at home in peace;
And charged him to sheath his Sword, and dye no more,
The Fields with purple streams of Human gore,
On spacious Plains; at this he is offended.

Damon. Then worthily from Favour he's suspended,
'Tis time good *Thirsis* that the War was ended.
How pleasant is the sollid joys of Peace!
How did our harmless Flocks and Herds increase,
In that once happy, double happy time,
When every rural Swain under his Vine,
Enjoys both Peace and plenty; then may we,
A lasting joyful glorious peace but see,
Then let our Hero and his Mate repine,
And all who to sweet peace do not incline;
For since her gracious peerless Majesty,
With *France* is willing now for to agree,
Fear not, *Great Britain*, thy tranquility:
Presents are interchang'd too and fro,
Then *England, England*, bid adue to, wo.
Our trade and traffick will revive dull Souls,
Then tosse to *Anna's* health full flowing Bowls;
He that's against a peace, Duke, Lord or Peer,
He loves not Queen nor Church, the Cause is clear.
Then noble Champion, cease to grieve, O cease,
Live happy in the sweets of harmless peace;
Let great *Augusta* now be ever blest,
With such a Hero's presence, who carest
Such noble Valour, as their fears destroy,
And crowns a tedious War with peaceful Joy:
Submit, great Conqueror, to great *Ann's* Commands.
Do not all *Europe's* good withstand;
Seek not to blast our Hopes just in the bloom,
Nor cause sweet Majesty to cast a frown,
Upon such Valour, but let Trophies gains,
Suffice as recompence for Warlike pains.

C. 161 f 2 (30)

Sarah's Farewel to C-----t :

O R, A

Trip from St. James's to St. Albans.

To the Tune of, *Farewel Joy and farewel Pleasure.*

I.

Farewel C-----t and Farewel Pleasure,
Farewel all Things of Delight ;
For of P-----s I have had my Measure,
But now to all I bid good Night.

II.

Farewel Q----- my once kind Mistress,
To thy Royal Love Farewel,
For thou didst raise me to a Du-----s,
But for what I ne'er cou'd tell.

III.

Farewel to Intriguing M-----m,
There I recommended thee ;
But thou hast play'd thy Cards so wisely,
Now thou hast Supplanted me.

IV.

Farewel P-----y P-----se, the best
Of all my P-----es, (that was known,)
My Golden K-----y, and all the rest,
For I perceive they'll follow soon.

V.

Farewel Sons and Farewel Daughters,
For I now do plainly see,
The *Tories* so will mannage Matters,
That you all may follow me.

VI.

Farewel Faithful wife G-----n,
Always to our Int'rest true :
For whilst thou rul'est the Publick T-----c,
No one our Reuenue knew.

VII.

Farewel S-----d and VVh-----n,
And to all the *Dear Cabal*,
Was it not the Curfed'st Fortune,
To be thus Thrust out of all.

VIII.

Farewel to the *Whiggish M-----rs*,
They poor Men with Zeal did Burn,
And little thought that curst *Im-d-----t* :
Wou'd produce so strange a turn.

IX.

Farewel Royal Grotts and Bow'rs,
Which Ambition did create,
In rural Shades I'll pass my Hours,
And forget Affairs of State.

X.

Ioh-----y quickly hast thee over,
Here we'll make a safe Retreat,
No more *Arms* ; but thus like Lovers,
We'll in cool Recesses meet.

XI.

Vain at Fate it is to Murmur,
Long we have in Favour been :
Tho' by a kind of sudden Turn here,
Heaven now has Chang'd the Scene.

XII.

Hither then my Dearest *Ioh-----y*,
To thy *Sarah's Arms* Repair,
We'll for St. *Albans*, quit St. *James's*,
Or for *Ble-----ms* happier Air.

O U T with 'em while you are about it
 OR A
 Great Change at Court,

THERE was a Fellow hard at Work a sowing
 The Grounds which he had plough'd,
 At which a Swallow cry'd aloud,
Take Notice what that Country Man's a doing
Hence tis, said she, the feather'd Kins are ensnar'd
And all the Fowlers Nets,
Which He for our Destruction Sits,
Are made of Flax and are of Hemp prepar'd.
That's the fatal seed which now is sown,
Wherefore be on your Guard;
And to prevent what's to be fear'd
Let's pick it up soon as the Fellow's gone.
 She Spoke, but might as well have spar'd Her Words,
 Not one of them would take
 Her Counsel, or for Safety Sake,
 Would act as should be done by Cautious Birds;
 In short the Guifyness was from Time to Time
 Till Seed took Root, delay'd,
 Then again till in the Blade
 'Twas almost ripe and in its full grown Prime,
 At Sight of this the Swallow once for all,
 Told them 'twas not too late,
 Even yet to stop approaching Fate
And to prevent their unregarded Fall
Would she bestir themselves with all their Might
Before it farther grew:
 But finding they would nothing do,
 She from Her Old Companions took Her Flight:
 From Woods and Fields she into Chazy's Wall,
 And Conversant with Man
 Another sort of Life began
 Than what she with the foolish Birds had Spent:
 This Hemp and Flax in Time, to Nets was wrought,
 And 'twas the Swallow's fortune.
 While she was safe behind the Curtain,
 To see most of 'em as she told 'em caught.
 The Captive Birds grown wiser at the last
 Were frighten'd to a Sense
 Of their late Want of Providence,
 But nee reflected till All Hopes were pass'd;

Application.

Wise Men Effects in Causes spye
 And point out Dangers near
 Fools leave due Care till by and by,
 And Cry, *Anon they'll hear ye*
 When opportunity gives way,
 And they'r no longer able
 To practice what Advisers say
 Which verifies this Fable:
 As for the Swallow's part tis plain
 That She came off with Honour,
 And since She was in such a Vein,
 'Twas well the Birds fell not upon Her:
 Since among Men 'tis often found
 That those who deal Sincerely,
 And hold Opinions just and sound
 Pay for them most severely.
 Witness a time, when Fines and Lays
 For Truth were brought in Fashion,
 And those were held in excessive Bail
 That undeciv'd the Nation.

Printed in the Year, 1710.

Out with 'em while you are about it.

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The Grounds which he had plough'd,
At which a Swallow cry'd aloud,
Take Notice what that Country Man's a doing
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For Truth were brought in Fashion.
And those were held t' excessive Bail
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Printed in the Year, 1710.

1710

High Church Spectakles,

FOR THE
D I M Sighted Low Church Men.

WHEN I took in hand a Pen for to Write,
An Elegy on High Cock and that Noble Fight
Which was to Excite the Old blessed Crew
Of Whiggs that in Mischief their hands would imbrow,
If the power they could get, as they heretofore had
Now bravely they'd make all true English Sons mad,
Then they'd pay of Old Scores, and oust the Debt,
Which High-Church it seems has Contracted of late,
Now; Now is their time; if ever tis Done.
They'd Ruin the Daughter, well as F——er and S——n,
The Whole Race is Struck at, that they might this Year
Confound all the S——ds' without Wit or fear,
They Mean not to set up our Parliament Race,
A Common Wealth fain they'd put in their place,
Twas always the Aime of that party a lone,
Which Wisely King Charles foresaw on his Throne,
That made him Offer so many good Laws,
To Stem out Old popery, and Phinatick Cause,
But they Refus'd all and Nothing wou'd please'm,
But the Exclusion, Bill (and for every good Reason)
The Clergy Flung't out, and stood by the King,
Or else the Blest Saints, had got all a gin.
Next they Exclud the Papist the House,
And then a new plott, they make, and Espouse,
Gainst all the papist in the English Nation,
And carry't on to the Hight of their Passion;
The King he Wisely fore saw what they ment
And finding no, Money, away they were sent,
And thus he Desolved that Bl. Parliament.
A little while after He tell you no Lye,
A plott there they Hatch'd at the Old House at Rye,
Where Charles and Old Jemmy were to go to pott,
The Rye-House Conspiracy I'de nere have for got;
This matter being ore. And some shaping well,
Were Resolv'd to go on tho they next went to Hell.
They Buoy up poor Monmouth, and sent him to Holland,
Then made him their Too, a great King of No Land,
Who came ore to try his poor Fate in the West,
Wiggs Deserted him all, they were but in least,
And left the poor Souls to Curse their Dire, Fate,
And Repent of their Crimes when they found twas to late
There many were Butcher'd and hang'd up we see
On every green bough, as well as old Tree,
Observe what I say, I am not in least
The poor Souls they call'd Martyrs of the West
They Deserv'd it I'me sure, tho it was a Curst Test,
If ever the Faction, were trick'd by their party.
This was the time, for they gav'em up Harry.
And Sacrific'd them to their own Blessed Cause,
And thus they were Butcher'd by their own Applause,
With what Impudence then can the faction I say,
Lay the Murder on any but them Sives every way.
Twas the Whiggs that Invent'd the Dam'd popish plot,
And many Catholics they Butcher'd Got Wort,

Twas Whiggish Old Goddy that Murder'd him self;
Tho Green Bery, and Bull were hanged for that else
Twas Whiggish lack Arnold, in lack an Apes Ally,
That cut his own Throat; Observe by the b,
Twas to serve the old Cause of a bl. Common Wealth,
And laid it on papist his none pretious self,
And when a Health of Dam Nat on they Vote,
To that popish Dog cut lack Arnolds poor Throat,
Dear Arnold him self Refuse the same,
Prays for his Enemy, not Dam ation on them,
He freely forgave'm the matter tis said,
Thus Wisely preserv'd he, his Blest Throat and head;
Twas the Whiggs that Invented old Rumbals tyt Leed,
To take of the King, and the Duke with all Speed,
Twas the Whiggs that Sent young Jemmy to Ho land
And made him that very great pruce of No Land,
Twas they that made his Grate title a least,
And Deserted his Grace, when he was in the West;
Twas they that Caus'd that Rebellion tis Cleare,
And Deserted their Martyrs in the West every where
Twas they that sat King Jemmy to Work,
To take of the test, and to pluck down the Kirck;
Twas they that Laugh'd at him, when they him to trick'd
And sent him away so Curstly Nick'd,
They struck at his Head, when they sent him to Hom,
But providence Stop'd him, Believe twas not them,
They Voted a Common Wealth it is true:
But William was Wiser, he saw thro their Clew,
And made them to Vote for one King or othe,
King William it seems was better then tother,
Twas they that Struck at the Church I am sure,
Because they could not sound Doctrin Endure,
Twas they that Mannag'd the Impeachment so Cleare,
Gainst Doct'r Sacheverel without Wit or fear,
Twas they that were for Roasting the Priest,
Nay for gutting were some. they were not in least,
Twas they that Audaciously laia in great Spight,
If Passive Obedience the Q——n own'd out right
That she was a T——r to her F——r Dear,
Thus Impudence run in its full Carriere,
They hop'd by this means to gain the Whole Nation,
But were plaguily Bank'd in their own Expectation,
For the Nation perceiving, they run on a main
Address'd the Q——n to Stopp the old strain
So all their Projects were fruitless and Vain,
Therefore let Church Men take care of them selves,
And Remember thoe Vices thoe Phanaical Elves
How they wou'd have serv'd old England again,
I think they have Seapt the Danger tis plain
Therefore, take Warning, take Warning once more
And keep out that Wig'ish Old Son of a Where
That would Ruin three King oms as he did before.

FINIS

LONDON: Printed in the Year. MDCCX.

Vulpone's TALE,

A Fox was out upon the pilfering Lay
 According to the Methods of his Kind;
 In Quest of his beloved Prey,
 But high or low could nothing find.
 At last as luck would hav't, he spy'd
 A Cock upon a Tree at Roost;
 With all his Hens on either side,
 And thus did Chanticleer accost.
 How, now, my Friend? what makes you there?
 Your Buis'ness on the Terra Firma lies,
 Cocks are not Tenants of the Air,
 Nor out of their own Element should rise;
 But you perhaps may be a Stranger
 To the late General Peace,
 That puts all living Creatures out of Danger,
 And makes all former Enmities to cease.
 Not a Soul hence forth dares assault
 Another Beast or Bird,
 But is an *Oulaw* for the Fault,
 Upon a Fox his Word.
The Blessed'st News that Eere was brought;
 The subtle Cock reply'd
 And at the same Time Stretching out his Throat,
 Look'd as if he somewhat afar off deserv'd;
 Which made Sir. Reynard presently
 Ask Him, at what He peerd?
 For He took Notice with Observant Eye,
 And stood upon his Guard.
Nothing, said tother, but some Hounds,
Are making all the Haste
Is possible, Cross yonder Grounds,
As if they had not broke their Fast.
 Hounds? says He; Are they out a Rogueing?
 Why then, quoth, Reynard, I'll be gone,
 Tis high Time for me to be Jogging,
 They've Smell'd me out, tis ten to one.
 No, no, says Crafty Chanticleer,
Let no vain Fear Enslave you,
But keep your Footing where you are,
The General Peace will save you
 Ay, quoth the Fox, and so it will,
 But I should find but an Indifferent Station,
 And have my Coat pink'd for it still,
 Should the Dogs not have heard the *PROCLAMATION*;
 Application.

O NE Year's more War S— Foxes cry,
 When Peace and Golden Days are nigh,
 When every Man shall drink beneath his Vine,
 And under his own Fig-Tree dine.
 When Trade and Mother Church shall Flourish,
 When Nursing Fathers shall it Nourish,
 When all things Smiling shall appear:
 And Holy-days be through-out the Year,
 These are fine Words they to us put;
 But a Fox lov's to cram his Gut,
 And nothing else does truly drive at,
 But to delude the Publick for the Private.

Printed in the Year, 1710.

A
P O E M
O N
Prince EUGENE.

— *Totos infusa per artus*
Major in exiguo regnabat corpore Virtus.

S O Tydens look'd, when, single, He oppos'd
The *Perjur'd Brother*, with his Guards inclos'd;
When Fifty Traytors by his Valour slain,
Their Length had measur'd on the *Theban Plain*;
Of Stature low, but of a Soul so high,
It Tower'd from whence it came, and reach'd the Skie.
Heroic Spirits are of Heavenly Birth,
Gyants alone are Off-springs of the Earth:
Whose Figures may surprize, but are no Odds
Oppos'd to Heaven, and Adversary-Gods.
Their Heigth exceeds the Level of Mankind,
But lesser Bodies share a larger Mind.
As in a Glafs the crowding Sun-Beams meet,
Small is the Point, but violent the Heat.

Such is the Man, whom *Germany* has lent
To bridle *France*, and curb the Continent:

A

To

To whom kind Heaven Valour and Prudence gave,
Cool, but not Dull, and without Rashness, Brave.
Stout like *Achilles*, like *Ulysses* wise,
Who seeks not Danger, nor from Danger flies.
A Life of so much Moment and Import,
Should not be Chance's Trust, nor Fortune's Sport.

The Son of *Atreus*, whom beleaguer'd Troy
Did twice five Years in a long Siege employ,
Wish'd for Ten *Nestors* to reduce the Place,
Hadst Thou, Great Man! liv'd in those Antique Days,
To lesser room he had his Wish confin'd
Blest with Ten *Nestors* in Thy Single Mind.

Go, Dauntless Prince, and stem the Gallick Rage,
Act in one Year the Business of an Age.
Tho' small the Span of Life, yet courteous Fate,
With greater Souls requites our shorter Date.
Tho' no new Instance in the World appears
Of *Pylia*n Age, and Patriarchal Years;
Yet if our Time by Action number'd be,
H' has liv'd Three Hundred, who has fought like Thee.

London: Printed for J. Baker, in Pater-Noster-Row; 1712.

Just Publish'd the Second Edition of
Prince Eugene's Daily Prayer; which, for it's singular Excellency, has been admir'd by all Nations, and Translated into all Languages, and ought to be Preserv'd, with his Immortal Glory, to all Succeeding Generations; with his true Effigies, curiously Engraven on a Copper-Plate. Price 3 d.
To Morrow will be Publish'd.
A Poem on the Duke of Marlborough. Price 1 d. Sold by J. Baker, in Pater-Noster-Row.



Horace Lib. I. Epistle the Ninth.

*Septimius, Claudi, nimirum, intelligit unus,
Quanti me facias. &c.*

TO the RIGHT HONOURABLE R--- H---, Esq;

DEAR *Dick*, howe'er it comes into his Head,
Believes, as firmly as he does his Creed,
That You and I, SIR, are extremely great;
Tho' I plain *Matt*, You *Minister of State*,
One Word from me, without all doubt, he says
Wou'd fix his Fortune in some little Place :
Thus better than my self, it seems, he knows
How far my Interest with my Patron goes,
And answering all Objections I can make
Still plunges deeper in his dear Mistake.

From this wild Fancy, SIR, there may proceed
One wilder yet, which I foresee and dread,

That

That I, in Fact, a real Interest have,
Which to my own Advantage I wou'd save,
And with the usual Courtier's Trick intend
To serve my self, forgetful of my Friend.

To shun this Censure I all Shame lay by,
And make my Reason with his Will comply,
Hoping for my Excuse 'twill be confest,
That of two Evils I have chose the least.
So, SIR, with this Epistolary Scroll,
Receive the Partner of my inmost Soul,
Him you will find in Letters and in Laws
Not unexpert; firm to his Countries Cause;
Warm in the Glorious Interest you pursue;
And, in one Word, a good Man and a true.

F I N I S.

A
P O E M

Humbly Dedicated to the
RIGHT HONOURABLE
WILLIAM Lord COWPER, &c.

SINCE *Britains* Seals to other Hands are gone,
Britain has had the loss, but YOU have none;
 O Great in all Mens Eyes, except your own.
 They must, O Cowper, in *Commission* be,
 For what ONE MAN will dare to follow THEE,
 Whose Universal *Genius* does exceed
 Most that have gone before, and All that can succeed :

With Wise GODOLPHINE, You your Place Resign;
 Your different Orbs with the same Glories shine,
 Both fitted, *Atlas-like*, a Weight to bear
 Too heavy for a less Illustrious Pair.
 And Heav'n, that Watches Nations, rarely sends
 Uncommon Men, but for Uncommon Ends.

But Adverse Fortune and Disastrous Fate
 Have broke our Peace, disturb'd our happy State,
 And made our ISLAND now less FORTUNATE.
 By Crafty Leaders Thoughtless crowds Caress'd
 For a new Senate, and new Statesmen press'd;
 Rabbles themselves for CHANGES have Address'd.

By such as these born down the Brave give way,
 As we the Winds, and Waves, and Storms Obey.
 When Torrents and Impetuous Tides are sent,
 Wise Men stand by, till their mad Furies spent.
 And popular Rage no more can be withstood,
 Than the wild Sallies of a Rapid flood.

It does the Good Depress, the Bad Advance,
Hurts by design, and Profits but by chance.

It was not so, when to thy Hands were giv'n
Britannia's Seals, that Motion came from Heav'n.
When in one Wish the Prince and People join,
The choice is Hallow'd, and the Stamp Divine

Great Honour on those Seals hast thou conferr'd;
Seals more to Thee, than Thou to Them preferr'd.
Thy *Chymic* Hand divided Right from Wrong,
While Judgment flow'd from thy Harmonious Tongue.
And stubborn Law made plyant by thy Skill
Did lose the *Legal Art* of doing Ill;
Deaf Pow'rs, whose *Spirit* may save, but *Letter* kill.

Nature profusely has on THEE bestow'd,
The choicest favours to One mortal shew'd.
In thee She has United Manly Sense,
Strong Judgment, Wit, and Charming Eloquence:
A Body cast in Her exactest Mold;
A Temper Just as that of Ripest Gold.
Gentle and Easy of Access, no less
The Widows Tears and Orphans sighs confess,
In Thee secure of Refuge and Redress,
Renown'd for Justice and Impartial Right,
Scarce *TITUS-SELE* was more *Mankind's Delight*.

Why then should so much Excellence be lost,
Just when that Excellence was wanted most?
Bury that Question, never more to rise,
Silence is the best Answer of the Wise.
But tho' We are forbidden to inquire
Into HIGH THINGS, yet sure we may Admire.

Nor shall thy Matchless Worth be less Rever'd,
Than when in its full Glory it Appear'd:
As Heav'nly Bodies, when Ecclips'd, are more
With Admiration gaz'd at, than before.

C. 161 + 2 (37)
21

Kiss me if you DARE

OR A

ROYAL Faverit turn'd out.

FOUR Sisters once a pretty handsome Brood
Liv'd all together in one Neighbourhood,
The first and Eldest of the Race,
Had *Peggy* for Her Name
A Wench of Sanctity and Grace
That wore a Revelation Face
And was of such a Godly Frame,
That her Old Mother still would be a Twitting,
And every Hour in tother's Teeth a hitting
Their Sister *Peggy's* way of living,
It will be long enough, she said
'Before you'll do as *Peggy* did,
'And such a pious Course be driving;
'*Peggy* would nee'r do this or that,
Or such unrightious Haunts be at
And twenty such Good Morrows,
'With *Peggy* allways right or wrong
The Everlasting Burthen of Her Song,
Were giv'n to Her bewilder'd Daughter's sorrows.
Now this same Sister *Peg* of theirs
Was a long Winded Wench at Prayers,
And mighty it seems
Employ'd in dreaming holy Dreams,
As she so well had play'd Her Part,
With such Diffimulation, (Heart
And Her Tongue Spoke what nee'r came near Her
Of Saints, and Saint like *Moderation*
A *Fryday's* Face for Every Day she wore,
A short Hand Book still at her Girdle bore,
And Every Night was laid
The *Crumbs* of Comfort at Her Head,
To keep the Tempter at Arms Length
By Dint of Bunyan's Pilgrims strength
From getting into Bed.
The Name of *Play-House* rob'd Her of Her Wits
A *Dancing Bout* would put Her into Fits;
If she heard an *Organ* goe
Down she fell into a sound
And if she trod on Consecrated Ground
Twas much more dreadfull than a Gospel Woe,
As for Her Sisters they all three
Us'd a Behaviour frank and Free,

And void of Noisy Brawls and strife,
In Innocent Diversions pass'd their Life.
Now would they into *Conversation* fall
And now be at the *Comedy* or Ball
But without any Colour or Prefence.
Of giving others Scandal or Offence.
But this did not prevent
The *Mother's* Tongue, but on it went,
To teaze Her Daughters, and decry
This honest undesigning Liberty,
And Still she kept Her former Bent.
'Yes, yes, said she, its very plain
'You'r like to prove most hopefull Birds
'When will you from those Vanities refrain
'And this ungracious World renounce and shun
'The Devil, and all his Works as she has done
'And turn *Reclutes* of your own Accord's
Oh! *Madam* cryd the Girls, pray never fear,
The World is not so very dear,
But by that time we've been,
Eye witnesses of what *she* has been,
We by the same Experience taught
May the same Opinion hold
To it's Enjoyments cold
And of it Entertains as bad a Thought.
Now had this *Peggy* been an Errant Whore
And twice two Bastards and three Foxes bore.

Application

THIS suites with many that pretend a Call
To *Salter's* or At *Finner's* Hall,
Where many a holy Sister,
After the Man of *Flesh* has kiss'd Her
Hears't the Man of *Spirit* Bawl,
And daub'd with *Presbytenal* Paint
Learn's how to *Whine*, and *Wink*, and *Cant*;
Knotty Quosations to explore
And o'er *Geneva Bible* run
Till she at *Meeting* passe's for a Saint
That was a *Sinner* just before,
And will be so again when *Sermon's* done.


FINIS

Licensed and Entered according to Order.

LONDON: Printed in the Year, MDCCX.

1712 23
The QUEEN's and the Duke
of ORMOND's

New TOAST.

 Ere's a Health to the QUEEN, who in Safety
(does sit on
The Throne of, and truly now Reigns in Great
(Britain:

Since those are dismiss'd from her Presence and Court
Who her Rights and her Titles made their Jest and their
And without *Britain's* Host most foolishly reckon'd (Sport,
To be Rul'd by a **John**, who'd be styl'd **John** the Second.

Here's a Health to her Gen'ral, fill it up to the brim,
Who ne'er entertain'd such an insolent Whim,
But who Loyal and Brave in his Soul and Behaviour,
Saw his Sov'reign in danger, and seeing dar'd save Her;
As with other true Patriots he voted them down
Whose aim was to pull down the Church and the Crown.

Brave *ORMOND* disdains to make Sale of Commissions,
To be brib'd by Contractors on Terms and Conditions;
He's a *Butler* that ne'er will be censur'd for Tripping,
Or making a *Perquisite* of the *Bread's Chipping*,
But still be content with the Dues of his Place
Abhorrent of what is unlawful and Base,
Tho' a Villain * dares call him an *ignorant Novice*,
And a *Lad* that knows not how to manage his Office.

* The Au-
thor of the
Protestant
Post.

Oh! may he still Faithful, still Generous and True,
His Mistresses En'mies and *Britain's* subdue.
May he always press forward in search of a Peace,
(For a Town in a Year will not make the War cease;
And instead of a Siege for the *Hollanders* Profit,
(For they only make their Advantages of it)
To the Gates of fam'd *Paris* the following Campaign,
Advance and demand the Delivery of *Spain*;
To shew *France* how soon he can finish the Strife
That ne'er could be ended by a *General for Life*.

A Bumper to this, Boys; besure 'tis fill'd up;
He's a Whig that denies such a Draught from the Top;
That for *ANNA's* Long Life will not swallow it down,
And drink a full Glass to fam'd *ORMOND's* Renown.

T R I P FROM *Westminster-Hall to Oxford.*

QUITE tired with the Projects of the Town,
Where Quality upon the Commons frown,
One Day I was resolv'd to leave the same,
Since all their Actions cloy the Town with Shame.

So as my Resolution was to slip
From *Westminster*, I vow'd to take a Trip
To faithful *Oxford*, which assiduously
Maintain'd *Sacheverell's* Divinity.
He preach'd against the Crimes of *Toleration*,
And *Fellows*, which pretend to *Moderation*,
And use that *Virtue* to insnare the *Church*,
As well as leave the State too in the lurch.
But when I unto learned *Oxford* came,
Where brave *Sacheverell* is crown'd with Fame,
I did enquire faithful of those
Who knew the Cause, who were *Sacheverell's* Foes;
They did reply, since I their Name wou'd ask,
They were pious *Presbyterians* unmaskt,
Whose Eyes at Vice look sad, and full of Wo,
Yet Heart and Tongue together never go;
Their Words in *Conventicles* virtuous be,
But nauseous, when at home, to *Modesty*.
To seem devout, they hate all common Whores;
But those which ply in private much adore.
They tremble, when a first-rate Oath they hear;
But Perjury their Int'rest seldom fear.
In solemn Leagues and Covenants they take
Delight; but in the solemn Vows they break;
And as informing is their Darling-Trade,
They all are godly Men in Masquerade.
In fine, they're born, they live, and die in Sin;
Are Saints without, and Devils all within.
Nay as their Sanctity's a pious Fraud,
Which none but Knaves and Villains can applaud;
They are all Hypocrites; and what is worse?
The scorn of Men, and God's eternal Curse.

Where these *Sacheverell's* Enemies, quoth I,
Faith then I wept, and thus began to cry.
Curst spawn of Schism! to give the fatal Shock;
Which sent a King a Martyr from the Block;
The barb'rous Act, which smot his sacred Head,
Que Calenders shall ever die with red;
To paint the Overthrow of Church and State,
In the rebellious Times of *Forty-Eight*.

Here ending, the *Oxonians* reply'd,
The learned, just *Sacheverell* was try'd,
For preaching what industriously he sought;
From that Religion once our Saviour taught;
The *Apostles* lov'd, the *Fathers* authoriz'd;
And *Martyrs* seal'd, when they were sacrific'd;
To persecuting Rage; but Faith decreed
Their pious Blood shou'd prove the Churches Seed.
Our Adversaries with a brazen'd Face,
Admit, that many Errors we embrace;
But if we do, yet will we not despair
Of what we do profess, because they are
Such Errors, which we do from Nature draw;
Such Errors, which are here confirm'd by Law;
Such Errors, which true Reason to us preach;
Such Errors, which the Scriptures to us teach;
Such Errors, which the antient Doctors writ;
And by the Learned are maintained yet:
In this same Age, which do's surpass the Day,
When *Greek* and *Roman* Learning bore the Sway;
So being satisfy'd, soon home I came,
To tell his Merits, but the others Shame.

F I N I S.

Roberto Graio

SCOTO

Londini Medicinam Profitenti,

Archibaldus Pitcarnius

SCOTUS.

S.

ILLE qui terris latitat Britannis,
Solut, aut nullo sapiens amico,
Ille quam debet miser inquefelix
Vivere, Grai?

Audiit nunquam meditante Stoto
Carmina Eoas domitura tigres,
Proximum aut Phœbo Priorum canentes
Dulce Camœnas.

Ille quid credat redeuntia astra
Solis ac lunæ sibi dedicari,
Se nisi ut solum miserumque possit
Sæpe videre?

Quid putes mi nunc animi esse soli,
Postque tot raptos inopi sodales,
Te fere solo superante, Te, ca-
rissime Grai?

Namque nos liquit decus illud ævi
Scotici, sic Di voluere, liquit
Regiæ stirpis decus atque fama
Gregoriana.

Ille Neutonum incolumem lubenti
Narrat Euclidi Siculoque Divo,
Miraque augusti docet almus Angli
Cœpta stupentes.

Deinde Pergæum reducem novumque
Acris Halleræ studiis; sed ipse
Quam graves nuper tuleris labores
Dicere parat.

Ista necquicquam memoramus: ille
Inmemor nostri, patruoque gaudens,
Nos ope & cura sapientis orbos
Liquit amici.



A NEW ELEGY

Upon the Death of
Edward Lord Griffin,

WHO
Departed this Life, a Prisoner in the *Tower of London*, on *Fry*
day the 10th of *November*, 1710. in the 76th Year of his
Age.

AT length then Death has set thee free from
(Care,
Thou need'st not now for the sharp Axe Prepare:
A cruel Sentence thou on Earth did'st Shun,
I hope a better whether thou art gone.
Those tedious Hours thou hast felt in Thrall,
Now happy Death has set thee free from all,
Thou in a happy State might'st surely Dye,
That had'st such Hours in Piety & employ:
Altho' a Foe unto thy Native Land,
Thou in the same Religion fixt did'st stand.
It was thy Faith indeed that led thee hence,
To follow thy once dear and Lawful Prince:
Pity in Time thy Fault thou did'st not see,
Yet none can blame thee for thy Loyalty:
For who that found a Prince so Good and Kind,
In his Distress, wou'd chuse to stay behind;
Unless thou had'st discern'd their *Romish Plots*;
But Love is Blind, and never sees such Faults.
Rest then in Peace --- Treason is scarce an Ill,
In one that only acts it 'gainst his Will,
Or can we --- (judging at a Christian rate;
Call thee a Traytar, but unfortunate.
'Twas thy Misfortune thou wert vainly sent,
To end thy Life in sad Imprisonment.
Where this Consolation do's thy Death attend,
Thou'rt Pitied for it, both by Foe and Friend.

But what is Man, consider the intents,
Of Heavens high Will to judge of strange Events:
The rising Sun, to mortal Sight reveals,
The Earthly Globe, but yet the Stars conceals.
So may the sence discover Natural Things,
Divine above the reach of Humane Wings.

What tho' thy wounded Fame Suffer'd a while,
Fortune in Death do's on thy Mem'ry smile.

And all invectives will but now become,
So many Letters grav'd upon thy Tomb,
Wherein Confinment thou shalt now endure,
And a full Pardon for all Crimes procure.
Here after rais'd to Life, thou still sha'lt have,
An Antidote against the silent Grave.

So hid the *Hebrews* in an obscure Pit,
Their Holy-Fire, not extinguish'd it;
Till after time God broke their Bondage Chain,
They found to Light their Sacrifice again.

What more then to thy Mem'ry can we say,
But Pity to thy long Misfortunes pray,
The sad Occasion was not by thy choice,
Thou neither deted'st it with a Heart, or Voice
But purely by an absolute Command,
Was't sent to suffer in thy Native Land.

But Heaven in that might but thy Good design,
To Treat thee with a Providence Divine.
That after all thy Sufferings, Toil, and Cares,
Thou here mightest Sleep with thy fam'd

(Ancestors.
To whom we now do recomend thy Dust,
And Heaven be to all thy Sorrows just.

EPITAPH.

READER, when e'er thou passest here.
Upon this **TOMB** She'd one sad Tear
Pity at least thou needs must shew.
(For that even to our Foes is due.)
Here Griffin lies, pray understand,
Who Died a Prisoner in his Native Land.
But Death now with a hasty Summons sent,
Has free'd him from a long Imprisonment.



A NEW E L E G Y

Upon the Death of
Edward Lord Griffin

W H O

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day the 10th of *November*, 1710. in the 76th Year
Age.

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An ugly Sentence thou on Earth did'st shun,
To hope a better whether thou art gone.
From tedious Hours thou hast felt in Thrall,
Now happy Death has set thee free from all,
Thou in a happy State might'st surely Dye,
That had'st such Hours in Piety t'employ:
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But Heaven in that might but thy Case
To Treat thee with a Providence Divine
That after all thy Sufferings, Toil, and
Thou here mightest Sleep with thy

To whom we now do recomend thy Soul
And Heaven be to all thy Sorrows just

E P I T A P H

READER, when e'er thou passest
Upon this *TOMB* She'd one sad
Pity at least thou needs must give,
(For that even to our Foes is due.)
Here Griffin lies, pray understand,
Who Died a Prisoner in his Native Land.
But Death now with a hasty Summons sent,
Has free'd him from a long Imprisonment.

The Sorrowful Lamentation and Confession of Daniel Damere,
The Queen's Waterman :

*Who was Convicted for High Treason at the Old-Baily, on
 Thursday the 20th of April, 1710.*

*With a DIALOGUE between him, Purchase the Bailiff, and Willis, re-
 lating to their present Misfortunes.*

To the Tune of, Forgive me if your Looks I thought, &c.



Dear Friends and Countrymen give Ear
 unto my sad Relation,
 Which I shall plainly make appear,
 tho' 'tis to my Vexation;
 I once did serve the Best of Queens,
 and liv'd in Reputation,
 but now for Treason I must Die,
 against my Prince and Nation.

When London Mob was in a Rage
 against the Presbyterians,
 I being Drunk, did then engage,
 contrary to all Reason.
 I scarcely knew what then I did,
 my Senses were confounded,
 Or else the Mischief had been hid
 in which I then abounded.

I soon was taken for the Crime
 which others had concluded,
 It was a sad and fatal Time
 when I was thus deluded,
 To Burn and Plunder others Goods,
 against all Law and Reason,
 Which if I'd better understood,
 I ne'er had Dy'd for Treason.

It grieves my very Heart to think
 of what has now befall me,
 Occasion'd by the Power of Drink,
 as I before did tell ye;
 For which I now am fudg'd to Die,
 at this unhappy Season,
 And my two Friends, as well as I,
 must suffer for their Treason.

Purchase the Bailiff.
 Your Fate and mine are both the same,
 and therefore cease your Wonder,

For we are like to suffer Shame,
 before we part asunder;
 As we have done this Wicked Deed,
 like Brethren join'd in Evil,
 We've made our selves the Serpent's Seed,
 for Sin comes from the Devil.

W I L L I S.

Tho' we have done such Deeds, my Friends,
 as brought on this sad Sentence,
 Yet we may make our selves amends,
 by a sincere Repentance,
 The worst of Crimes God can forgive,
 if we repent in Season,
 Then let us this small time we live
 beg Pardon for our Treason.

Damere the Waterman.

Friend Willis, you have wisely spoke,
 then let us be contented,
 Tho' we the Laws of God have broke,
 and earthly hopes prevented,
 Yet Mercy may be had above
 before the Judge of Heaven,
 For at his Bar there's Peace and Love
 in Plenty to be given.

Purchase the Bailiff.

I feel some Comfort in my Soul
 by these your Christian Speeches,
 Which doth my Sorrow now condole
 more than earthly Riches.
 Let all Men Warning take by this,
 and do all Things in Season,
 Lest you like us, your Marks do miss,
 and suffer for High Treason.

C. 161. f. 31

H Y M N^A

To be Sung at the Anniversary-Meeting
OF THE

Charity-Schools,

On Thursday in Whitson-Week, 1710.

To a Psalm-Tune.

I.

ON this returning happy Day,
What Incense shall we bring?
What grateful, humble Homage pay
To our Almighty King?

II.

On Earth be his dread Name confess'd,
As 'tis by those Above!
What is the Employment of the Bless'd,
But Songs of Praise and Love?

III.

That Breath we did from Heav'n receive,
We thus in Hymns restore;
And while we on its Bounty live,
Will wonder and adore.

IV.

Rescu'd from Want, and Vice, and Shame;
We'll all our future Days,
Our great Creator's Love proclaim,
And live but to his Praise.

V.

May Heart, and Voice, and Life combine,
His Goodness to express;
May all that hear us, with us join,
And our Redeemer bless.

VI.

*To that Great undivided Three,
Whom Earth and Heav'n adore,
As was, and is, all Glory be,
Till Time shall be no more.*

A New BALLAD. To the Tune of Fair Rosamond.

C 161.7.2 (4)

26

1.
WHEN as Qu--- A--- of great Renown
Great Britain's Scepter sway'd,
Besides the Church, she dearly lov'd
A Dirty Chamber-Maid.

2.
O! *Abi---* that was her Name,
She starch'd and stich'd full well,
But how she pierc'd this Royal Heart,
No Mortal Man can tell.

3.
However for sweet Service done,
And Causes of great Weight,
Her Royal Mistress made her, Oh!
A Minister of State.

4.
Her Secretary she was not,
Because she could not write;
But had the Conduct and the Care
Of some dark Deeds at Night.

5.
The important Pals of the Back-Stairs
Was put into her Hand;
And up she brought the greatest R---
Grew in this fruitful Land.

6.
And what aim I to do, quoth he,
Oh! for this Favour great!
You are to teach me how, quoth she;
To be a Sh--- of State.

7.
My Dispositions they are good,
Mischievous and a Liar;
A saucy, proud, ungrateful B---;
And for the Church entire.

8.
Great Qualities, quoth *Machiavel*!
And soon the World shall see,
What you can for your Mistress do;
With one small Dash of me.

9.
In Counsel sweet, Oh! then they sat,
Where she did Grievs unfold,
Had long her grateful Heart oppress'd;
And thus her Tale she told.

10.
From Shreds and Dirt in low Degree,
From Scorn in piteous State,
A Dutchess bountiful has made
Of me a Lady Great.

11.
Some Favours she has heap'd upon
This undeserving Head,
That for to ease me, from their Weight,
Good God, that she were dead!

12.
Oh! let me then some means find out,
This Teazing Debt to pay:
I think, quoth he, to get her Place,
Would be the only way.

13.
For less than you she must be brought,
Or I can never see
How you can pay the Boons receiv'd,
When you are less than she.

14.
My Arguments lie in few words,
Yet not the less in Weight;
And oft with good Success we use
Such, in Affairs of State.

15.
Quoth she, 'tis not to be withstood,
I'll push it from this Hour:
I will be grateful, or at least
I'll have it in my Power.

16.
Quoth he, since my poor Counsel gains
Such Favour in your Eye,
I have a small Request to make,
I hope you won't deny.

17.
Some Bounties I like you have had
From one that bears the Wand,
And very fain I would, like you,
Repay them if I can.

18.
Witness ye Heavens! how I wish
To slide into his Place;
Only to shew him Countenance,
When he is in Disgrace.

19.
Oh! would you use your Interest great
With our most Gracious Q---
Such things I'd quickly bring about
This Land hath never seen.

20.
Give me but once her Royal Ear,
Such Notes I'll in it sound,
As from her sweet Repose shall make
Her Royal Head turn round.

21.
He spoke, and flake away it was done,
She gain'd him free access;
God long prefer our Gracious Q---
The Parliame--- shall see!

22.
Now from this Hour it was remark'd,
That there was such Resort
Of many great and high Divines
Unto the Q---'s fair Court.

23.
Mysterious things that long were hid,
Began to come to light;
And many of the Church's Sons
Were in a Zealous Fright.

24.
'Twas said, with Sighs and anxious Looks
A General Abroad,
Had won more Battles than their Friends;
The French, could well afford.

25.
That so much Money had been sent,
Such needless things to advance;
It sure was time, as in Reigns pass'd,
Some now should come from France.

26.
At last they spoke it out, and said;
'Twas of the last Import,
That there should be a thorough Change
In Army, Fleet, and Court.

27.
For wicked *J--- M---*
So madly push'd things on,
That should he unto *Paris* go,
The Church was quite undone.

28.
The Wise and Pious Q--- gave ear
To this devout Advice,
And honest sturdy S---
Was whap'd up in a Trice.

29.
A vast! cry'd out the Admiral;
No near, you Rogues, no near!
Your Ship will be amongst the Rocks
If at this rate you steer!

30.
With that the Man that kept the Cash,
Slept in a word or two;
Which made an old Acquaintance think
This Game would never do.

31.
He but one Eye had in his Head,
But with that one he saw,
These Priests might bring about his End
A thing we call Club Law.

32.
He on his Pillow laid his Head,
And on mature Debate
With that, and what his Wife resolv'd,
To play a Trick of State.

33.
Like Dr. B--- so much renown'd,
Of one he did take care,
Then slept his Cloak, and left the rest
All in most sad Despair.

34.
The Consequence of this was such,
Our Good and Gracious Q---
Not knowing why she e'er went wrong,
Came quickly right again.

35.
However, taking safe Advice
From those that knew her well,
She *Ab---* turn'd out of Doors,
And hang'd up *Machiavel*.

F I N I S.

An Excellent New
BALLAD:

Being the
Second Part of the Glorious Warriour.

Writ by an Eminent Soldier at Home.

I.
YE Citizens of *Westminster*,
Come quickly forth I pray;
All who pay Scot and Lot draw near
And hark to what I say.

II.
My Horse and I in Trappings bright,
To represent my Cousin;
And by my side a courteous Knight
Appear, not to be chosen.

III.
To your kind Care then I commend
The worthy matchless Pair;
Sir *Henry Dun Cowt*, my Friend,
And *S-----* his Compeer.

IV.
The one a Knight of high Renown,
His Actions denote;
Who if his Coat be all his own,
Is surely worth a Groat.

V.
Then listen unto his Request,
Give Ear, I pray, in time,
Or else we know not, I protest,
What will become of him.

VI.
For should your flinty Hearts forbear
To heed his piteous Moan,
His Doublet, like your Hearts, I fear,
Will harden into Stone.

VII.
Then as for our great General,
The more the merrier;
H'has beat our Foes, h'has beat 'em all,
No *Staremburg* was there.

VIII.
And since this Warrior great has done
So easily that fame;
If they wa'nt beaten long ago,
Sure no body's to blame.

IX.
With Courage bold, in one great day
Old *England* he'd have slain,

E'er gallantly he took his way
To thrum their Jacks in *Spain*.

X.
And had some Folks Impertinence
Let but the Man alone,
He'd made you every Soul a Prince,
All—but who should be one.

XI.
Chuse this great Man, Ah! chuse him then,
And afterwards who knows,
But *Tom*, and I, and you, and *Ben*
May all be *Tringalos*?

XII.
Besides, you know not what you do,
Should you this Man disparage;
How wou'd it look to use him so,
Who's such a Friend to Marriage?

XIII.
Not only he your Battles fights,
But naughty Tricks he scorns;
To foul your Beds like other Wights,
And plant your Heads with Horns.

XIV.
In Man all Weakness does proceed
From Feminine Allay,
And thus he strives to mend your Breed
By trying t'other way.

XV.
And what might *Britain* not obtain,
Could once this way take place?
Not *Henry's* nor *Edward's* Strain
Wou'd match his Manly Race.

XVI.
But, well-a-day, I had forgot,
This sure may cause complaint;
Your Wives, perchance, may like it not,
That Men have what they want.

XVII.
Now this to compromise therefore,
And make both Parties kind,
Chuse me; your Wives are safe before,
Your own sweet Tails behind.

I Creep and tremble ere I come to pay
 My pious Off'ring to Thy hallowed Clay :
 Nor can the slender Tribute of my Verse
 Be Ornament sufficient to Thy Herse :
 Onely the Honour that I owe Thy Name
 Gives my Muse breath, and yeilds my Fancy flame.
 Juxon ! Hah, what of Him ? is dead : You lye,
 Sordid Report, 'gainst Truth and Memory.
 Can He that was the Subject of all Pens,
 The Laws, the Prophets, and the best of Mens,
 Be said to Die ? How gross is the Mistake ?
 Banish those Mists of Errour, and awake
 Your Sluggish Reason : He that not long since
 Cloth'd the Church in its Prim'tive Innocence,
 And gave a Life to every Childe she had,
 Cherisht the Good, and did convert the Bad,
 Had all His Learning wrapt in Purity
 Of Doctrine, and His Life Sincerity ;
 Can He be said to Die ? Base Envy, No :
 He lives, though none of Thine would have it so.
 He that the Sacred Hand of Majestie
 Did stamp for good, can He be said to Die ?
 He that hath seen the worst that Death could do
 Without a Shrink, as did His Sovereign too.
 His Vertues were His Refuge and His Guard,
 That were against all Dangers still prepar'd.
 Of such it may be said, Death onely can
 Touch at the Carcase, but not reach the Man.
 He that was with Temptations roundly set,
 Yet prov'd His Princes untouch'd Cabinet :
 The Jewels there inclos'd were never known
 Till blessed CHARLES the Heir did claim his own.
 Oh happy Prince in such a faithful Peer,
 Send You more such : but there are few, I fear.

He that in time of danger stood unmov'd,
 Firm as a Rock, and constant where He lov'd,
 Whom nothing could corrupt or draw aside
 From th' Principles for which his Master dide ;
 Can He be dead ? What doth that word imply ?
 Be not deceiv'd, the Righteous cannot die.
 And though the Clergie may Lament and Weep,
 Yet They do know the Saints are said to Sleep.
 Forbear your Grieffs then, spend not Tears in vain,
 He's gone where none can call Him back again ;
 Where ye u must follow if you live as well ;
 If not, take tother Road, and then farewell.
 He lay but Leidger here to manage things
 Of great Concernment for the King of Kings ;
 And now is summon'd to His Home, to do
 Business of State You yet cann't reach unto.
 But Lambeth mourns, and (now) to me appears
 An Inundated Town o'er-flown with Tears,
 Salt, and Corroding, as Grieffs Limbeck can
 Distil them down the Cheeks of ev'ry Man ;
 As though their Grieffs were so intemp'rate grown,
 They would comply both with the Month & Moon.
 Away with your ungrateful Sorrow, know
 The Knowledge that You have He did bestow ;
 And such Provision He hath left by's Care,
 Of godly Ministers You need not fear.
 And more to comfort You, know He is gone
 To put the Robe of Resurrection on ;
 And be a Witness to appease the Blood
 Of Strafford, Laud, and Charles the Just and Good,
 Featly and Hewyt, Vowel, and the rest,
 And there with Them to live among the

B L E S T.

C-117-3-1 (6) C-161-f.2(46)

UNDER GOD;
Humbly Desiring His BLESSING to this
Famous and Wonderful Never-failing
CORDIAL DRINK OF THE WORLD,

To be satisfied
of the Truth,
Pray Read this
PREFACE.

The Great PRESERVER of Mankind.
A SECRET
Far Beyond any Thing YET KNOWN TO THE WORLD.
Never Published by any but by me Thomas Hinde G. in London,
Most Approved and Admirable for its
EXCELLENT VERTUES AND USES.

This is to give notice to all Persons, That they may not be deceived by the bold and injurious abuses of several Pretenders, started up of late, (since the publishing of my Bills) which doth now most falsely lay claim to the Practice of this my Never-Failing-Cordial: and to prevent further fraud of these several Counterfeits; I have with full power ordered and confirmed my Eldest Brother Mr. John Hinde to be my Successor, and the faithful true preparer of my Cordial as my own self; and to dispose and put to sale my Cordial as he shall approve and see fit, (and for the general Benefit of all) he doth sell it at his own house, as at the end of my Bills will fully direct you, and the Price of each Bottle; (And is sold no where else in YORK)

And that you may know (that I Thomas Hinde am the true Author) I would fain know of these three New Upstarts, [If they would be the true Authors] where were they, their Books or Bills of the GOUT, and other Distempers, before I Published mine? *But that they cannot produce, &c. Therefore, I have, for prevention of all Pretenders and Counterfeits, set my Seal on my Bottles, being the Wounded Hinde with T. H. inscribed in a Lawrel, that none may be Deceived by taking the Wounded Hinde with S. W. inscribed in a Lawrel, (which I declare to be none of mine) but a New Upstart, as the other Pretenders mentioned in my Directions: Therefore look well to the Seal on my Bottles; for the Counterfeiting of it is daily Attempted to the Displeasure of many that has been Deceived, and brought into great danger thereby. And though my Bills and Directions are now Counterfeited, and set forth in Books and Bills to Deceive the People; yet notwithstanding, if they have it at my trusty Friend Mr. John Hinde's House, they * cannot be deceived. But of late one boldly takes upon him to make use of my Cures in the words of my Bills and Directions, and sets them forth in his own Name, and wisely under the Notion of the People, and injurious abuse of my Name, to disgorge in eternally his designed malice, spite and envy, with close and great deceit against my successful Proceedings, and great Cures attested by the People, and not only so, but willfully invenges what he will, and useth endeavors to defame me too, and this to draw his purpose about, by amusing the People, to bring a reputation on his Liquor, by maligning of my Never Failing-Cordial, which is above the Malice of a Libeller, where I am known, and where I am not, let my Cordial plead for its self and me, — against such known new Upstarts, that would, if possible, Assume the Body of the Dead.

** As for his near driven shift, with hardy Brazen Brow, to say most impudently that he taught me, and that my Cordial which I sold in the Country, I bought it of him, &c. (It can be proved notorious false) for it is impossible that such an Illiterate Fellow could teach that [which himself never knew] or sell me that, which he could never make, Or I to justify his false Transactions, that has filched the very words of my Cures out of my Bills and Directions, and falsely sets them down, as his (own) &c. — and thus he has Posted himself as a Mark, — that all that Runs may Read a Libeller (a Fellow of no Value) not worth the answering, for he finding his Forgeries not at all Credited, has boldly presumed to Print them with Allowance (which is since proved false to his face) so 'th like he may hire Vouchers to swear he is the Man right or wrong, as well as Impudence, to employ such desperate Heftors of the Quill, as value not to Stab any mans Reputation for half a Crown.

My laborious Travels in divers foreign Countries, and great pains above Twenty years is truly well known, and how curiously inquisitive I was in the great concernment of Health, as now effectually appeareth, &c. But these juggling Impostors doth salaciously pretend, by setting forth a Bottle called ELIXIR SALUTIS, the choice Drink of Health, or Health-bringing Drink: under the color of my Cordial, * which was never heard or known of before, (till several Years after I published my Bills) now they do most Audaciously aver, to be the true Authors of my Cordial, (but it is all in vain) for the thing like the thing, is not the thing itself, to work the effect intended, &c. for my Cordial, through the Blessing of God, powerfully prevail to effect the Cures my Bills mention, * as doth daily appear by the Peoples experience; — therefore I shall not observe the barking of those that hire others for gain, to say they are &c. such and such Distempers, &c. as some Mercenary persons, by their juggling Counterfeits, have presumed by their subtilty to beguile many)

This Cordial is so agreeable to NATURE, that it performs all its Operations as Nature would have it, as if She had fitted to her Self, or found out Mediums to Reduce all her Extrems to an equal Temper; It being fitted to all Humors, Ages, Complexions, Sexes, and Constitutions. For if any Noxious Humor offend the Noble Parts, This Great Preserver will so Highly Fortify Nature, that it will not admit any Enemy to enter; and he or she that keeps this Inestimable Jewel by them, May bid farewell to former Ways they used, and will save them that Great Expence of Charge.

This Great Preserver, or Never-Failing-Cordial doth Cure the GOUT, for it Stiffes it in its Birth, as true Experience hath Found: Extracting out of all parts of the Body, those Crude and Viscous Humors, which are the Spawn and nourisher of it, and doth free the Joints of all other Diseases, to Admiration.

Dissolving the Stone and Gravel; a better REMEDY CANNOT BE, For when it's Congealed, it brings away the Sand and Gravel soft as Butter or fine Flower under your Finger; and not only so, but doth destroy the Original Cause: It never faileth to Cure the Gravel in the Reins and Kidneys Ulcerated, that sendeth forth water like Blood, and * wonderfully Cleanseth the Reins of all Foulness and Imperfection, and forceth Urine.

It Restoreth all Languishing Natures, and Melancholy drooping Spirits, Curing the Hypochondriack Melancholy; and doth most Powerfully Oppose all Black and mixed Humors, as the Grand Enemy to Nature: for it is continually drawing them out of the Veins and Arteries into the Stomack, and from thence sendeth them away, (after that) Nature Rejoiceth.

It pursueth the SURFEITS from place to place; and though the BODY be swelled up, in two or three days time it will raise them out of their Beds, and set them on their feet again: It taketh away the Scurvy out of the Body Root and Branch; and the Dropsie to Admiration, and all other Distempers that join with it. This is an Excellent Cordial for those that dwell near the Sea-side, or goes long Voyages: neither Sun, nor Frost, can hurt it, for it will keep good several years.

It taketh away the Head ach, Dizzines, and Swimming in the Head, or Megrim; Convulsion Fits in the Head, Swooning away in their Night-Sleep, Though Afflicted for many years.

It helpeth bad Digestion, Pain, or any stoppage of the Stomach, and shortness of Breath: It causeth a good Appetite, and Defendeth the Head from all Vapors which ascend from the Mother and Spleen; and is a most certain Remedy against the Cholick, or any griping of the Guts, and stayeth Vomiting.

It taketh away all Pains from the Heart, and Perfectly Cureth those that are stoppt with Flegm, as Choaked, and Stiffed in their Sleep for want of Breath.

It giveth Ease to Antient People of the Tiffick, but Cureth those that are not too far gone;

This Harmless and Pleasant Cordial is so great a Friend to all Women kind, that they cannot have a Richer Jewel bestowed upon them, as Relating to their Health, than this; That will not fail to Clear them from Obstructions, sitting and inabling them for Conception, and after Delivery or Miscarriage, though in danger of Death, it is an effectual Remedy.

It doth Cure The Green-Sickness of all sorts in a little time: * This is that which will not fail but bring them to a Virgin-Blush, Upholding Nature in Her Strength and Vigor, Making the Visage well Colored, the Breath Sweet, the Body Lusty.

And those that doth Visit the Spaw for their Recreation in the Summer Season, let them be sure to Prepare their Bodies with this Cordial according to the Directions, and it will clear the passages, and carry off the Malignant Crudities. The like they must do when they go home, to clear their bodies of that which may be left behind.

It doth free the Liver and Spleen of all Obstructions, and so by that means helpeth the Fits of the Mother and Spleen; It is good for Nurses which give Suck, for it will Cleanse their Blood, and Cause good and Wholesome Milk; It Cures the Rickets in Children, by opening the Obstruction, and many other Scurvy Diseases.

It bursteth, and perfectly destroyeth Worms in those that are of Years, and almost over-gone with them, bringing away the skins of half a yard, and near a yard long, As hath been Proved.

It helpeth sore and Rheumy Eyes, it stays all Rheums that fall from the Head upon the Lungs; It perfectly easeth all Coughs, Colds, and Wheezings, and cures Consumptions if not far gone, and likewise the Yellow Jaundies.

It keepeth a clear Passage between the Head and Heart, * and will not Admit of any Noxious Humors to annoy the Noble Parts: It will keep off those Frightful Fears and Griefs from their violent seizing on the Heart, enabling a Weak Person to make wonderful Resistance, by taking away the sharp Humors, which they may see come away: A Happy Rid-dance.

It takes away the Extream Burnings in the bottomes of the Feet, and Palms of the Hands, which so sore Afflict the Heart: Those that are too hot, it cooleth; and in them that are too cold, it increaseth Heat and Strength, by taking away the Cause, as the Direction at large doth shew.

To Conclude, it highly Exalts the Generative Virtue; Restoreth Radical Moisture, * Cleanseth and Strengtheneth the Vessels in both Sexes.

I need not Name Particulars.

FOR, in a word, it's that which Stiffes most Diseases in their Birth, or Kills them in their Strength, keeping all Sexes in their Pristine Health; who will Admire the Effects, and confesse it to be a Rich Treasure in time of Need, which will not fail them (under God;) For it doth most * wonderfully Purifie the whole Body of Man, so that few Diseases, (Gods appointed time being not come) is able to withstand it: For most Distempers are subject to its Innocent and wonderful Operation. Did the World but know it, * they would Highly Esteem it a speedy Friend to HEALTH, Truly deserving the due Praise of all Men. And (through the goodness of God) by long Travelling, I purchased with a great Sum this Pearl, and Inestimable Jewel, (as I did many) but this is the best that ever I heard of among them all. And through the Earnest Desire of MANY that have Importuned with me so far, for to Publish it, (though I need it not for Gain:) For I have a Competent Estate otherways to live on, without the Practice of this.

But out of an hearty Design of Promoting the Health and Common Good of All.

Who may and would be helped, I have set forth this, to inform the wonderful Effects that have been wrought by this Cordial Spirit, and abundantly Testified at large by many, which this Bill cannot contain, to give all sorts of Persons full satisfaction of its Innocent and wonderful Operation in the whole Body of Man; but for brevity sake I have here omitted.

And (to satisfy the Curiosity of some) I do faithfully promise all Persons, That my Cordial is not made by any Chymical preparations; neither is it offensive to Nature, as some doth boldly affirm; to hold up their particular interest, &c. — but this my Cordial is so safe, and so truly prepared, and does Taste so Pleasant, * That the least Child may take it, Sick or Well, Winter or Summer. I have inserted nothing but what my Cordial will not fail to Cure, AS EXPERIENCE HATH FOUND upon Men, Women, and Children, and doth find true to the End. And to prevent all doubts, that you may be certain and fully assured never to be deceived by any dangerous Counterfeits, I have with full power ordered and confirmed my Eldest Brother Mr. John Hinde to be my Successor, and the Faithful true preparer of my Cordial as my own self, and to dispose and put to sale my Cordial to whom he shall approve and see fit. For he was the very first that ever sold it, from the very first time that ever it was Made, for he and I only knew, &c. and after that, the juggling deceivers crept in. But to prevent the prejudice of many Poor Creatures languishing under grievous Distempers, that they may not be brought into great dangers by unknown cheating trails, as hath been affirmed to me by several Persons. And with prodigious impious impudence, doth not only Counterfeit my Bills and Directions in Print, but the Seal on my Bottles too, therefore to prevent the great deceit of such Notorious Counterfeits. * I do assure the World, that THOMAS HINDE'S Famous and Never-Failing-Cordial Faithfully prepared, is no where else to be had, but at Mr. John Hinde's House on the Pavement, at the sign of the Hand and Pen, and no where else in York, at Six shillings the Pint Bottle, and Three shillings the half Pint Bottle. And if you have it at the above said House, you cannot be mistaken, but may be assured it is right, and at all times shall have it as pure and good as out of my own hands. With Directions at large in Print for the Use of it, and for the Convenience of all to save Charges, and bid farewell to their former ways for ever. A Happy Rid-dance, and a Blessed Remedy. Soli Deo Gloria

The do rent charge
out of salary not
paid in the money
of any body.

By of the I have had it seen
in how long salt (if it is of the
of it) in ^{capital} ~~any~~ was since nothing
could be done for recovery of
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it could not have been
be disburse with it.

An Exact Narrative and Description of the Wonderful and Stupendious Fire-works in Honour of Their Majesties Coronations, and for the High Entertainment of Their Majesties, the Nobility, and City of London; made on the Thames, and perform'd to the Admiration and Amazement of the Spectators, on April the 24. 1685.

NEver was any thing with greater Expectation attended, and with more wonder and Applause perform'd, then were those Miraculous and highest strains of Art, the *Coronation-Fire-works*: It was pre-supposed indeed and concluded by the most, that nothing mean, indifferent, and easie would be exhibited on so Glorious an occasion, and before so Royal an Assembly. But it was done beyond all Thought, and it was scarce possible for the Fancy of any man that had not before seen of the kind, to form an *Idea* of a thing at once so Dreadful and Delightful, or to believe that the Art of man could attain to so extraordinary a height and pitch of Perfection as was expressed in them; the wearisomness that the Fatigue of those Glorious Possessions and stately Ceremonies of the *Coronations* had bred in their Majesties, caused them to be deferr'd till the next Evening, which were designed with (as it were) the exactest Act of Magnificence to have clos'd the Grandeur of that Great day. Never seem'd Day-light so tedious, or Night so slow, as that for there were them that from Two took places, and sat in expectation of what was not to be Acted till almost Ten. But between five and six *London* seem'd to have dis-embogued and emptied its Inhabitants into the Boats, and on the Shoars of *Thames*, the prospect of *Frost Fair* reviving in those endless multitudes that crowded and covered it. The Tyde was out, which hapened well for the Rable, of whom many else would have been drown'd by Accidental slips and press of the People, which now were only Dirtyed: *Squibs, Roskets, Serpents*, and what else of *Fire-works* the Boys and Rable could reach to, were the Divertisement and Dread of the People, till the long wish'd hour arrived. At length between Nine and Ten their Majesties, with a Numerous Train of Nobility, came into the Galleries of *Whitehall*, just against which, about the middle of *Thames*, lay the Principalest part of the *Fire-works*, and straight in a line beyond, near the further Shoar, lay the other smallest part of them; the Figure and manner of them as they stood before they were Fired, was thus, two large and long Lighters were joyn'd together, and made steady and firm with Planks and Anchors upon them, at about ten yards distance from each other, on them were erected two Pyramidical Pillars covered on the sides next *Whitehall* with bright *Latten Plates*, fill'd all and stuffed with *Fire-works*; between these two Pyramids, near their tops, was placed a Figure of the *Sun*, of bright and well polished *Brass*, next below which hung a great *Cross*, and beneath that a *Crown*, all stufft with *Fire-works*. A little wide of which, and something before the Pyramids, were plac'd the Statues of the two Gyants of *Guild-hall*, in lively Colours and Proportions facing *Whitehall*, the backs of which were all fill'd with *Firey-Materials*, as well as the Hallows and vacant spaces of the Lighters. This was the manner and Figure of the Principalest part of the *Fire-works*, which lay in the middle of *Thames* before they were Fired. The other smaller part of them near the further Shoar, was only one Lighter, in which stood five Beacons as it were; these were scarce known or regarded before they were Fired. No sooner was their Majesties come into the Galleries of *Whitehall*, but loud Acclamations of Joy proclaim'd their Arrival, which Rowling and Re-echoing from both Shoars, almost from *London-Bridge* to *Lambeth*, helped to give an estimate of that wonderful Multitude and Confluence of People to the Ear, which Night and Darknes had refused to the Eye. Scarce were the redoubled Shouts of Joy ended, and a general Silence through the Earnestness of Expectation and Intentiveness of what was presently to succeed made; but from the principalest

palest part of the *Fire-works* in the midst of the *Thames*, with a Horrid Impetuosity and Noise, above being able to be parallel'd by the beating of a Prodigious Wind on a Thick Grove of Trees, or by Cataracts and Falls of mighty Waters: A stupendious Torrent of Fire, consisting of many hundred Globulous forms of fiery matter, to the wonderful Astonishment and Dread of the Spectators, broke Perpendicularly upward, and rose to so astonishing a height, that by reason of the convexity of the Horizon, like a *Summers Sun* growing to Noon, though they rose perpendicularly upward, they seem'd to over-hang and threaten all. *Lord have Mercy upon us*, was then the cry of all that had not seen of the kind; even the stoutest men knew not what to think of so dreadful a Deluge of *Fire*; but their Surprise was increas'd when with the noise of Voleys of Musquets Shot those new Meteors broke into a shower of ten thousands of *Stars*, and with a Brightness that return'd the Day, seem'd to be falling on all their Heads; but by an exact proportion and most Critical and Judicious weighing of the Strength and Duration of the Matter by those Master Artists that made them, when to the highest pitch they had rais'd the General fear they were extinct. It was really a wonderful effort of Art, and seem'd to equal those Natural Prodigious of *Etna* and *Vesuvius*, with the Happy additional Cheapness of bating of their ruines and desolation. Art it seems so regulating and wisely husbanding the Materials, as to yield a better Pennyworth of Wonder in affording it without such dear Devastations as those of Nature are usually accompanied with. This first Scene of Wonder was followed by divers Issues and Salleys of the same and different matter; and from the first break of the Deluge, till the end of the Sport, which lasted near an hour, the two *Gyants*, the *Crown*, the *Cross* and the *Sun*, grew all in a light Flame in the Figures describ'd, and burnt without abatement of matter, which was no mean master-piece of Art, till the whole Scene was finish'd. From the other part of the *Fire-works* also, where stood five Beacons, burning with the same continuance of Flame and Matter; were shot out of Granadoes mighty *Balls of Fire*, which mounting up into the Air a Prodigious height, with the noise of a great Gun, breaking into a thousand smaller *Balls of Fire*, which flying cross one another, and breaking again with the Reports as it were of many Musquets, fill'd all the Air with noise and flame. The *Granadoes* threw up also *Balls of Fire* of another kind, which breaking with the noise of a Cannon, at first divided it self into so amazingly bright Bodies of *Fire* that they gave a Light for a Minuits space over the *Thames*, and even over all *London* and parts adjoyning, as bright as the Noon-days *Sun* doth, these sorts were reiterated several times, to the wonder and content, but not Satiety of the Beholders, the Rable being not to be satisfied with so rare a sight. When as the last and concluding piece of Art from the principal parts of the *Fire-works* into the *Thames*, between them and *Whitehall* slope ways gave whole Broadfides of *Fire-works* of so particularly strange a Nature, as contrary to the nature of *Fire*, without extinction or abatement of Flame, burnt in the Water they fell into, leap'd up and down in it, and by intermingling their Flames with the Water, and frequently crossing themselves by the Hissing, Convulsions and flying of the Water, hating its enemies presence, and to be out-brav'd by what it us'd to conquer; it yielded one of the strangest and pleasantest Antick Scenes that mans Heart could covet, or his Eyes enjoy. There was this remarkable property in the *Fire-works*, that were the principal part, and lay in the midst of the *Thames*; that where as the other were shot out of *Granadoes*, these rose to so stupendious a height, and performed all by their own innate Virtue and Strength, which argued an exactness of Art in their composition. The Master Artists that made them were two *High-German Operators*, to whom His Majesty allows three Hundred Pounds *per Annum*, Pension to encourage their Art: To whom also the Evening was kind, in being very Calm, and seem'd to reward their Art with a seasonable opportunity of performance; which was done indeed with such Excellence, that they rose to so Prodigious a pitch as to be seen, and broak with such loud noise as to be heard, and shinn'd with so bright a Luster as to give Day in and through all the Streets of *London*.

Written by R. Lowman.



c. 117. g. 1. (12.)
p. 161. f. 2 (48)

CRUELTY Unvailed;

O R,

The State of the Case of several Persons, Committed Close-Prisoners to the Gate-house, Westminster ;
Diligently Collected (piece-meal) from good Information : together with some *Queries* annexed.

Tendred to the Consideration of the Learned in the Law, for their Advice there-upon.

By *Peter Goodman*, a Visitor of Prisoners, and a Wel-wisher to Justice,
and the Peace and Happiness of these Kingdoms.

I.



That the said Persons being in a quiet and peaceable manner endeavouring in their respective qualities, to provide Bread for themselves and Families ; and being not excluded from the Common Rights and Benefits of their Native Country ; nor having by any Act of theirs forfeited the same ; Yet were seized on by Messengers, with Warrants from the Chief Secretaries of State, to bring them before the *King and Council* : But instead thereof, they were, by other Warrants, signed by the said Secretaries, carried away to the *Gatehouse*, and there kept close Prisoners, without any Hearing, Examination, or Accusation, that they have heard of ; Where the Exorbitant Fees, and other Extraordinary Charges of that Prison, together with the severity of their Jaylors, doth not only impare their Health, but doth also consume and eat them up daily, and deprive their Wives and Children of the benefit of that little which was left them.

I I.

In this Condition, several of their Wives and other Relations, with much Solicitation, Attendance, and Charge, procured Orders from the *Council* to see them, and to supply their Necessities : which Orders the Jaylors will sometimes obey, at other times refuse, with scurrilous language to their Relations ; and also Contempt of the said Orders ; saying to some of them, *They may keep them, and wipe their Preeches with them.* Some of them, so denied by the Jaylors, have out of the Streets Called to their Friends at their Windows, to know their Wants ; for which they were Imprisoned, until they would pay what the Jaylors were pleased to exact. Some of the said Prisoners being sick, have been denied a Physician, without Order from the Council, which is not readily obtained ; and in the mean time have denied them the company of their Wives, who had Orders to visit them ; and yet the Jaylors have neglected to bring them Food, and other Necessaries in convenient times, suitable to their weak Condition ; and sometimes when Necessaries have been sent for from abroad, they have taken them away, and disposed of them as they pleased ; being unwilling any thing should be brought to them, which they have no profit out of.

I I I.

And whereas some of the said Prisoners have Suits depending in Law, and other Occasions, wherein all they have is concerned ; Yet are not permitted to speak with their Counsel, Attorney, or others, with whom their Business lyes : by which several of them are like to be wholly Ruined.

I V.

Pen, Ink and Paper is denied them, Except it be to write for Money for their Jaylors, in their sight ; who exact of them Ten shillings a week for a Bed in some Rooms ; and Seven shillings in other Rooms ; and double the sum, where two Prisoners lie in one Bed ; besides Five shillings for a Pair of Sheets for each Man at Entrance : Also Twenty shillings of Every one for turning the Key ; and Five shillings for the Under-Keeper : demanding also Five pound a man to be Excused the wearing of Irons ; which some have been forced to pay, or wear them. What Drink they have, must be had of them, at Two-pence a *Winchester Pint*, whether strong or small : Besides the Messengers Fees, which are very great ; Their daily Charge ; The Damage they receive by the neglect of their Callings ; Their great Poverty ; The Necessities of their Families, many of them being very large.

All which considered, with what more might be said, makes their Condition *Exceeding Miserable*. And that which addeth to their further *Misery*, is, That no time is prefixed (that is known to them) for a Hearing or Determining their Cause, although often by them desired, to the end that their Innocency might appear ; And in order thereunto, very much means hath been used by their Relations, which hitherto hath proved ineffectual : And that no lawful Endeavours, to avoid the utter Ruine of them and their Families might be left unattempted, It's queried as followeth ;

1. *What the Law means by Close-Imprisonment ? and for what Crimes, and by what Authority men ought to be so committed ? and how long without being called to any Tryal ? some having been there imprisoned about the space of a year.*
2. *Whether Prisoners committed as aforesaid, ought not to be maintained at the Kings Charge ?*
3. *Whether by Law, Jaylors may chain up and use such Prisoners so as is expressed in the State of their Case above-written ? if not,*
4. *What Remedy is there by Law for such Prisoners committed and used as aforesaid (by their Jaylors) to right themselves ?*

F I N I S.

C. 161. f. 2/43 C. 117. g. 1. (13.)

London, 1736.

P R O P O S A L S

For Publishing by SUBSCRIPTION,
SIX PERSPECTIVE VIEWS
V I Z. Of the
Cities of *CANTERBURY*, *ROCHESTER*, and *CHICHESTER*;
The Towns of *Guildford* and *Maidstone*:
A N D O F
His Majesty's Dock-yard at *CHATHAM*,
In the Counties of *Kent*, *Suffex* and *Surrey*.
By SAMUEL and NATHANIEL BUCK.
According to Act of Parliament.

PERSPECTIVE VIEWS of cities and towns of note are and always will be agreeable: But these are not only designed to delight the eye with as beautiful pictures as the places will afford, but also to entertain the mind with some useful Knowledge, by means of a Summary of what authentick History affords relating thereunto; such as the *Date*, *remarkable Periods* and *Accidents*; also the *present State* of each Place.

AND in particular regard to the promoters of this Undertaking, the Authors will persist in a rule, which they have hitherto in all their undertakings of this kind inviolably preserved; that is of parting with no Prints but to *Subscribers only*.

THE size of each *Print* will be two Foot nine Inches in Length, and thirteen Inches in Depth; with proper *Explanations* and *References* to the places remarkable in each *View*.

THE Drawings will be taken from the best Stations, and the *Plates* finished with the utmost care and expedition, that the *Prints* may be delivered as usual, to the satisfaction of the Subscribers, printed on the best Imperial Atlas paper.

THE price will be fifteen shillings a sett: Five shillings to be paid at the time of subscribing, and the remainder on delivery.

THE Authors are obliged in gratitude to acknowledge the great encouragement their last five setts of Perspective Views of Cities and Towns met with, as well as their other labours of this kind, and are thereby emboldened to publish this Proposal, in order to go on with a sett annually, till they have perfected draughts of the most eminent Cities and Towns in the Kingdom.

THOSE *Prints* already published, are, the City of *Chester*, and the Towns of *Derby*, *Lancaster*, *Manchester*, *Liverpoole*, and *Preston*; which made the first sett: The second collection is of the Cities of *Oxford*, *Peterborough*, and *Coventry*; and the Towns of *Warwick*, *Birmingham*, and *Northampton*. The third is of the cities of *Worcester*, *Hereford*, and *Litchfield*, and the towns of *Shrewsbury*, *Bridgnorth*, and *Burton upon Trent*. The fourth of the Cities of *Bath*, *Gloucester*, *Salisbury*, two views of *Bristol*, and the Town of *Reading*. The fifth is of the Cities of *Winchester*, *Wells*, and two views of *Exeter*; the Town of *Plymouth*, and his Majesty's Dock yard near *Plymouth*.

ANY Gentlemen who subscribe to *these* now proposed, may (if they please,) subscribe at the same time, and on the same terms, (*i. e.*) Fifteen Shillings) for the *whole*, or any single *Sett* of those already published; they being disposed of no other way nor by any other persons, than the *Undertakers*, who do *Themselves* design and draw the *Views* on the *Spot*, and engrave their own *Copper-Plates*.

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The Squire turn'd Ferret. An excellent new BALLAD.

To the Tune of *Hey Boys! up go we; Chevey Chase*, or what you please.



I.
OST true it is, I dare to say,
E'er since the Days of *Eve*,
The weakest Woman sometimes may
The wisest Man deceive.

II.
For *D——nt*, circumspect, sedate,
A *Machiavel* by Trade,
Arriv'd express, with News of Weight,
And thus at Court he said:

III.
At *Godliman*, hard by the *Bull*,
A Woman, long thought barren,
Bears *Rabbits*, — Gad! so plentiful,
You'd take her for a Warren.

IV.
These Eyes, quoth he, beheld them clear:
What! do ye doubt my View?
Behold this Narrative that's here;
Why, Zounds! and Blood! 'tis true.

V.
Some said that *D——gl——s* sent should be,
Some talk'd of *W——lk——r's* Merit,
But most held, in this Midwifery,
No Doctor like a FERRET.

VI.
But *M——l——n——x*, who heard this told,
(Right wary he and wife)
Cry'd sagely, 'Tis not safe, I hold,
To trust to *D——nt's* Eyes.

VII.
A Vow to God He then did make
He would himself go down,
St. A——nd——re too, the Scale to take
Of that *Phænomenon*.

VIII.
He order'd then his Coach and Four;
(The Coach was quickly got 'em)
Resolv'd this *Secret* to explore,
And search it to the *Bottom*.

IX.
At *Godliman* they now arrive;
(For Haste they made exceeding)
As *Courtiers* should, whenc'er they strive
To be inform'd of *Breeding*.

X.
The good Wife to the Surgeon sent,
And said to him, Good Neighbour,
'Tis pity that two 'Squires so Gent——
Should come and lose their Labour.

XI.
The Surgeon with a *Rabbit* came;
But first in Pieces cut it it,
Then slyly thrust it up *that same*,
As far as Man could put it.

XII.
(Ye *Guildford* Inn-keepers take heed
You drefs not such a *Rabbit*,
Ye Poult'rers eke, destroy the Breed,
'Tis so unfav'ry a-Bit.)

XIII.
But hold! says *Molly*, first let's try,
Now that her Legs are ope,
If ought within we may descry
By Help of Telescope.

XIV.
The Instrument himself did make,
He rais'd and level'd right,
But all about was so opake,
It could not aid his Sight.

XV.
On Tiptoe then the 'Squire he stood,
(But first he gave Her Money)
Then reach'd as high as e'er He cou'd,
And cry'd, I feel a CONY.

XVI.
Is it alive? *St. A——nd——re* cry'd:
It is; I feel it stir.
Is it full grown? The 'Squire reply'd
It is; see here's the FUR.

XVII.
And now two Legs *St. A——nd——re* got,
And then came two Legs more;
Now fell the Head to *Molly's* Lot,
And so the Work was o'er.

XVIII.
The Woman, thus being brought to Bed,
Said, to reward your Pains,
St. A——nd——re shall dissect the Head,
And thou shalt have the Brains.

XIX.
He lap'd it in a Linen Rag,
Then thank'd her for her Kindness,
And cram'd it in the Velvet Bag
That serves his R—— H——

XX.
That Bag — which *Jenny*, wanton Slut,
First brought to foul Disgrace;
Stealing the Papers thence, she put
Veal-Cutlets in their Place.

XXI.
O! happy would it be, I ween,
Could they these *Rabbits* smother;
Molly had ne'er a Midwife been,
Nor she a shameful Mother.

XXII.
Why has the Proverb falsely said,
Better two Heads than one?
Could *Molly* hide this *Rabbit's* Head,
He still might shew his own.

T H E
S P E E C H

Of His Excellency *Don Ventura Zary*,
Embassador Extraordinary from *Muly Hamet Ismael*, Em-
peror and King of *MOROCCO*, to Her Majesty at St.
JAMES's Palace, Dec. 20, 1710.

Translated from the Original by Mr. *JONES* his Interpreter.

On Wednesday, Dec. 20, 1710. at 6 in the Evening, *Don Ventura Zary*, &c. was Conducted from his House by Sir *Clement Cotterel*, Master of the Ceremonies, in Her Majesty's Body-Coach to a private Audience at St. *James's*, where being introduc'd into the Queen's Presence by the Lord *Dartmouth*, He thus deliver'd himself.

Most PUissant, most VICTORIOUS, and Most Gracious QUEEN.

THE Emperor my Master, *Muly Hamet Ismael*, King of *FEZ* and *MOROCCO*, who has *Kings* for his Slaves, and *Sovereign Princes* for his Tributaries, has sent me to cultivate that Friendship with your Majesty which has been offer'd on the Part of *Great Britain* by your Chieftain and Embassador Mr. *Delaval*, and to congratulate You upon the many Important Victories and Conquests that your Majesty's Arms have gain'd over the Two Great Followers of the Christian *Messias*, the Kings of *France* and *Spain*.

It is with Pleasure He hears what Fame speaks of your wonderful Atchievements, and He has made Choice of me, that sit on the Third Step of his Footstool, to concert such Measures with Your Majesty, as may be conducive to the further Progress of your Arms on the Coasts of *Spain* and *Barbary*.

'Tis for this End my Great Master, who is Lord over Infinite Countries, and whose Power has no Limits, makes an Offer to your Majesty, of what Assistance may be thought necessary for the Maintenance of your Forces by Sea and Land, and has to request on his Part, that your Majesty will enable Him by means of your Invincible Shipping, to reduce the Fortres of *CEUTA*, and other Towns in *Barbary*, to his Majesty's Obedience.

In Consideration of this, my Master's Goodness prevails upon him to release such of your Majesty's Subjects as are in his Possession, without *Fee* or *Ransom*, and is willing that such as are in his Subjects Hands should be set at Liberty, upon such Terms of Agreement as shall be concerted between Me and your Ministry.

In the mean time, most Excellent Majesty, my Credentials will give you to understand with what Power the most Exalted *Muly Hamet Ismael* my Master, has invested me, and I shall make it my Business to let your Majesty see by the Obedience I pay to his Orders, how willing and ready I shall be to enter upon such a Treaty as may increase the Grandeur, Power, and Authority of both Empires, not without Hopes that my Person and Message will be acceptable to a Court that shines with the brightest Refulgences of all Glories, that can enlighten any Kingdom or Country that is not under the immediate Influence of our Great PROPHET.

This Incomparable Harangue, which favours more of the Politeness of an *European* than an *African* Court, was very graciously receiv'd, and his Excellency after having made his Master's Presents to Her Majesty, consisting of *Two Lions*, *Tigers Skins*, *Gold Dust*, and *Jewels*, was conducted back to his House in the same Order he came.

October 1710

674

[1]

~~C. 117. g. 1. (16.)~~
C. 161. f. 2/52

The False TEST

Set in a

TRUE LIGHT.

Being a full Confutation of Two Scandalous and Villainous Papers, [One entituled, A TEST offer'd to the Consideration of the Electors of Great-Britain; the Other entituled, A LIST of the Honourable House of Commons that voted for and against the Clause of the Hanover Succession, in the Year 1702.] by Extracts made from the Journals of the Honourable House of Commons, (attested by Paul Jodrell, Esq;) and from the London-Gazette of Thursday, March 18. 1702.



THE false and scandalous Papers above-mention'd, having, with great Industry and Malice been spread throughout this Kingdom, in order to asperse the Characters of the several Honourable and Worthy Gentlemen therein represented as Enemies to the Illustrious House of *Hanover*, and to hinder their being elected Members of the ensuing Parliament: Therefore, for the right Information of the Electors, for vindicating the Reputation of the Candidates, and for giving a full, authentick, and satisfactory Answer to the said False, Scandalous and Seditious Pamphlets, These Abstracts from the *Gazette's* are made publick.

Extract from the Gazette of Saturday, Sept. 30. 1710.

WHEREAS Two printed Papers, one entituled, *A Test offer'd to the Consideration of the Electors of Great-Britain*; and the other entituled, *A List of the Honourable House of Commons that voted for and against the Clause for the Hanover Succession, in the Year 1702.* are lately dispers'd Abroad; wherein are mention'd Amendments made by the Lords to the Bill entituled, *An Act for enlarging the Time for taking the Oath of Abjuration, and also for recapacitating and indemnifying such Persons as have not taken the same by the Time appointed*: And that the House of Commons, the 13th of February, 1702, took those Amendments into Consideration.

{Price One Penny.)

And

And whereas, after setting forth, *verbum*, the Clause following, *viz.*

“ And for the further Security of Her Majesty’s Person, and the Succession of
 “ the Crown in the Protestant Line, and for extinguishing the Hopes of the
 “ Pretended Prince of Wales, and all other Pretenders, and their open and se-
 “ cret Abettors; Be it further Enacted by the Authority aforesaid, That if
 “ any Person or Persons, at any time after the first day of March, 1702. shall
 “ endeavour to deprive or hinder any Person, who shall be the next in Succession
 “ to the Crown for the time being, according to the Limitations in an Act en-
 “ titul’d, *An Act declaring the Rights and Liberties of the Subject, and settling the Suc-
 “ cession of the Crown*; And according to another Act entitul’d, *An Act for the
 “ further Limitation of the Crown, and better securing the Rights and Liberties of the
 “ Subject*, from succeeding after the Decease of Her Majesty (whom God long
 “ preserve) to the Imperial Crown of this Realm, and the Dominions and
 “ Territories thereunto belonging, according to the Limitations in the be-
 “ foremention’d Acts; that is to say, such Issue of Her Majesty’s Body, as shall
 “ from time to time be next in Succession to the Crown, if it shall please God
 “ Almighty to bless Her Majesty with Issue; and during the time Her Majesty
 “ shall have no Issue, the Prince’s *Sophia*, Electress and Duchess Dowager of *Ha-
 “ norer*; and after the Decease of the said Princess *Sophia*, the next in Succession
 “ to the Crown for the time being, according to the Limitations of the said Acts;
 “ and the same maliciously, advisedly and directly shall attempt, by any Overt
 “ Act or Deed: Every such Offence shall be adjudged High-Treason, and the Of-
 “ fender or Offenders therein their Abettors, Procurers and Complices, know-
 “ ing the said Offence to be done, being thereof convicted or attainted accord-
 “ ing to the Laws and Statutes of this Realm, shall be deemed and adjudged
 “ Traytors, and shall suffer Pains of Death, and all Losses and Forfeitures, as
 “ in Cases of High-Treason.

And also, after setting forth the Substance of other Clauses, (other of the
 said Amendments) it is said in the said Printed Papers thus; *After Debate, the
 Question being put for agreeing with the Lords in these Amendments, the House
 divided.*

And at the end of the said Printed Papers it is said: *To this happy Majority,
 tho’ but of one Vote, we owe so excellent a Law, so great a Strengthening to the Prote-
 stant Succession in the Illustrious House of Hanover, upon the supporting of which our
 Religion and Liberties, and all that’s dear to any true British Protestant, does en-
 tirely depend.*

Now I (being requir’d to certify the Truth of the Fact, as it appears by the
 Journal of the House of Commons) do humbly certify as followeth, *viz.*

*That it does appear by the Journal of the House of Commons, of the Session of Par-
 liament begun in October, 1702. as also by the Original Minute Books thereof, That
 the said Clause set forth at large as aforesaid, (and which was mark’d B) was agreed
 to by the House of Commons, without any Division thereupon: And that the Division
 that was in the House upon the 13th Day of February, (upon which the Number of the
 Yea’s were 118, and No’s 117) was upon a precedent Amendment, viz. upon a Clause
 mark’d A, which is as followeth:*

“ Provided always, that no Person or Persons, who, by reason of any such
 “ Mistake, Neglect or Omission, hath or have left or forfeited any Office, Be-
 “ nefice, Place, Dignity or Employment whatsoever, to which any other Per-
 “ son or Persons hath or have been preferr’d or promoted, shall be restor’d
 “ to such Office, Benefice, Place, Dignity or Employment; Any thing herein
 “ contain’d to the contrary notwithstanding.

And the other Amendments made by the Lords to the said Bill were agreed
 to by the House of Commons, without any Division.

PAUL JODRELL,

29. Sept. 1710.

Cler’ Dom’ Com’

It appears by this Certificate of Mr. *Jodrell*, upon what Clause the Division *was not*, and upon what Clause it *was*; and that the Clause, upon which the House divided, had not the least relation to the Security of the Protestant Succession. And it is evident, that had the Clause, upon which the Division was, been rejected, the Protestant Succession had been equally secur'd by the Clause upon which there was no Division, and which pass'd *without any Contradiction*. All the Difference between those who disagreed, and those who agreed to the Clause, was, that the Former would have the Benefit of the Act for *Enlarging the Time for taking the Oath of Abjuration*, &c. extend to All who had not taken that Oath within the Time limited, whether their Places were fill'd, or not; whereas the Latter were for excluding all such from the same Benefit, whose Places were fill'd: The Former were for granting the same Favour to all Persons who had an Equal Pretension to it; the Latter for denying it to those, whose Misfortune it was, but not their Fault, to have their Places not only forfeited, but fill'd; that is, they were for denying Now (after this Amendment was sent down from the Lords) that Favour to Some, which they Themselves, as well as Others, had granted to All, before the Bill was sent up to the Lords.

This is a plain and full Answer to all the Cavils and Artifices which have been made use of, in order to evade a Charge of Malicious Forgery in framing a *List*, whereby many Gentlemen of the greatest Families and Fortunes have been basely traduc'd as Enemies to the Protestant Succession, and the illustrious House of *Hanover*.

This Attempt is the more scandalous and inexcusable, because when Mr. *Dyer* had, in his News-Letters, affirm'd, That the Commons had divided about the Clause relating to the Succession, a Prosecution of him was order'd by the House of Commons, as appears from this following

Extract from the *Gazette* of *Thursday, March 18. 1702.*

John Dyer, a Writer of News, having in his Papers of the 18th of the last Month, inserted the following Words, viz. The Commons to-day agreed to the Amendments made by the Lords to the Abjuration-Bill, but divided upon that which relates to the Succession, but carry'd it, Yeas 118. Noes 117. whereas there was no Division upon any part of the Bill which relates to the Succession, or that makes it High-Treason to alter the Succession, as it is now establish'd by Law; but the same pass'd WITHOUT ANY CONTRADICTION: The House of Commons taking Notice of this false and scandalous Report, order'd the said Dyer to appear at the Bar of the House; but he not appearing, and the Sessions being near an End, they farther order'd he should be found out and prosecuted for the same; and he being taken into Custody, is to make his Appearance at the Court of Queen's-Bench, the first Day of next Term: And Her Majesty hath been pleas'd to give Directions to the Attorney-General, to prosecute him according to Law, for publishing the said false, scandalous, and seditious News.

Upon the whole; The Only Matter now in debate, is, Whether the Gentlemen accus'd did Vote against the Clause for Securing the Protestant Succession, or not? and by Consequence, Whether they are rightly represented as Enemies to the illustrious House of *Hanover*, or not? To this Question, the Authors, Spreaders, and Abettors of this new Black List, have, in the Face of all the World, said, *Yea*; they did Vote against the Clause, they are Enemies to the House of *Hanover*: To the same Question, every *British-Subject*, to whom this Paper shall reach, will be able, from Unquestionable Authority, to say, *No*; they did not Vote against that Clause; they are not Enemies, but hearty Friends, to the illustrious House of *Hanover*: And, to do them Right, and to give them an Opportunity of doing themselves Right, I will heartily espouse and vigorously promote their Interest in the ensuing Elections.

The RIDOTTO* of BATH, a *Panegyrick*;

Written by a Gentleman, resident in that City: C. 117. 2. 1. 18. 2
C. 16. 1. 2. 53

Being an Epistle from TIMOTHY SCREW, Under-Server to Messrs. Kuhf and Fitzwater,†
to his Brother HENRY, Waiter, at ALMACK'S.

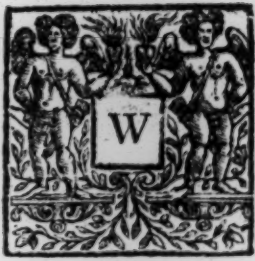
[Published originally in the BATH CHRONICLE, October 10th, 1771.]

AT many grand Routs in my time I have been,
And many fine Rooms to be sure I have seen;
Al Fresco's, rich *Gala's*, *Ridotto's*, and *Balls*,
From *Carlisle's* sweet palace to black City-Halls;
From *Almack's* Long-Room to the Inn at *Devizes*,
From *Birth-night* eclat to the dance at *Affizes*:
All these have I serv'd at these twelve years and more,
Yet faith I've seen *here*—what I ne'er saw before.
You'd like a description, I'm sure, my dear brother,
For fifty to one we mayn't have such another.
I told in my last of the new alterations,
Of all our confusion, and grand preparations;
I think too I mention'd a secret affair,
How all had been nearly knock'd up by the May'r:
It seems tho' that all their parading and bouncing
Was caus'd by a little mistake in pronouncing;
The Aldermen heard that strange whims we had got here,
And meant to exhibit a flaming *Red Otter*;
'This well they conceiv'd was a shameful abuse,
And hinted their fears should it ever break loose;
Or chain'd e'er so fast, we had little to brag on,
In building a palace to hold a great dragon:
However, at last they were eas'd of their fright,
And Monday was fix'd for the wonderful night.
At seven we open'd, and not very long
Before all the passages smoak'd with the throng;
All dress'd in their best—for great Marshal WADE,
For fear the *Coup d'Oeil* should be darken'd by shade,
Had issued his orders to dizen the back,
With singular caution 'gainst wearing of black;
In gauds all must shine, he had given them warning,
Tho' the ghosts of their kindred should bellow for mourning;
Nay more, this grand festival night to denote,
No creature must come with a cape to his coat;
Full trimm'd they should be, tho' a French frock would do,
But Officers must be in livery and queue:
And yet for all this, there were some so uncivil,
They came in their dolefuls as black as the Devil;
Nay Cornets clapp'd bags to their soldiery locks,
And many performed in common fly frocks.
Two rooms were first open'd,—the *long* and the *round* one—
(These *Hogstye* gon's names only serve to confound one)
Both splendidly lit with the new chandeliers||,
With drops hanging down like the bobs at *Peg's* ears:
While jewels of *paste* reflected the rays,
And *Bristol-stone* diamonds gave strength to the blaze:
So that it was doubtful, to view the bright clusters,
Which sent the most light out, the ear-rings or lustres.
But here I must mention the best thing of all,
And what I'm inform'd ever marks a *Bath* ball;
The VARIETY 'tis which so reign'd in the crew,
That turn where one would the classes were new;
For here no dull level of rank and degrees,
No uniform mode, that shews all are at ease;
But like a chess-table, part black and part white,
'Twas a delicate checker of *low* and *polite*;
The motley assemblage, so blended together,
'Twas Mob, or *Ridotto*,—'twas both, or 'twas neither.
Here Taylors, in bags, might contemplate at leisure
Fine dress'd coats, for which they'd last week taken measure;
Or if a stitch broke in a gentleman's pump,
Some *Crispin* be sure had an awl at his rump;
Or should Lady's coief be derang'd in the fright,
Three to one her next neighbour could set it to right:
To blame such a mixture were surely *abuseful*,
When one out of three might be *really* useful.—
Nor less among you was the medley, ye fair!
I believe there *were* some beside *Quality* there:
Miss *Spigot*, Miss *Brussels*, Miss *Tape*, and Miss *Socket*,
Miss *Trinket*, and aunt, with her leathern pocket;
With good Mrs. *Soaker*, who made her old chin go
For hours, hob-nobbing with Mrs. *Syrings*;
Had *Tib* staid at home I believe none wou'd have miss'd her,
Or pretty *Peg Runt*, with her tight little sister:
But blame not *Pinkinny* herself for adorning,—
Her gown—was the gown which she'd made in the morning;
Miss *Chain-stitch* had ruffles she tore without sorrow,
'Twas *mending-lace* day behind counter to-morrow.
From *Bristol* too came many dames of high breeding;—
Sev'n shillings was *money*—but then there was feeding;
Nay more—there was some this grand Ball to adorn,
Whose husbands were puffing above at the horn ¶:

O, spare not your Cornu's! secure you may blow—
Your spouses are planning you fresh ones below:
But sure I was charm'd to behold little *Rona*
Jig it down all in time to her husband's *cremona*;
While he, happy mortal, at sight of his love,
In sympathy beat the balcony above.—
But,—silence ye Hautboys! ye Fiddles be dumb!
Ye dancers stop instant—THE HOUR is come *†;
The great—the all-wonderful hour—of EATING!
That hour,—for which ye all know you've been waiting.
Well, the doors were unbolted, and in they all rush'd;
They crouded, they jostled, they jockey'd, and push'd:
Thus, at a Mayor's feast, a disorderly mob
Breaks in after dinner to plunder and rob.
I mean not by this to reflect on the gentry,
I'd only illustrate the *mode* of their *entry*;
For certain I am they meant no such foul play,
But only were wishing to help us away:
I believe too their hurry in clearing the platters
Was all in compassion to us the poor waiters;
In *London* I'm sure I've been kept many hours
In dangling attendance with sweetmeats and flow'rs;
But *here*, as if studious to ease us of trouble,
Each guest play'd his part as if he'd paid double;
In files they march'd up to the sideboards, while each
Laid hands upon all the good things in his reach;
There stuck to his part, cram'm'd while he was able,
And then carried off all he could from the table;
Our outworks they storm'd with prowess most manful,
And jellies and cakes carried off by the handful *‡;
While some our lines enter'd, with courage undaunted,
Nor quitted the trench 'till they'd got what they wanted.
There was Mrs. *M'Riband* and Mrs. *Vancasket*,
I believe from my soul they went halves in a basket;
While lank Madam *Crib'em* so work'd her old jaw,
Tom Handleskake swore she'd a pouch in her maw;
But let not the snirking Dame *Patch* be forgot here,
Who ate like her lap-dog, and drank like an Otter;
Nor pious Miss *Churchface*, whatever 'twas brought her,
Unless to crib cakes for her landlady's daughter;
However the viands went off at such rate,
A lady's toupee often knock'd down a plate,
And many confess'd a fat citizen's belly
A terrible stop to the progress of jelly;
While salvers of biscuits around their ears flew,
O'erturn'd by the whisk of an officer's queue;
And thus in ten minutes one half of the treat
Made a pretty check carpet squash'd under their feet.
O 'twas pleasing to see a collection of beaux
Parading with large macarons at their toes,
Or a delicate nymph give a languishing reel
On a marmalade kissing her little French heel.
So you see, my dear *Hal*, they bore all things before 'em,
And trampled on *sweetmeats* as well as *decorum*.
Our good prudent Lords had indeed given word,
Not to trust any vessels away from the board; *§
For my part I thought them so much in the right,
I fretted to see but a spoon out of sight;
Tho' 'twere best to've had 'em sure, had we been able,
As 'tis at St. Giles's, all chain'd to the table:
I must tho' in justice declare, that as yet
I hear of nought missing—but what could be eat;
If dispatch is a virtue, I here must aver it,
The whole congregation had infinite merit;
For sure, my dear *Hal*, you'll be charmed to hear,
That within half an hour all the tables were clear.
The rest, *Hal*, you know is forever the same,
With chattering and dancing, and all the old game:
Cotillions in one room, country-dance in another,
In ev'ry room—*folly*, *confusion*, and *pothecary*;
With unmeaning questions, of "which room's the hotter?"
And, "madam, pray how do you like the *Ridotto*?"
"To see Captain *Plume* dance—sure none can dislike him—"
"WADE's picture *|| I think is *purdigiously* like him—"
"Do you dance, sir, to night?—" "no ma'am I do not:"
"I don't wonder at it, 'tis *suffeking* hot."—
But you, *Hal*, have heard our first quality praters,
Who English ne'er talk—but when damning the waiters:
So I need only say, that at one all withdrew,
Which gives me the hint now to bid you adieu;
So believe me sincerely,
Your's,
TIMOTHY SCREW.

* RIDOTTO is the Italian name for an entertainment of music and dancing, where the company are regaled with all kinds of sweetmeats, macarons, choice wines, fruit, &c. The elegant New Assembly Rooms at Bath (for a description of which see Taylor's six-penny Bath Guide) were opened with a Ridotto the 30th of September 1771.—† The gentlemen employed to decorate the sideboards and conduct the entertainment.—‡ The Master of the Ceremonies publicly requested the company to appear full-dressed, and not in Mourning. Gentlemen full-dressed, or in French frocks. Officers to wear their uniforms, and their hair *en queue*.—§ The Concert Room, where the sideboards were served, is an Octagon.—|| The five chandeliers of the large Ball Room cost upwards of 500l. The three in the Tea Room near 300l.—¶ Some of the Musicians wives were of the company.—*† Precisely at 9 o'clock the sideboards in the Octagon Room were opened.—*‡ The author might have said pocket instead of hand, as many were really seen filling their pockets with sweetmeats &c.—*§ It was publicly ordered by the Managers, that no bottles or glasses should be taken from the sideboards.—*|| In the Octagon Room is a fine portrait of Captain Wade, painted by Mr. Gainborough.

[Sold by R. CRUTTWELL in BATH, Price Three Half-pence each, or One Shilling a Dozen.]



HY *Ralph* do'st thou expose so much to View
Thy ill-got Wealth, when now that all Men sue
For Vengeance, to an injur'd Country due:
Does thy shining Board dazle so thy Eyes

C. 117. g. 1. (24.)

C. 161. f. 2 (54)

Thou can'st not see the Indignation rise
In ev'ry Face of thy invited Guests,
And ~~that~~ such Thoughts as these, must pall thy Feasts;

This Plate's the Price of prostituted Votes,
For *Screening* vile Directors at our Costs.

All we hold Dear, this Man will Sacrifice;
To his Ambition, Pride, and Avarice;

By Breach of Private Trusts he first began,
This Pleasant Seat, ought by another Man
To be enjoy'd; So will'd his dying Friend,
To one of his own Name he it bequeath'd,
And with his latest Breath, dear *Ralph* he said;

Take Care, whilst any of my Name remain,
None ever may from them, this Seat obtain;
And to reward thy Care, I leave it Thee,
And Thine, if e're my Name extinguish'd be.

Debts must be paid, let that be done by Sale
Of something else. On Thee I do entail
What's left, if Heirs of my own Name should fail.

Oh Base! No sooner was this kind Friend Dead,
But to possess the Seat, a Scheme he laid;
At any Rate the Vineyard he'd obtain,
The Curse on *Ahab* could not him restrain;
Then, that there might no Footsteps there remain,
Of another Family's Right or Name,

He tore their Bodies from the peaceful Grave,
And to the Swine their mangled Limbs he gave;
His Brother, Father too, he did beguile,
By false Assurance and deceitful Wile.

Good Sir, he cry'd, into my Hands resign
What's Yours; You shall enjoy whate'er is mine,
And when you Die, I'll at that dismal Day,
What you require, to my Poor Brother Pay.

No sooner trusted, but he did deceive,
 And, as the good Old Man in Want did Live,
 Brought his Gray-Hairs with Sorrow to the Grave.
 To's Father's Likeness both in Make and Mind,
 To's Brother, he, is equally unkind,
 Keeps the small Pir'ance was for him design'd.
 Gloomy and Mute while they think o'er thy Crimes,
 (Wicked as any done in former Times)
 Wonder not *Ralph*, thou canst not raise their Mirths.
 By obscene Behaviour and Bawdy Jest.
 To see an old Gouty Letcher hobble,
 With eager Haste on the Bed to grobble,
 The Young Widow, is such a Farce as might,
 Men fill'd with Thoughts of less Concern, delight;
 But they still more incens'd by this lewd Sight,
 Out of Revenge, they wish with keenest Spite,
 That when she hugs and claps thee in her Arms,
 She mayn't be able by her Arts and Charms,
 To raise thy feeble Member; If she does,
 That it may soon its Force and Vigour lose,
 Before Delight she does receive, or gives.
 Then when her Sister with her aiding Hand,
 By quid'ling of your St--es would make it Stand;
 Tho' it so often has successful been,
 May it ne'er help thy Impotence again:
 And so may thy just Punishment be,
 Debar'd committing of thy Darling Sin.
 Thus, as thou art detested and abhor'd,
 Dost think thou wilt not surely be remov'd,
 From that great Trust which now you do enjoy,
 And that the Country won't its Thoughts employ,
 To find a Man of Probity who will,
 For his own private Gain do nought that's ill;
 Will all Men in their Franchises maintain,
 And make the Publick Good his only Aim.
 Know then what Fate must Wicked Men attend,
 Read the Royal *Psalmist*, and mark their End.

C. 117. g. 1. (25.)
C. 161. f. 2/55

The hired RABBLE, The Character of a no-Church MOB;

A SATYR, Occasionally Written on the Bishop of Rochester's going to be
tryed at Westminster.

MY Muse doth humbly stoop to write a Jobb,
On the most reverend, and as learned Mob;
That rowling Monster, which hath got more Heads
Than *Hydra*, and whom civil People dreads,
Till Vengeance from superior Power comes,
Then Rabble dreads as much to hear the Drums,
From which they run, next weep, and Quarter crave,
Kneel, pray; do any thing their Lives to save;
But he that makes an insurrection, ought
To die, before he's to a Tryal brought.
What Pen is it that must a *Mob* describe?
None but what's brought by an infernal Tribe
From the most flaming place which is in Hell;
This Pen will serve the Rabble very well,
Who (like their Parents) are begot; and born,
And bred to be of better Folks the Scorn.
Oh! by Records and Chronicles I find,
They are the Scum and Offal of Mankind;
Who in all Reigns, have been ordain'd to be
To die like Villains on the *Triple Tree*.
The Rogue that bribes them most with Gold, will see
That right or wrong, they'll for his Interest be;
Thus was their — hang'd and d —'d this Minute,
The *Mob* wou'd swear that there was nothing in it,
For as he was a Rogue, a Rogue he dy'd,
So who wou'd have the *Rabble* on their Side?
However Religion is the *Rabble's* cry,
For which, I'm sure, they will not Martyrs die;
For, for a dram of Jin they'll leave the Church,
And Heaven, for as little, in the lurch.
Fie! fie! ye *Britons*, don't usurp the Shame,
For which all *Christian Nations Britain* blame;
Conquer, with glorious Souls, that Villainy
Which triumphs o'er Men in Captivity:
If Man espouses an unrighteous Cause,
He open lies to be Condemn'd by Laws,
And if by those same Laws he's doom'd to die,
His Death (I think) the Crime may satisfie.
O' th' side that's uppermost the *Mob* will be,

'Till they a sudden Revolution see;
For al's alike to Rascals in great need,
Nor God, nor Man, the *Rabble* ever heed;
For Int'rest is the Deity they love,
And nothing but Disorder they approve.
For Gold and Interest, the *Mob* would bring,
(But God forbid) our good and gracious King
To the Submission of that daring Fate,
Of murd'ring Him before his Palace Gate;
Let him lie reaking in his Purple Gore,
As once a Royal Martyr did before.
The *Mob*! the very sound do's reach to Hell,
The *Mob*! they think't Salvation to Rebel;
But *Mobs*, by whom wise Men will not be shama'd,
Are glad, if any way they can be d — d,
When *Mobs* encourag'd be, their Insolence
Shews by their Actions, they're as void of Sense
As they that hired them, those Laws to break
Which our most wise Legislators did make.
But they who do such Miscreants employ,
I wish the scent of *Tyburn* to enjoy;
For *Rabbles* are the Fruit of that same Tree;
So hope their Benefactors their to be.
By Beleh and Slabber b'ng Pot-valiant made,
They think the Universe of them afraid,
When, tho' the *Rabble* should be Ten to One,
One Reg'ment of the Guards, will make them run;
In the Rebellious times of *Forty One*,
The scoundrel *Mob*, a pretty race did run;
The Church, for which they cry'd, was then put down,
The Mitre and the Crown both overthrow'n:
The Church of *England*, was by them abhor'd,
Or ds they'd murder'd not Archbishop *Land*.
Was now our blessed Lord on Earth again,
Agen our blessed Saviour wou'd be Slain
For Crucifixion they would joyntly cry,
And joyntly lead the Lord of Life to die:
So who will on an *English Mob* depend,
Who is to God a Foe, and th' King no Friend.

F I N I S.

-C. 117, 2
C. 117, 1

A New SONG.



THanks to our good K — *William*,
Who looks so kindly to Us,
He sends our Money all abroad
For fear it should undoe us.

*Oh, Twenty Millions good,
And Ten more must be paid;
Abroad we lose our English Blood,
And their Leaders were affraid.*

I mean not good Count *Solmes*,
Nassau, nor *Scravenmore*;
For if there e'er were such Poltrones
My Mother is a Whore:

Nor the two new made Lords,
Benting, nor Squab *Athlone*;
Nor yet our Cofin *Zuylestein*,
For such were never known.
Oh Twenty Millions good, &c.

At *Steinkirk* they did sacrifice
The bravest of our Men,
And here he leaves his nasty *Dutch*
To get us Heirs agen.
Oh, Twenty Millions good, &c.

You swearing Clergy all,
Who grumbling pay your Mulf;,
But if the Devil comes a shoar,
You'll sing *Quicunque vult*.
Oh, Twenty Millions good, &c.

The Members sell their Votes,
And give away our Riches;
But when King *James* does come again
They'll all besh--t their Breeches.
Oh, Twenty Millions good, &c.

Four years you have been sitting,
And all to mend our Laws;
But if you ha'nt your Pensions paid,
You'll turn your *Teas* to *Noes*.
Oh, Twenty Millions good, &c.

God blefs our King and Queen,
And send them long to reign;
For if they e'er do *Abdicare*,
We shall ne'er have the like again.

*Oh, Twenty Millions good,
And Ten more must be paid;
Abroad we lose our English Blood,
And their Leaders were affraid.*

L O N D O N,
Printed in the Year MDCXCIII.

*An Abstract of the CHARTER granted by His late Majesty, King Charles the II.
(of ever Blessed Memory) for Erecting a CORPORATION for Relief of Poor Widows
and Children of CLERGY-MEN: Dated July 1. 1678.*

HIS said late M A J E S T Y having taken notice, That divers Charitable Persons had appeared very forward in contributing to the relief of such of the Widows and Children of *Loyal and Orthodox Clergymen* as were poor, and of the good effect the same had; and taking into his Princely Consideration the great Sufferings of many of the Clergy in *England* for their Loyalty: was graciously pleased by his Charter, under the Great Seal of *England*, to Ordain, Constitute, and Grant, That the Persons therein named, and their Successors, (to be Elected as is therein expressed) Be one Body Politic and Corporate, by the Name of, *The Governours of the Charity for Relief of poor Widows and Children of Clergy-men*: And that by the same Name they should have perpetual Succession, and be capable to purchase, have, or take Mannors, Lands, and Hereditaments, &c. not exceeding the yearly value of Two thousand Pounds; and all manner of Goods and Chattles, and to dispose thereof: And by that Name to Plead, and to be Impleaded in all Actions, &c. And to act all other Matters and Things, as fully as any other Body Politick in this Realm can do: And that the said Governours should have one Common Seal.

And His said late Majesty did further Grant to the said Governours, That there should be a President, a Vice-President, three Treasurers, and forty two Assistants, Members of the said Corporation, and that they, or any five of them (whereof the President, Vice-President, or one of the Treasurers to be one) should be called *The Court of Assistants* of the said Corporation, who should have the management of all the affairs of the said Corporation, and should make Laws and Ordinances for the good Government thereof, as well in Matters concerning the Corporation, as in electing of Officers, and management of their Revenues; and impose Penalties on Offenders against the said Laws, and recover the same to the use of the said Corporation.

And therein it is appointed that the persons thereby Constituted, to be the first President, Vice-President, Treasurers, and first Assistants, should continue in their respective places untill the second *Thursday* in *November*, 1679. And from thenceforth, untill there should be a new Choice made of persons to succeed them.

And that on every second *Thursday* in *November* for ever (or oftner if there be occasion) there should be a General Assembly of the said Governours: And the Major part of the Members then present might chuse a President, Vice-President, three Treasurers, and Forty two Assistants, who should continue for the Year following: And that in case of the death of any of the said Officers within the Year, others might be chosen at a General Assembly into their places.

And that such General Assembly might Elect such other person or persons to be Members and Governours of the said Corporation, as they, or the greater part of them should think fit.

Provided, That the President, Vice-President, and Treasurers abovenamed, should, before they enter upon their Places, take their Oaths before the Lord Chancellor, faithfully to execute their respective Trusts: And that all other the Members of the said Corporation before they act as Assistants, and all succeeding Presidents, Vice Presidents, Treasurers, Assistants, and all other their inferiour Officers should take the like Oath before the Persons by the said Charter empower'd to administer the same.

And that the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord High Chancellor of England, Lord Archbishop of York, or Lord Keeper of the Great Seal of England, Lord High Treasurer, Lord Bishop of London, Lord Almoner, and the Lord Mayor of London for the time being, should be Visitors of the said Corporation, and settle all differences about the Government thereof, and touching the disposition of their Revenues.

The Names of the present GOVERNOURS, being all Sons of CLERGY-MEN, many of which are named in the said Charter, and the rest since chosen Governours, as other Persons of Worth will be as they come to be known.

[Those, against whose Names there is *, are Members of the present Court of Assistants, chosen and agreed upon on Thursday, November 12th. 1685. for the Year ensuing.]

A
Michael Lord Archbishop of Armagh, Primate and Chancellor of Ireland.

William Lord Bishop of St. Asaph.
John Atfield, M. D.
John Aucher, D. D.
John Amhurst, Esq;
John Annand, Merchant.
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William Adamsom, B. D.
Thomas Arrowsmith, B. D.
* Captain Samuel Atkinson.
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Bryan Ayliffe.
Thomas Axton.
George Aldridge.
William Ashton, D. D.
William Abraham, Gent.
Benjamin Archer, A. M.
Joseph Arrowsmith, A. M.
Lewis Atterbury, A. M.

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Sir John Berry, Knight.
George Benfon, D. D. Dean of Hereford.
Thomas Belke, D. D.
Samuel Brunfel, D. D.
* Edward Bigland, Sergeant at Law.
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Charles Bevoir, Gent.
John Bulteel, Gent.
John Bowerman, Merchant.
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Samuel Bedford, Esq;
* John Barne, Gent.
Henry Barne, Gent.
William Barne, Gent.
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Humphry Babington, D. D.
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Jeremiah Bullivant, A. M.
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Arthur Bury, D. D.
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* Nicholas Barret, Gent.
* Francis Bernard, M. D.
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Charles Bernard, Gent.
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John Baldocke, Clerk.
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William Bullivant, Gent.
Samuel Bowles, A. M.
Elidab Blackwell, Gent.
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John Bedford Junior, A. M.
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Allen Cliff, Esq;
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Joseph Duredon, Gent.
James Douch, Clerk.
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Samuel Dicks, Clerk.
George Duke, Gent.
Henry Doughty, Gent.
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 Samuel Hall, D. D.
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 William Knightly, Esq;
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 Thomas Leigh, Esq;
 * Henry Loads, Esq;
 * Thomas Langham, Esq;
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 Thomas Long Junior, A. M.
 Richard Long, A. M.
 William Levett, D. D. PRINCI-
 PAL of Magdalen-Hall Oxford.
 Nicholas Long, Gent.
 John Long, Merchant.
 Anthony Lea, Gent.
 John Levermore, Gent.
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 Ubulus Lloyd, Gent.

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 * William Middleton Gent,
 John Martyn, Gent.
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 Sir Nicholas Miller, Knight.
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 John Marsh, Gent.
 Miles Marten, Gent.
 John Malory, Gent.
 Francis Marsh, Gent.
 Samuel Mews, B. D.
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 Edward Nicholas, Esq;
 Walter Needham, M. D.
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 Matthew Novell, B. D.
 Samuel Nalton, B. D.
 John Newbery, Esq;
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 Richard Newte, Gent.
 John Newte, A. M. RECTOR of Ti-
 erton.
 Francis Nation, A. M.
 John Newel, Gent.
 John Nalfon, L. D.
 Edward Newte, Merchant.
 Peter Newte, Gent.
 John Nation, A. M.
 Robert Norris, Clerk.
 William Norris, Merchant.
 Thomas Newcombe, Gent.
 Stephen Newcomin, Gent.

O

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 Richard Osgood, D. D.
 Barnabas Oley, B. D.
 William Oldys, L. D.
 * John Owen, Gent.
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P

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 Charles Porter, Esq;
 Edward Pelling, B. D.
 * Bartholomew Parre, Gent.
 Theophilus Pearson, Gent.
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 William Pearse, D. D.
 Thomas Pearle, Chirurgion.
 Stephen Peirf, A. M.
 Peter Peirse, Gent.
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 John Peables, Esq;
 William Pickering, Merchant.
 James Pickering, Merchant.
 James Pickering, A. M.
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 John Palmer, Gent.
 Samuel Palmer, Gent.
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 Richard Parson, L. B. Chancellor of
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 * Captain Thomas Pits.
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 * John Prince, Gent.
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 William Porter, Gent.
 George Pitt, Merchant.
 John Pocklington, Esq;
 William Pettr, Gent.
 Samuel Pecke, A. M.
 Robert Peirce, A. M.
 William Pierce, Gent.

R

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 * Tobias Rustat, Esq;
 John Rotherham, Esq;
 Edward Reynolds, D. D.
 Charles Rampane, Gent.
 Brune Reeves, Gent.
 George Reeve, Gent.

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 Nathanael Resbury, A. M.
 Richard Rowlandton, B. D.
 Henry Robinson, Esq;
 Edmund Row, Esq;
 Clement Ray, Gent.
 Charles Ryley, Gent.
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S

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 Nicholas Stanley, M. D.
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 Robert Sanderion, Esq;
 William Satterthwaite, Esq;
 Charles Steward, Esq;
 * William Sedgwick, Merchant.
 * Obadiah Sedgwick, Merchant,
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 John Symonds, Gent.
 Samuel Skinner, Gent.
 William Saywell, D. D.
 William Smith, D. D.
 Thomas Smith, Esq;
 John Sacket, A. M.
 Thomas Stavelly, Gent.
 William Stavelly, Clerk.
 Arthur Stavelly, Gent.
 Babington Stavelly, Gent.
 James Skipton, Gent.
 Grindall Sheafe, D. D.
 John Standish, D. D.
 * William Sclater, D. D.
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 Thomas Snell, B. D.
 Matthew Smallwood, A. M.
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 * James Saunders, Gent.
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 Robert Scot, Gent.
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 Joshua Speed, Gent.
 Richard Snag, Gent.
 John Shelton, Gent.
 John Scambler, B. D.
 Ralph Smith, Gent.
 Robert Stubbs, A. M.
 John Stubbs, Merchant.
 William Simcots, M. D.
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T

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 Barnabas Tonstall, Esq;
 Thomas Tims, M. D.
 Edward Turner, B. D.
 * Thomas Turner, D. D.
 Bernard Turner, Gent.
 John Tooker, Esq;
 Arthur Tooker, Gent.
 John Thompson, Gent.
 Thomas Tenifon, D. D.
 Edward Tenifon, Gent.
 VVilliam Thomas, Esq;
 * John Townson, D. D.
 Charles Tuckyr, Gent.
 Matthew Tyte, Gent.
 Joshua Tuckyr, Gent.
 Charles Tarlton, A. M.
 Henry Towers, Gent.
 William Thornburgh, Merchant.
 Zachariah Taylor, B. D.
 William Taylor, Gent.

U

* Sir Matthias Vincent Knight,
 TREASURER.
 * John Viner, Gent.
 George Vernon, Clerk.

W

* Sir William Wren, Knight Vice-
 President.
 Sir Christopher Wren Knight, His
 Majesty's Surveyor,
 * Sir Joseph Williamson, Knight.
 Tobias VVickham, D. D. Dean of
 York.
 Lee Warner Esq;



Gabriel Whittler, Esq;
Henry Whittler, Esq;
Richard Whitton, Esq;
Captain Francis Wiltshaw.
Charles Watts, Gent.
William Wake, Gent,
John West, Gent.
Evan Williams, Gent.
William Williams, Esq;
William Williams, Gent.
Anthony Walker, D. D.
Captain Robert Warner,

William Warren, Merchant.
John Whitefoot, Clerk.
Richard Watkins, Gent.
Thomas Watton, A M
John Watfon, Gent.
John Wats, Gent.
Humphry Wall, Gent.
Thomas Wincopp, Esq;
John Whitfield, B. D.
Gilbert Wigmore, Esq;
Bryan Walton, Esq;
Peter White, Gent.

Nathanael Wright, Esq
Nathanael Wright, Recorder of Leicester.
Anthony Wright, Gent.
* William Wrayford, Gent.
Thomas Wincup, B. D.
John Warfield, Gent.
Charles Withers, Esq;
John Whitefoot, A. M.
VVigmore, Gent.
Captain Thomas VVilshawe.

Y

John Lord Archbishop of York.
John Yardly, M. D.
Thomas Yardly, Gent.
Andrew Young, Gent.

Z

VVilliam Zouch, P. D.
Francis Zouch, Gent.

The better to promote this Pious Work, it was thought fit hereby to publish this great favour of His late Majesty, and to set down the forms of Subscriptions; and also how any Legacy in Money, or Houses and Land, may be given by Will to the said Corporation.

I do promise to pay to the Governours of the Charity, for Relief of poor Widows, and Children of Clergy-Men, the Sum of Sterling, on or before the

Witness my Hand

I do promise to pay to the Governours of the Charity, for Relief of poor Widows, and Children of Clergy-Men, the Sum of Sterling, at the two usual Feast Days, of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and St. Michael the Arch-angel, by equal Portions during The First Payment to be made at the next of the Feast Days above-mentioned, that shall happen after the Date hereof. Witness my Hand

This may be inserted among LEGACIES in a WILL.

I Tem, I give and bequeath unto the Governours of the Charity, for Relief of poor Widows, and Children of Clergy Men, the Sum of Pounds, to be paid to one of the Treasurers.

For devising HOUSES or LANDS.

I Tem, I give and devise unto the Governours of the Charity, for Relief of poor Widows, and Children of Clergy Men, and their Successors for ever, all that my Messuage and Lands Situate and being in

It is thought requisite to give notice, that the Governours of this Charity (by the Assistance of many worthy persons, who have bountifully contributed thereunto, and whose Names are Registred; as Benefactors:) Have not only made some Purchases as a Yearly Fond; but also distributed within the last Four Years, amongst poor VVidows, and Children of Clergy-Men, near a Thousand Pounds, (besides what hath been Collected at the Annual Feast; which according to Custom, hath been distributed to the same Uses by the Stewards:) But the Number of VVidows and Children who did partake of the same, was so great, that each persons share was very inconsiderable; there; having been relieved the last Year, Thirty Four poor VVidows of Sequestred Ministers, and Ninety Eight poor VVidows of other Ministers; and several Children placed forth Apprentices; and more Children would have been put out, but that Money could not be spared from the importunate Necessities of the VVidows: And this Charity being now publickly known, more poor VVidows and Children do daily in great Number, apply themselves for Relief; to whose wants, this Corporation is not yet enabled to make any proportionable supply. To the End thereof, that the present Poor may have some comfortable Relief, and that some further Purchase may be made and settled, for increase of this Fond for Posterity. It is hoped that considerable Contributions will be made in all parts of this Kingdom; Particularly, that such Governours and Clergy-Men, as have not already Contributed, would encourage this Charity by Subscription, or otherwise: Such a certain Method and Security being Established for the due Administration of the same; so that nothing can be diverted to any other Use.

All Persons who have already subscribed, and such as shall please to give any present Sum, or annual Benefaction, are intreated to pay the same to the present TREASURERS.

Mr. Thomas Gilbert, Scrivener, on Bread-street-hill, London.
Mr. Obadiab Sedgwick, Merchant, in Fan-church-street, London.
Sir Matthias Vincent, Kt. in Islington near London.

Or either of them, or the succeeding Treasurers, or to any Person deputed under the Hand and Seal of any of them.

And all Persons who have collected any Money for the said Corporation, are desired to pay the same to the said Treasurers, or one of them, or to give an account thereof to Mr. Thomas Tyllot, the Register of the Corporation, at Doctors Commons, London, to whom all persons who shall please to promote this Charity, or have any thing to communicate concerning the same, may direct Letters as occasion shall require.

THOMAS TYLLOT, Register.

A-TS / PPAC / CS

not in wing.

(vide C. 2585).

Those against whose
names there is ^{*}no member
of the Joint Court of Admiralty
Chosen & agreed upon, November
= for the 12:16 85 for years
ensuing -

R E A S O N S

Humbly Offer'd to the

Honourable House of Commons,

F O R

Continuing the D U T Y or some Part thereof, formerly granted for Rebuilding St. *PAUL's* Cathedral and other Churches in *London*, for some time longer.



TH E Quarries of the Island of *Portland*, are of great Use and Publick Concern ; having the largest Blocks of beautiful Stone, and the most proper for magnificent Buildings ; and in regard of their Situation upon Sea, supply all the West Coast, and the City of *London* in the Building of St. *Paul's* and other Churches, and all both Publick and Private Works ; much being also used in the Docks of *Portsmouth*, *Plimouth*, and the Fortifications upon the Coast, and other His Majesty's Works.

The whole Subsistence of many Hundreds of Families in *London*, the said Island, the Neighbouring Counties and Coasts depend upon these Quarries ; and the Shipping of *Weymouth*, *Brighthelmston*, and divers other Ports, manage this Trade to several Parts of *England* ; and in time of Peace transport considerable Quantities of this Native Product.

Upon the Third of this Instant *February*, 1695. a prodigious Calamity befel the said Island ; all the Ground betwixt the Quarry and the Sea extending at least sixty Acres, moving for three Days together, and sinking thirty Foot and more, and spreading it self farther into the Sea ; whereby the Harbours and Peers or Moles (built at great Expence) were ruined and destroyed ; the Cranes lately built of vast Timber, Broke ; the Ways and Passages, cut through the Rocks to the Peers, sunk and intercepted ; so that without great Expence the Quarry is become useles, and Thousands of People are depriv'd of their Subsistence.

The Use of the King's Quarry there, was granted by King *Charles II.* to the Dean and Chapter of St. *Paul's*, to raise Stone for Rebuilding the Church of St. *Paul's* ; but the Ways, Cranes and Peers, have been upheld and repaired out of the Coal Duty of Eighteenpence per Chaldron, appointed for Rebuilding the Cathedral and Parochial Churches of *London*, by Two Acts of Parliament formerly made for that Purpose.

The said Duty determines at *Michaelmas* in the Year 1700. after which time Sixpence per Chaldron is granted to the Orphans of *London*.

For some Years past Freight of Shipping hath so increased, that it is become near double to what it was formerly : By reason whereof, and the Impositions upon Forreign Timber and Iron, and the great Rate of Oak Timber (altho the Works of the Cathedral are very far advanced) it will not be possible to compleat the same by the Duty aforesaid within the time allotted. Also some Parochial Churches tho used at present for Divine Service are not finished ; and it is adjudged convenient, that some Houses which are too near to the North side of St. *Paul's* be removed farther, to prevent the danger of Firing that great and expensive Fabrick.

Wherefore it is Humbly desired, that in order to Compleat the said Cathedral and other Churches, and to recover the Quarries and defray the Charge of Repairing the Peers, Cranes and Ways (without which also they cannot be Built) the said Duty upon Coals, or such part thereof as shall be thought necessary, be continued for Years after *Michaelmas* 1700. without which a great part of what has been already done to St. *Paul's* Church will go to Decay again, and be in danger of being Lost.

To the Right Honourable and Honourable
The Knights, Citizens and Burgeſſes,
in PARLIAMENT aſſembled:

THE
HUMBLE PETITION

O F

EDWARD FAYETH,

From PRESTON in ENGLAND:

SHEWETH,

THAT, ſome Years ſince, Premiums were offered in the public Papers, to ſuch Perſon or Perſons, as ſhould find out and diſcover the Method of making Pot-Aſhes or Caſub-Aſhes in this Kingdom; a Commodity very uſeful for the Bleaching of Linen Cloth or Yarn, making of Soap, Dying-Stuffs, and making of Glaſs, &c.

THAT your Petitioner hath been bred a Soap-Boiler in *England*, and thereby acquired ſome Knowledge of the Nature and Quality of ſuch Kind of Aſhes, and being encouraged by the ſaid offered Reward, your Petitioner in the Year 1750 went to *Holland*, and from thence to *Sweden* and *Portugal*, where large Quantities of the ſaid Commodity is made in the utmoſt Perfection, and from thence imported into this Kingdom: And your Petitioner, having laid himſelf out to procure a perfect Knowledge of the Manner of making the ſaid Commodity, for ſeveral Years in the ſaid foreign Countries; your Petitioner, with great Labour and Induſtry, acquired the Knowledge of making the ſaid Commodity in as high Perfection as that made in any of thoſe foreign Countries.

THAT your Petitioner came to this Kingdom in the Month of *Auguſt* laſt, and finding that in ſeveral Parts of the County of *Antrim*, there was great plenty of proper Vegetables and Materials there for making of the ſaid Kinds of Aſhes; your Petitioner manufactured Quantities of different Kinds, which was attended with conſiderable Expence and Labour to your Petitioner.

THAT your Petitioner, in the ſaid Month of *Auguſt* made and manufactured the ſame, in the Preſence of *Francis Smith* of ſaid County of *Antrim*, Gent. who is ready to attelt the ſame to your Honours upon Oath.

THAT your Petitioner afterwards produced Samples of the ſaid ſeveral Kinds of Aſhes to the principal Bleachers and Manufacturers of Linen in the ſaid County of *Antrim*; who, after they had reſpectively made Trials and Experiments of the Nature and Quality thereof; unaniſouſly approved of, and allowed the ſame to be equal, if not ſuperior, in Goodneſs to any imported from *Holland*, *Sweden* or *Portugal*, as by the ſeveral Certificates hereto annexed may appear.

THAT ſeveral other Perſons, and particularly *Abraham Elleott* of ſaid County, who is alſo a Linen Bleacher and Manufacturer of Linen, and who for a long Courſe of Experience in foreign Aſhes, has acquired a ſufficient Knowledge of its Nature and Qualities, made ſeveral Trials of the Aſhes ſo prepared by your Petitioner, and found it equal, if not preferable, to any of the ſaid foreign Aſhes, and is ready to attelt, the ſame to your Honours upon Oath.

THAT your Petitioner has Samples of the ſaid Aſhes ready to be produced to your Honours, and will ſubmit them to the Examination and Trial of ſuch Perſon or Perſons as your Honours ſhall chuſe to prove its Nature and Quality.

THAT your Petitioner will enter into Security to continue to make and propagate the making of the ſaid Aſhes in this Kingdom, which may be ſold three Shillings per Hundred cheaper than any foreign Aſhes; and therefore, and forasmuch as thouſands of poor Perſons may be employed in making the ſaid Aſhes, your Petitioner humbly conceives the encouraging and propagating thereof will retain a large annual Sum in, and be a great Advantage to this Kingdom.

MAY it therefore pleaſe your Honours to take the Premiſes into your Conſideration, and aſſign ſuch Reward for your Petitioner's great Labour and Expence in acquiring the Method and Art of making the ſaid ſeveral Kinds of Aſhes and manufacturing the ſame in this Kingdom, as to your Honours ſhall ſeem meet.

And your Petitioner will pray.

Les Echevins Nouveaux de la Lanterne Sourde :

An excellent new *French Ballad*, called and intituled the *Old dark Lanthorn's*
NEW SHERIFFS;

Wrote Originally in *French* ; now *Englisht* and Addressed to new *Commons* and *Peers*,
Pointed as it is to be Sung or said.

By a CITY BARD.

I.
YE Commons and Peers,
Pray lend me your Ears,
(Ye Peers of a Sheriff I mean)
While I shall relate,
The disastrous State,
And the downfal of you and your Chain. Fal, dal, &c.

II.
In Grand Daddy's Days,
The more were their Praise,
The * Sheriffs were free from a Stain,
But such Alterations,
In such an high Station,
Does fully both you and your Chain. Fal, &c.

III.
Those Eldermen wise,
Did never despise,
Or Fortune, or Merit, or mien,
But now each low Citizen,
Let all judge how fit is in,
The Honour and Trust of the Chain. Fal, &c.

IV.
Oh happy Rotation,
Now all shall have Station;
And none shall have Cause to complain;
We're levellers all,
Each shall have a call,
Both the † Fool and the Sot to the Chain. Fal, &c.

V.
This Government's Laws,
Deserve your Applause,
They demonstrate so clear and so plain,
Their good disposition,
To meanest Condition,
For proof---see the Squire's in the Chain. Fal, &c.

VI.
They now, as 'tis fitting,
Alternately put in,
That wise Men and Fools they may gain,
The Reason no doubt,
Why H-----y's out,
The Fools claimed a turn to the Chain; Fal, &c.

VII.
These Eldermen Sage,
Most wisely engage,
Such Tools their low Jobs to maintain;
For Merit, they know,
Could ne'er stoop so low,
Like Spaniels to fawn in a Chain, Fal, &c.

VIII.
These prudent Electors,
And City Protectors,
Are drubbed by a Club and a K-----,
Who bang it about,
Turn in and turn out,
As they lift or discharge for they Chain, Fal, &c.

IX.
This Club tho' of Wood,
Substantially good,

Most passively yields to the Kane,
For this Cause it passies
The City like Affies,
Are led in the dark Lanthorns Chain; Fal, &c.

X.
This Lanthorn's Head,
To Time Serving Bread,
Will Turn with the Wind like a Vane,
Blow East or blow West,
That point still is best,
Which brings in most Slaves to his Chain. Fal, &c.

XI.
Most pliant he'll bend;
To Foe or to Friend,
And conceive e'er you speak what you mean,
He'll smell out a Tory,
And tell you H---t's Story,
Long ever H---t honour'd the Chain. Fal, &c.

XII.
He'll to Demonstration
Shew City and Nation,
The Peril they're like to Sustain,
If those who wont Drink
Old Noll to the brink,
Should ever bear rule in the Chain; Fal, &c.

XIII.
The Rules of old Steady,
He always is ready,
T' establish with might and with main,
Thus plainly he shews,
To Friends and to Foes,
What all may expect in his Chain. Fal, &c.

XIV.
Sic volo's his Text,
Sic jubeo comes next,
Be Citizens passive on pain,
Of all the dire Crosses,
Vexation and Losses,
Attending the Foes of the Chain. Fal, &c.

XV.
Ye Commons and Peers,
To tell all my Fears,
Your Patience too long would detain;
But if tame you Submit,
To Bridle and Bit,
You shall all become jades of the Chain. Fal, &c.

XVI.
But if rather you chuse,
Than wear Wooden Shoes,
To stand against Tyranny's Reign,
Be Brave-----persevere,
And boldly declare
You'll rattle the Lanthorn's Chain. Fal, &c.

XVII.
Now may you all be,
Still steady, still free,
May Liberty, smile in your Train,
Religion and Laws,
And Liberty's Cause,
Shall break every Link of this Chain. Fal, &c.

The END of the first BALLAD.

* Echevins du Paris.
† Alluding to the Present Echevins of Paris, and cred
here Sheriffs.

C. 161 f2. (61) C. 117. g. 1. (33.)

ELEGY

ON THE

Death of Nicol Muschet of Boghall:

Written, at the Desire of his Friends,

THE highest Pitch of Sorrow swells my Heart,
And dictates Words, without the Strokes of Art:
In moving Notes, cloath'd with a natural Rhyme,
I'll sing his Suff'rings, and his impious Crime:
Grief, and no other Passion, shall prevail,
Grief, mix'd with Love, shall tell the mournfull Tale.
My Muse shall speak without an angry Word,
Or keen Resentments of a Man injur'd:
A Muse that's chaste, abhors such wicked Tools;
Anger's the pleasant Paradise of Fools:
From the pure Fountain gentle Streams distil,
But Mudd and Noise from the polluted Rill:
Envy and Hatred is such noxious Fruit,
It proves a Man's Relation to the Brute:
By gentle Gales of Love shall Fancy move;
I'll blend deep Sorrow with the deepest Love.

How weak and wicked is the Creature Man!
A Lump of Mischief, and his Life's a Span;
Untutor'd by the Guardianship of Grace,
He to Destruction runs with nimble Pace.
A fatal Instance offers to my View;
What is't that Sin and Folly will not do)
A pious Youth, nurs'd up with holy Care,
The Son of many Vows, and fervent Pray'r;
At Dawn of Life his Piety began,
Ere yet his Days had ripened unto Man:
In Nature's Morning, Buds of Grace appear,
The early Goodness did his Parents cheer:
As Years advanc'd, so did Religion too,
Great were his Virtues, and his Failings few;
A flaming Zeal thro' all his Actions ran,
Whilst yet a Child, the Promise of a Man:
It gladdned holy Hearts to hear him pray,
Tho' in a rude Enthusiastick Way:
He learn'd strict Lessons from the Gospel-school,
And went so fast, he stept beyond the Rule.
Wild wand'ring Mountaineers did soon decoy,
And made a Pros'lyte of the hopeful Boy;
Who, fond of Faction, trample on the Laws,
Miscook the Tale, and spoil an honest Cause:
Sweet is the Song that from the Violin flies,
But if the Strings are crack't, the Musick dies;
So, in Religion, when we drive too far,
We split the Text, and dwindle into Jar.

Bred up in Learning, and the Surgeon's Skill,
Which learns the Way to cure, and not to kill;
He, thus accomplish'd, leaves a Rural Life,
To find his Fortune, and his future Wife.
To fair EDINA comes the country Lad,
Where he drops all the Piety he had: (bad!
Ah, Youth is soon debauch'd with Company that's
Conversing often with an impious Crew,
Who his Phanatick Maxims overthrew,
He lost his former Zeal, and broke his solemn Vow.
Soon did he learn Religion to deride,
Flies from his Faith, and joins the other Side.
This Slip of Life procur'd the impious Fault,
He drown'd Religion with the Juice of Malt;
And gave a-loose to Lust, O cursed Trade!
Paid frequent Visits to the Harlot's Bed:
By Passion hurry'd, blindly weds a Wife,
Now opens up his wicked Scenes of Life.
The Girl was sprung from an ignoble Blood,
And she her self but negatively good:
His Passion so degenerate unto Wrath,
He studies Ways to bring her unto Death.
When once we deviate from the Ways of God,
We soon spy out and love Destruction's Road.
She looks upon him with a smiling Grace,
Sees Wrath in every Feature of his Face:
To take her Life, a thousand Snares are laid,
Sweet harmless Lads, she's ev'ry Day betray'd:
At last, with Satan, who had form'd the Plot,
He leads her to the Fields, and cuts her Throat.

I've plac'd his Sins in such a glaring Light,
To make the Mercies of the LORD shine bright:
Free Grace and Love rise in a glorious Scene,
Lo, he's recover'd from the Devil again!
He took a deep Remorse before he dy'd,
Became a real Saint, else good Men ly'd.
Hence we may learn, from this his dismal Blow,
How far in Sin a Son of GOD may go.

Thus I've perform'd the Office of a Friend;
Recorded his lewd Life, and pious End.
O may all Youths take Warning, and conspire
To loathe polluted Paths, which lead t' eternal Fire.

E L E G Y C. 161 f. 2

On the deplorable Death of *Margaret Hall*, barbarously murder'd by her Husband *Nicol Musket* of *Boghall*, *Mondays* Night the 17 *October* 1720, in the 17th Year of her Age.

ALL Hearts be swell'd with Grief, with Tears all Eyes,
 Lament with Sighs and penitential Crys
 Her Death, who's Loud-tongu'd Blood doth reach Heav'n's Throne,
 And like just *Abel's*, calls for Vengeance down.
 Harmless and Young, a fond and loving Wife,
 Dies by her bloody Husband's murd'ring Knife.
 In silence of the Night, when good Men sleep,
 And Satan and his Sons their Revels keep:
 'Th' inhumane Wretch, with soft decoying Talk,
 Leads forth his loving Spouse to take a Walk;
 She, (Fair without, and Innocent within)
 Dream'd of no Danger, nor th' approaching Sin;
 Hangs round his Wast, Kind are the Words she speaks,
 Printing deep Kisses on the Traitor's Cheeks.
 Love drove her with him to the fatal Spot,
 Where he and Satan who had form'd the Plot,
 Throws down the trembling Prey, and cuts her Throat. }
 Oft hath that Place been wet with humane Gore,
 But never saw so black a Crime before.
 There he displays the Implement of Death,
 Pale were her Looks, and short her dying Breath,
 When she beholds her Husband's naked Knife,
 She crys, dear *Nicol*, will you kill your Wife?
 Ah me! Is this the Kindness that ye shew
 To her, who left her Father's House for you?
 My Words shall with *Zipporas* Speech agree,
A bloody Husband have you prov'd to me.
 Smoaking with Blood, he left his breathless Wife,
 Return'd with Joy, and hug'd the murd'ring Knife,
 Men shall Record his Punishment and Shame,
 Children unborn shall Curse the Wretche's Name:
 But to her Grave shall pious Pilgrims come,
 And read this Epitaph upon her Tomb.

E P I T A P H.

*Reader, within this silent Spot,
 A murder'd Lady lies,
 Who's bloody Husband cut her Throat,
 Regardless of her Cries.
 Learn Husbands all to love your Wives,
 A Wife's a Bosome Friend,
 Cherish and protect them all your Lives,
 And shun a fatal End.*

F I N I S.

T H E

Hubble Bubble.

C. 117. g. 1. (35.)
C. 161. f. 2 (63)

To the Tune of
O'er the Hills and far Away.

I.

JEws, Turks, and Chrifians, hear my Song,
I'll make you rich before it's long ;
Sell Houfes, Lands, and eke your Flocks,
And put your Money in the Stocks.
For Hubble Bubble's now in play,
Come buy the Bubble whilst you may,
There's Hubble Bubbles Night and Day,
At *Jonathan's* and *Garraway*.

II.

Ye *Scotsmen* who love Law so well,
Ye *Irish* who have Bulls to fell,
Ye *Dutch* and *Germans* come and buy,
Leave off your Trade in *Quincampoy*.
Ye Hubble Bubbles high and low,
Who with your Stocks do ebb and flow ;
Come o'er the Hills and far away,
To *Jonathan's* and *Garraway*.

III.

Now Purchase in both Fools and Wife
For Stocks will either fall or rise ;
For how can they be at a *Stay*,
When Time and Riches fly away ?
Hubble Bubble come away,
Let e'ery Bubble have its Day ;
Here's brave new Bubbles for your pay,
At *Jonathan's* and *Garraway*.

IV.

Come all who wou'd by Fishing gain,
Venture like Gamsters on the Main ;
Whate'er you lose Projectors get,
For you're the *Gudgeons* in the Net.
Hubble Buble, &c.

A. M's Fishery.

V.

Come all who wou'd large Gains secure,
Or Ships upon the Sea insure ;
For Those great Gain must surely find,
Who trust the faithless Sea and Wind.
Hubble Bubble, &c.

Insurance on Ships.

VI.

Come all ye Nymphs of gay Desire,
Insure your House and Hoops from Fire ;

A House insur'd brings better Rent,
Come then insure your Tenement.

Hubble Bubble, &c.

Insurance from Fire

VII.

For tho you should be all in *Flames*
Here's the New-River and the *Thames*,
And Gentlemen to raise your Water,
To quench your *Fire*, and Smoke to scatter.
Hubble Bubble, &c.

Insurance on Water.

VIII.

Come Ladys all, we let you know,
You shall be clean from Top to Toe ;
No *Belle* shall have a Spot on her,
For here comes clean your Shoes your Honour.
Hubble Bubble, Great and Small
Away to *Chimney-Sweepers* Hall ;
They'll sweep your Chimneys Night and Day,
At *Jonathan's* and *Garraway*.

For cleaning Shoes and Chimneys.

IX.

Ye cleanly Night-Men, next draw near,
To raise Estates you need not fear,
Where Cent for Cent's in Money told
Gold-finders surely must find Gold.

Hubble Bubble, &c.

For cleaning Privys.

X.

Italian Songsters come away,
Our Gentry will the *Piper* pay ;
Make hast in Time, for ere it's long,
Your Op'ras won't be worth a Song.

Hubble Bubble, &c.

Fiddle Faddle Project.

XI.

A Bubble is blown up with Air,
In which fine Prospects do appear ;
The Bubble break, the Prospect's lost,
Yet must some Bubble pay the Cost.

Hubble Bubble, all is Smoke,

Hubble Bubble, all is broke,

Farewell your Houses, Lands and Flocks,

For all you have is now in *Stocks*.

E I N I S.

12811 (10)
12771 E 33 (10)
C. 161. f. 2. (64)

HYMNVS

COMITIALIS, in honorem VIRGINIS
VICTRICIS, D. E L I S A.

BETHAE: per *Eduardum Iohnsonem*, in
Musici bacchalaureum.

Quest.

Quænam ea est, quæ sceptrâ vbicunq; mundi
Temperat, cœli decus invidendum:
Et Dei, & sincera hominum voluptas?

Resp. Echo.

ELISABETHA.

Chorus 1.

Victrix virgo! decus poli invidendum,
Et sincera hominum, & Dei voluptas.

Chorus 2.

Securam, ô Superum SANCTE, perenniter
Alarum ELISABET remigio tege.

Quest.

Quænam ea est, quæ pace domi togatâ
Regnat, externas licet vndique vrbes,
Civium crebræ exaniment querelæ?

Resp.

ELISABETHA.

Chorus 1.

Cujus lambit imaginem aurea oliva,
Dum intestina foris vagantur arma.

Chorus 2.

Securam ô Superum &c.

Quest.

Quænam ea est, quam nec dolus imprecantium,
Aut furor quoquâ potis est avito:
E throno (armatus licet) amovere?

Resp.

ELISABETHA.

Chorus 1.

Victrix virgo! dolus furorq; quam non
Armatus potis è throno movere est.

Chorus 2.

Securam ô Superum &c.

Quest.

Quænam ea est, cui iam imperium, ter acta,
Et quater (nos si benè computemus)
Lustra, tranquillum stetit integrumq;?

Resp.

ELISABETHA.

Chorus 1.

Largitor, DEVS, hos precamur annos
Posse ipsam reparare duplicatos.

Chorus 2.

Et da, funera post, angelicâ frui
Luce, CHRISTO ibidem vivere cum suo.

Amen.

H. H. D. F.



By the King, A PROCLAMATION.

GEORGE R.



HEREA S Charles Earl of Selkirk was duly elected and returned to be One of the Sixteen Peers of Scotland, to sit in the House of Peers of the present Parliament of Great Britain, and is since deceased; in order to the electing another Peer of Scotland to sit in his room, We do, by the Advice of Our Privy Council, issue forth this Proclamation, strictly charging and commanding all the Peers of Scotland to assemble and meet in the Room, commonly called The Borough Room, in the City of Edinburgh, on Saturday the Twelfth Day of May next, between the hours of Twelve and Two in the Afternoon, to nominate and choose another Peer of Scotland to sit and vote in the House of Peers of this present Parliament of Great Britain, in the room of the said Charles Earl of Selkirk deceased, by open Election and Plurality of Voices of the Peers that shall be then present, and of the Proxies of such as shall be absent (such Proxies being Peers) and producing a Mandate in Writing duly signed before Witnesses, and both the Constituent and Proxy being qualified according to Law. And the Lord Clerk Register, or such Two of the principal Clerks of the Session as shall be appointed by him to officiate in his Name, are hereby respectively required to attend such Meeting, and to administer the Oaths required by Law to be taken there by the said Peers, and to take their Votes; and immediately after such Election made, and duly examined, to certify the Name of the Peer so elected, and sign and attest the same in the Presence of the said Peers, and return such Certificate into his Majesty's High Court of Chancery of Great Britain. And We strictly charge and command, that this Proclamation be duly published at the Market-Cross at Edinburgh, and in all the County Towns of Scotland, Twenty five Days at least before the Time hereby appointed for the Meeting of the said Peers to proceed to such Election.

Given at Our Court at St. James's the Twenty second Day of March, 1738.
in the Twelfth Year of Our Reign.

God save the King.



C. 161

By the King,
A PROCLAMATION.

GEORGE R.



HEREBY Our Parliament stands prorogued to Thursday the Eighteenth Day of October next; We, with the Advice of Our Privy Council, do hereby publish and declare, That the said Parliament shall be further prorogued on the said Eighteenth Day of October, to Thursday the Fifteenth Day of November next ensuing; and We have given Order to Our Chancellor of Great Britain to prepare a Commission for proroguing the same accordingly. And We do hereby further declare Our Royal Will and Pleasure, That the said Parliament shall, on the said Fifteenth Day of November next, be held and sit for the Dispatch of divers weighty and important Affairs: And the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and the Knights, Citizens, and Burghesses, and the Commissioners for Shires and Burghs of the House of Commons, are hereby required to give their Attendance accordingly at Westminster on the said Fifteenth Day of November next.

Given at Our Court at *Kensington* the Twentieth Day of *September*, 1739,
in the Thirteenth Year of Our Reign.

God save the King.

L O N D O N,

Printed by *John Baskett*, Printer to the King's most Excellent Majesty. 1739.



(67)

HEREAS the Lords Spiritual and Temporal in Parliament Assembled, Did by Their Humble Address, Beseech Her Majesty, That since the Papists and Non-jurors were so Insolent, as not only to Support the Pretender's Claim to Her Majesty's Royal Crown by their Writing and Discourses, but also Traiterously to Inlist Men into his Service, and Send them to *France*; That Her Majesty would give Her Orders to all Her Officers and Magistrates to put the Laws in Execution against Papists and Non-jurors, by Taking from them their Horses and Arms, and Confining them to their usual Habitations, in such Manner as by Law is Directed; And, That Her Majesty would be pleased to Require an Exact Account of their Proceedings therein, to be Transmitted by them Respectively to Her Majesty in Council; And to Direct the same to be laid before the House of Peers at Their next Meeting. AND WHEREAS

by an Act passed in the Parliament of *Scotland*, the Three and Twentieth Day of *May*, in the First Year of the Reign of the late King *William* and Queen *Mary*, Intituled, *An Act for the Taking the Oath of Allegiance and Assurance*, It was Enacted, That all Persons who should Not Swear the Oath of Allegiance, and Subscribe the same with the Assurance mentioned in that Act, as thereby Directed, should not be Allowed to keep any Horses above One Hundred Merks *Scots* Price, nor any Sort of Arms more than a Walking-Sword. AND WHEREAS, by an Act passed in the Parliament of *Great-Britain*, in the Sixth Year of Her Majesty's Reign, Intituled, *An Act for rendring the Union of the Two Kingdoms more Entire and Complete*, The Privy-Council of *Scotland* was determined, and for Preserving the Publick Peace of the whole Kingdom; It was thereby Enacted, That in every Shire or Stewarty within that Part of *Great-Britain* called *Scotland*; And also, in such Cities, Burroughs, Liberties and Precincts within *Scotland*, as Her Majesty should think fit; There should be appointed by Her Majesty, under the Great-Seal of *Great-Britain*, a Sufficient Number of Good and Lawful Men, to be Justices of the Peace, within their Respective Shires, Stewarties, Cities, Boroughs, Liberties or Precincts: Which Persons so Appointed, over and above the several Powers and Authorities, vested in the Justices of the Peace, by the Laws of *Scotland*, should be further Authorised to Do, Use and Exercise over all Persons within their several Bounds, whatever doth appertain to the Office and Trust of a Justice of Peace, by Vertue of the Laws and Acts of Parliament made in *England* before the Union, in Relation to, or for the Preservation of the Publick Peace. AND WHEREAS by those Laws any Two Justices of the Peace within any County, City or Town Corporate, whereof one to be of the *Quorum*, are Impowered within *England*, to Require any Persons of the Age of Eighteen Years or above, under the Degree of a Baron or Baroness, to take the Oath of Allegiance. AND WHEREAS, by another Act, made in the Parliament of *Great-Britain*, in the said Sixth Year of Her Majesty's Reign, Intituled, *An Act for the better Security of Her Majesty's Person and Government*; It was Enacted, That it should, and might be lawful, for any Two Justices of the Peace, whereof One of them to be of the *Quorum*, within any of the Counties, Ridings, Divisions, Stewarties, Cities, or Boroughs, within the Kingdom of *Great-Britain*, at any Time or Times, to Summon and Convene before them, all such Persons within the Limits of their respective Jurisdictions, Powers and Authorities, as they should, or might suspect to be dangerous or disaffected to Her Majesty, or Her Government; and should, and might Tender to every such Person and Persons, the Oath Mentioned and Appointed in that Act, which is commonly called, *The Abjuration Oath*; and should at the next Quarter-Sessions of the Peace, to be held for the County, or Place in which the said Oath should be Tendred, Certify the Christian-Names, and Sir-names, and Places of Abode, of all Persons Refusing to Take the said Oath, to be there Recorded; and should be from the Quarter-Sessions holden in *Scotland*, Certified by the Clerk of the Peace of every Shire, Stewarty, Borough, or Place in *Scotland*, into the Court of Session, there to be Recorded in the Register or Rolls of the said Court; and if the Person so Refusing and Certified should not, within the next Session, after such Refusal, appear in such Court of Session, and in open Court, audibly and solemnly Take and Subscribe the Oath aforesaid, and Endorse, or Enter his so doing upon the Certificate so returned; he should be, from the Time of such his Neglect or Refusal, Taken, Esteemed and Adjudged a *Popish* Recusant Convict, and as such should forfeit and undergo such Penalties, as a *Popish* Recusant Convict ought to do by the Laws then in force in *England*. AND WHEREAS, by another Act of Parliament made in *England*, in the Five and Thirtieth Year of the Reign of Queen *Elizabeth*, Every *Popish* Recusant Convict, is to Repair to the Place of his usual Dwelling or Abode, and not at any Time to remove above Five Miles from thence, unless thereunto Licensed according to the Directions of that Act, or of a subsequent Act made in *England*, in the Third Year of the Reign of the Late King *James* the First; We do therefore, in Her Majesty's Name, and by Her express Command, Pursuant to the said Address, hereby Direct and Require you, and every of you, That you do, with the utmost Diligence put the Laws in Execution, against *Papists* and Non-jurors, being Dangerous to Her Majesty's Government; And that you, or any Two, or more of you, whereof One to be of the *Quorum*, do Tender to them the said Oath of Allegiance and Assurance, and the said Oath mentioned in the said last mentioned Act of the Sixth Year of Her Majesty's Reign; And take from them, who shall Refuse to Take and Subscribe the said Oath of Allegiance and Assurance, their Horses and Arms, in such Manner as is by Law directed, and use your Endeavours to Confine such Persons who shall Refuse to take the said Oath in the said last mentioned Act of the Sixth Year of Her Majesty's Reign, to their Usual Habitations, in such Manner as is by Law directed for *Popish* Recusants; And each of you is to Return to Our Solicitor-General of *Scotland*, an Exact Account of your Proceedings herein; Which he is hereby required to transmit to this Board. And so we bid you heartily, Farewel.

From the Council-Chamber at Kensington, the Thirtieth Day of July, 1714.

Your Loving Friends,

POWLETT.
PORTMORE.
ROCHESTER.
LOUDOUN.
FINDLATAR.

BUCKINGHAM, P.
DARTMOUTH, C. P. S.
NORTHUMBERLAND.
W. BROMLEY.
MAR.
BOLINGBROKE.

*To our Loving Friends,
The Justices of the Peace
of that Part of Great-
Britain called Scotland.*



By the King,
A PROCLAMATION.

G E O R G E R.



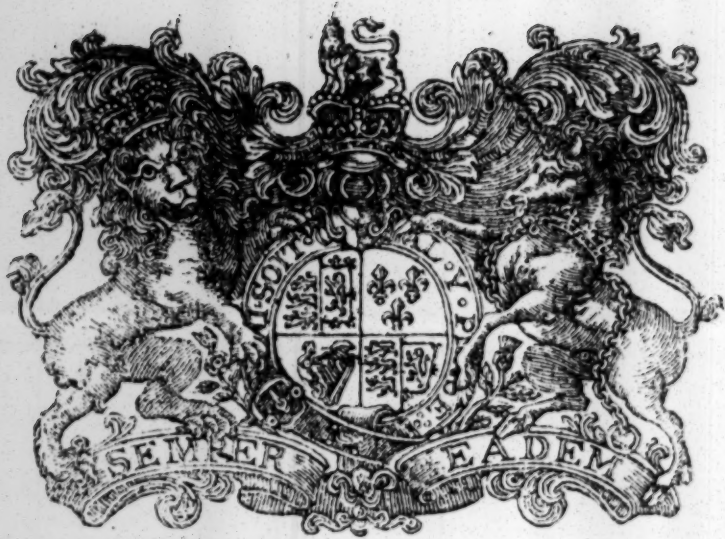
Whereas the present Parliament stands prorogued to Thursday the Nineteenth Day of October next; We, by the Advice of Our Privy-Council, do issue this Our Royal Proclamation, hereby declaring Our Will and Pleasure to be, That the said Parliament shall, on the said Nineteenth Day of October next, be held, and Sit for the Dispatch of Weighty and Important Affairs: And the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and the Knights, Citizens, and Burgeses, and the Commissioners of Shires and Burghs of the House of Commons, are hereby Required and Commanded to give their Attendance accordingly at Westminster on the said Nineteenth Day of October next.

Given at Our Court at *Kensington* the Twenty fourth Day of *August*, In the Eighth Year of Our Reign.

God save the King.

L O N D O N,

Printed by *John Baskett*, Printer to the Kings most Excellent Majesty, And by the Assigns of *Thomas Newcomb*, and *Henry Hills*, deceas'd. 1721. 3



c. 161. f. 2 (69)

By the King,
A PROCLAMATION,

Requiring all Ships and Vessels, Trading from the Plantations in the way of the *Algerines*, to Furnish themselves with Passes.

GEORGE R.



Whereas pursuant to Treaties Concluded between Our Predecessors, and the Government of Argier, several Passes have been Granted under the Hand and Seal of the High Admirals of Great Britain, or the Commissioners for Executing that Office of Our respective Dominions: And Whereas Our Commissioners for Executing the Office of High Admiral, have humbly Represented unto Us, That they have reason to apprehend, that several of the said Passes of the Old Form have been clandestinely altered, as well in their Dates as otherwise, which may be very Prejudicial to the Trading Ships of Our Subjects: For Preventing Whereof We have thought fit, by the Advice of Our Privy-Council, to Publish this Our Royal Proclamation, hereby Declaring, That all such Passes of the Old Form, which have been so Issued, shall not

Continue in Force longer than the Thirtieth Day of July next. And We do hereby strictly Charge and Command all Our Loving Subjects, who are or shall be possessed of any such Passes, That they do, as soon as may be, return the same into the Office of Admiralty of Great Britain, in order to their being Cancelled. And Whereas, pursuant to the late Treaty with Argier, it is absolutely necessary, That all Ships and Vessels belonging to Our Loving Subjects of Great Britain and Ireland, as well as Our Foreign Governments and Plantations, which shall have occasion to Trade to Portugal, the Canaries, Guinea, the Indies, into the Mediterranean, or elsewhere, in the way of the Cruizers of the aforesaid Government of Argier, should be furnished with Passes of the New Form, by or before the said Thirtieth Day of July next, last by their being met with by the Ships of Argier, unfurnished with such Passes, they be Brought up, and the Ships and Goods Confiscated: We do hereby strictly Charge and Require the Owners and Masters of all Ships and Vessels of Our Loving Subjects Trading, as aforesaid, to take particular Care that they do timely furnish themselves with such Passes of the New Form accordingly.

Given at Our Court at St. James's, the Fourth Day of October, 1714. In the First Year of Our Reign.

God save the King.

Congratulatory Poem

TO THE
MINISTERS SONS, on their Splendid
FEAST, Thursday *December* 7th, 1682.

REceive a bold unbidden Guest, among
The least, the worst of all your Nobler throng,
Who for admittance only dares to Sue,
Because kind Fate has made him one of you.

When that wise King, whose young, but mighty hand
Bore the vast Scepter of the Sacred Land,
When him and all his Glories time shall rust,
Then you shall be obscur'd with common Dust.

In vain the trembling Atheist would dethrone
That Power, which for his Life he dares not own;
Whilst grateful Heaven its Servants here does grace
With such a worthy, such a generous Race.

In vain on Inspiration t'other dotes,
And humane Learning but a need-not Votes;
Whilst he the Prophets Sons so far may find
Beyond the usual stamp of Humane kind.

More madly *Rome* grants to the Sacred Life
Dozens of Whores, but not one single Wife:
Since from the holy Matrimonial Flame
Of Priests, so great, so brave an Army came.

All here look pure like Truth, like Vertue fair,
And all breath something more than common Air.
Envy look round, and when thy Blood-shot Eye
Can find no Spot, Envy look round and dye.

But as for you, let Plenty pleasure bring,
And Veil you safe beneath her gentle Wing,
'Till from long happy Ages you remove,
And all your bright Forefathers meet above.

C 161. f. 2 (71)

WHEREAS in an Act passed in the last Sessions of Parliament, for the purpose of suppressing the evil custom of NIGHT POACHING, and thereby preventing those Immoralities, Crimes, and Felonies, which are too often the consequence of this idle and unlawful Practice,

IT IS ENACTED,

THAT if any Persons shall enter into, or be found in any Park, Wood, Plantation, Paddock, Field, Meadow, or other open or inclosed Ground, in the Night, that is to say, between the Hours of Eight of the Clock at Night and Six in the Morning from the First Day of *October* to the First Day of *February*, or between the Hours of Ten at Night and Four in the Morning from the First Day of *February* to the First Day of *October* in each and every Year, having any Gun, Net, Engine, or other Instrument for the Purpose and with the Intent to destroy, take, or kill, or shall wilfully destroy, take, or kill, any Hare, Pheasant, Partridge, or any other Game; or if any Persons shall be found with any Gun, Fire Arms, Bludgeon, or with any other offensive Weapon, protecting, aiding, abetting, or assisting any such Persons as aforesaid; it shall and may be lawful to and for the Owner and Owners, Occupier and Occupiers of any such Park, Wood, Plantation, Paddock, Field, Meadow, or other open or inclosed Ground, and also for his, her, or their Keeper and Keepers, Servant and Servants, and also for any other Person or Persons, to seize and apprehend, or to assist in seizing and apprehending such Offender or Offenders, by virtue of this Act, and by the Authority of the same to convey and deliver such Offender or Offenders into the Custody of a Peace Officer, who is hereby authorized and directed to convey such Offender or Offenders before some one of His Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the County or Place where such Offence shall be alledged to have been committed; or in case such Offender or Offenders shall not be so apprehended, then it shall and may be lawful for any such Justice, on Information before him on the Oath of any credible Witness or Witnesses, to issue his Warrant for the Apprehension of such Offender or Offenders; and if, upon the Apprehension of any such Offender or Offenders, it shall appear to such Justice on the Oath of any credible Witness or Witnesses, that the Person or Persons so charged hath or have been guilty of any or either of the said Offences, every such Person shall be deemed and taken to be a Rogue and a Vagabond, within the true Intent and Meaning of an Act, made in the Seventeenth Year of the Reign of King *George* the Second, intituled, *An Act to amend and make more effectual the Laws relating to Rogues and Vagabonds, and other idle and disorderly Persons, and to Houses of Correction*, and shall suffer such Pains and Punishments as are directed to be inflicted by any Law or Statute in Force and Effect on Rogues and Vagabonds; and in case any Person being so convicted shall again offend against any of the Provisions of this Act, such Person shall be deemed and taken to be an incorrigible Rogue, and shall suffer such Pains and Punishments as by any Law or Statute in Force and Effect are directed to be inflicted on incorrigible Rogues.

AND WHEREAS the custom of Poaching in the Night, for the prevention of which Evil this Law has been enacted, has of late Years been much practised in the Woods of The RIGHT HONORABLE SIR JOSEPH BANKS, near *Coningsby*, and in other Woods, Plantations, Fields, Meadows, and open and enclosed Places in that Neighbourhood, it has been thought proper to give this Notice, in order that those Persons who use the illegal Practice of NIGHT POACHING, may be aware of the additional Punishment to which they will be liable, if they continue thus to offend against the Laws of their Country.

GIQ^{NI} DUPRE A ROMA.

Vende tutte sorti di Vini forestieri della prima qualità in grosso ed a minuto.

	P.
V ino di Capo buona Speranza Rosso	20.
Capo Buona Speranza Bianco	20.
Malvesia di Madera	10.
Madera	10.
Champagna	10.
Reno	9.
Borgogna Pomar	8.
Borgogna rosso	8.
Borgogna bianco Mulseau	8.
Mosella	7.
Claretto, o sia Bordeòs	7.
Grave	7.
Porto bianco	7.
Porto rosso	7.
Ermitaggio	8.
Costa Roti	8.
Claretto d' Avignone	5.
Tavelle	6.
Lagrime di Napoli	3.
Monte Libano	7.
Vino d'Alicanti	7.
Canarie	8.
Malaga bianco	6.
Malaga rosso	6.
Pacaretti	6.
Pietro Ximenes	6.
Cipro	6.
Frontignano bianco	3.
Frontignano rosso	4.
Delunel	4.
Siracusa bianco	4.
Ceres	7.
Rom per fare il Ponch	6.
Araco	10.
Birra d' Inghilterra	4.
Oglio d' Aix	4.
Oglio di Lucca	2.
Fiorenza rosso	1. 5.
Fiorenza bianco	2.
Chianti di Toscana	2. 5.
Vino di Spagna	1. 5.
Orvieto bianco	1. 5.
Mustarda d' Inghilterra	
Maraschino, ed altri Liquori	
Erba thè sopraffina	
Zuccaro sopraffino d' Olanda	
Candele di cera	
Siroppo di Capelvenere	
Acqua di Lavanda, Melisse, ed altre	
Carta d' Olanda, ed altre	
Cera di Spagna	
Polvere di Cipro	
Biglietti di Visite	

I Signori, che vorranno farci onore con servirsi di questi Vini, possono esser sicuri di avere i migliori di qualità, e della prima sorte.

JEAN DUPRE A ROME.

Sells all sorts of foreign Wines of the best quality by whole-sale and retale.

	P.
R ed Wine of Cape of good hope	20.
White Cape of good hope	20.
Malvesi of Madeira	10.
Madeira	10.
Champaign	10.
Rhenish	9.
Pomar Burgundy	8.
Red Burgundy	8.
White Burgundx Mulseau	8.
Moselle	7.
Claret, or Bordeaux	7.
Grave	7.
White Port	7.
Red Port	7.
Hermitage	8.
Cote Roti	8.
Claret of Avignon	5.
Tavelle	6.
Lacrime	3.
Monte Libano	7.
Alicanti Wine	7.
Canary	8.
Red Malaga	6.
White Malaga	6.
Pacaretti	6.
Pietro Ximenes	6.
Cyprus	6.
White Frontignan	3.
Red Frontignan	4.
Delunel	4.
White Siracuse	4.
Ceres	7.
Rum	6.
Arrack	10.
English Beer	4.
Aix Oil	4.
Lucca Oil	2.
Red Florence	1. 5.
White Florence	2.
Chianti Wine of Tuscany	2. 5.
Spanish Wine	1. 5.
White Orvieto	1. 5.
English Mustard	
Maraschino and other Liquors	
Superfine Tea	
Superfine sugar of Holland	
Wax Candles	
Siropp of Capillaire	
Lavender Water Melisse, and others	
Holland paper and others	
Sealing Wax	
Hair powder	
Visiting tickets	

Those Gentlemen, that will do the honour to buy any of the aforesaid articles, may depend upon being served with those of the first quality, & in the most genteel manner possible.

AN EXCLAMATION

From

TUNBRIDGE And EPSOM

Against

The Newfound Wells

At

ISLINGTON.

BEhold, the fickleness of *Fortunes Wheel* !
The Instability of things under the
changeable Moon ! So shall you find it
foretold in *Mother Shiptons, Manuscript-*
Prophecies, (never yet Printed) p. 409.

„ *Tunbridge was, Epsom is, Islington shall be*
„ *The greatest Bog-house of the squittering three.*

Beshrew all *Witches* and their *Southsayings*. That
Prognostication at this juncture seems hastening
to its accomplishment; and then, *wo and alas!*
What shall become of us poor *Tunbridge* and
Epsom?

How comfortably in times by-past, have we
liv'd all the Summer, like *Fishes*, meerly by *Wa-*
ter and Tippling; And in the Winter, like *Green-*
land Bears, sucking our own *Clams*? *Loretto* was
scarce haunted with such swarms of Pilgrims as
our *Health-restoring Plains*, nor *Rome* more crowd-
ed in a *Jubilee*, than we were, from merry *May*
till after the *Dog-scurr* had done *Barking*, and the
more important *Negotiations of Bartoldom-fair*,
called home our Customers. Happy were they
that could get shelter in our *Illustrious Pallaces*,
covered with immortal *Thatch*, and delicately
hung with the *Spinstry of Arachne*, Vulgarly cal-
led *Cloath of Cob-web*. Three Families not seldom
dwelt in one Chamber scarce so big as a *Taffity*
Tart; and without any superstitious niceness
about difference of *Sex*, lovingly *pigg'd* in toge-
ther. Strangers from remote Regions, came in
Guilt Coaches, to *DUNG* our barren *Heaths*
for us, at their own charge; and having given
us 3. or 4. pounds for a Supper over-night, retur-
ned us the substance of it, with an overplus, next
morning *Gratis*; many a fair *House* have we
built with that which is called the *beginning of*
Love; and made more profit of *Excrements* than
ever the Emperour *Vespasian* did of his *Excise*
upon *Piss*.

We shall never forget those jolly dayes, how
we have been frequented by the *Noble* and the
Gay, the *fine* and the *fair*; the roaring *Fopps*, and
the still, sly, formall *Cockcombs*; the *Swaggerers*
in *Buff*, and the *Venerable* in *Satin*; the *Flaming*
Lasses and the *smirking Dames*, those that help
others, and those that help themselves; the *wits*
and the *fools*, the fond *Husbands* and the more
foolish *maintainers*, the miserly *Fathers*, and the
generous *Sons*, and the free-sporting *Daughters*,
and the procuring *Cozens*, the *Hectoring Bullies*,
and the *snuffing Precifians*; the long *Hair*, and
the overgrown *Ears*; *Whigg* and *Tory*, *Trimmer*
and all, were every Mothers Son, our constant
Customers.

The Ladies would *fine-and-Recovery* away
their *Jointures*, and part even with their precious
Stones, rather, than not have a *Green Goat* or
two on our Banks; and a Citizen could as soon
perswade his *Spouse* to forswear *Conventicles*, as
prevail with her not to visit us once a year.

Here, the *Buckram-bagg'd Lawyer House*
with a circuitous bawling, came to restore his
voyce; but caressing a small *Shoe-friend* more
impaired it, and so fell into the hands of a *Doctor*,
who went to *Law* with his *Disease*, and acted (*Se-*
cundum Artem) all the Tricks, of *Plea*, *Except-*
tion, *Demurrer*, *Interlocutory Order*, and peremp-
tory *Consideratum est*, till *Ignoramus* despairing as
much as ever his Client *in forma Pauperis*, and
looking altogether as *simply*; happened to be
taught by one of Sir *Andrew Judds* School-boys,
that *Telephus* was heal'd by the rust of the *same*
Spear that wounded him; and that *Flint* some-
where says, *Vipers Flesh* is the best Remedy for
the hurt of their *Stings*; whereupon repairing
to the *Crack*, that bestow'd the *Clap*, she in 9
days, made him as sound as a *Roach*, with a *De-*
cotion of Guaiacum and a few *Turpentine Pills*.

Here the over-fraighted *Stranger* (undone by
doing,

doing; or ruin'd, like some improvident Shopkeepers, by grasping at too great a Trade) puts in to *New-wash, Carreen, and Tallow*; and so returns a fresh and *Blooming Virgin*: Here disappointed *Wives*, met with seasonable Refreshments; the *Barren* by vertue of our *Metal-some Waters*, and the application of an able Doctor behind a Bush, found Nature relieved, grew Fruitfull and blest their *rejoycing Husbands* with many an hopefull *Heir*.

But now all these *Felicities* are like to expire, Interlopers are abroad, and we must cry out as the Quack-Doctors doe ----- Beware of Counterfeits, for they swarm; could not folks be content to invent new *Fashions*, and new *Oaths*, new *Religions* and new Models of Government, but the Devil must put them upon finding out new *Wells*, and new *Physical Waters*, when there were old ones enough of all Conscience, to have scowr'd their *Guts*, and purged their *Purses*, and make work for the Doctors.

Tell us, O you Sage *Astrologers* (who tother day prognosticated the *Turks Victories*, and the Ruine of the most *Christian King*; you who hold a Balers dozen of *Caelestial Houses* in Fee-simple, yet are scarce able to pay your Rent for one poor *Louzy Cottage* on Earth) tell us, I pray, what unlucky *Stars* govern this capricious Age, and put people on such plotting humours? For we are, many ways, bound to Curse their pragmatistical Influences; first *Ourses* Plot for two or three years frighted away our *Roman Communicants*, Not a *Shaveling Priest* tho never so disguised, durst appear in our *Walks*; but was as afraid of our *Springs*, as the Devil is of their *Holy-water*: And then the *Whiggs* must goe *Plott* (with an Horsepox to 'em) and so wee lose that party too: And now here comes a *Third Plott*, worse (to us) than either of the other two, a *Plott*, a devilish, a damnable, a horrid *Plott*, to perswade People (not that *BOBBING* is *SALAMANCA*, or *FORTY ONE EIGHTY THREE*, but) that *Sadlers Musique-house* is *Somthorrom*, and *Clakenwell-Green*, *Caverly-Plain*; That *Abana* and *Pharpar* (Rivers of *Damascus*) are equal to old *Jordan*, That *Islington*, forsooth, is commended *Epsom*, per *Saltum*, as *Fools* become *Physicians* and golden *Dunces*, wooden Doctors at *Liden*; That the juice of a few *Cowwurds*, mixt with a sham of *Steel-dust*, and steeped in a new-vamp'd *Well*, that in all likelyhood was an old *House of Office*; can bee effectual as our wonder-working *Fountains* that tast of cold *Iron*, and breath pure *Nitre* and *Sulphur*.

Audacious and unconscionable *Islington*! was it not enough that thou hast time out of mind been the *Metropolitan Mart* of *Cakes*, *Custards*, and stew'd *Pruans*? The chief place of entertainment for *Suburb Bawds*, and Loitering *Prentices*? Famous for *Bottle'd Ale* that begins the *Huzza*! before one drinks the *Health*, and Statutable

Cans, 9 at least to a Quart That thou flowest with delicious *Milk* extra from rotten *Tur-neps* and *Hogwash Grains* Renowned for *Mid-dletons pipes*, and putting forth both *Calves* and *Bastards* to Nurse? Could not all these Advantages satisfy thee without invading our privileges, and trumping up your *Spouts* and old dormant *Holes*, to Intercept our *Customers*, and utterly spoil our Ancient Staple Manufactory of *Spewing* and *Shit--g*? But suppose their *Waters* could be conceited somewhat comparable where is the *Air*? Where the *Diversions*? Where the *Conveniencies*? If an honest Man walk out at five, he shall bee expected back at eight to *What-dee-lack-it* in his Shop, where he sits for all the world like a *Lord in a Hatch*; Besides, *Duns*, and *Serjeants*, and *Marshals-Men* lye perdue all along the Coast, and make his Walk as perillous as a Voyage to *Scanderoon*. If a vertuous woman repair thither, since going to *St. Antlins*, and Morning Lectures is out of fashion, some *Eves dropping* Neighbour thrusts in for a Companion, but proves indeed a *stye*, and she must hurry home by Dinner, or else the good Man runs *Horn-mad*, and where's a body's Injoyment then?

Is trotting to *Islington* on foot with a dull Husband, or a froward Wife, a *durty-fisted* Prentice, or a *blabbing* Maid, for two or three hours, comparable to the delights of being *Fog'd* and *Jolted* in a Coach, and with brave Company trundled down *Madams-court-Hill*, or over *Bansted-downs*? And staying out a Month or two, without being troubled with the *peevish Toak-fellow*, save only on Saturday and Sunday Nights (on which you are sure to be very Sick) and all the rest of the Week as blyth as *Datchellors*, and free and uncontrouled as the most absolute Monarches of the *East*, having nothing to doe, but Cajole the beleiving Fopp at home with a few kind Lines, for a supply of Cash, dictated by the obliging *Miss* or *Gallant*, to make the Sport more divertive.

Consider well all these Advantages of a remoter distance, consult your Interest, and abandon this upstart *Heresy* of Flocking to *Islington*, tell your Friends what strange rumblings those *Waters* make in your Bellies and your Brains; believe it the *Papists* or the *Whiggs* (as *Chronicles* tells us, the *Jews* did of old) have poisoned those *Wells*; and that all their operation proceeds either from *Jesuites powder*, or *phanatical Quicksilver*.

Return therefore to your good old Customes: Let us enjoy your Company, and take you the usual divertisements of undisturbed Society, so shall wee suspend our Complaints, and you bee better gratified by continuing a Converse with

Your Old Friends and Tref-
Humble Servants,

TUNBRIDGE and EPSOM.



C. 161. f. 2 (74)

[1]

STRANGE NEVVVS
FROM
SHADVVELL,
Being a TRUE and JUST
RELATION
of the DEATH of
Alice Fowler,

Who had for many years been accounted a Witch ; together with the Manner how she was found Dead with both her great Toes Ty'd together, and laid out on the Floor having a *Blanket* flung over her . She being left lock'd up alone by her Nurse, with a discovery of what Markes or Teats were found about her, when she was searched by the Neighbours.

IN *King-street* near *Whapping*, the one part of it being in the Parish of *St. Paul Shadwel*, and the other in the Parish of *Whapping* ; lately lived a VViddow VVoman named *Alice Fowler*, she was about the Age of Forescore Years, and had always been a malicious ill-natured VVoman and for many years had been reputed a VVitch ; she was always observed to be muttering and grumbling to her self, and was continually holding a Discourse as it were within her self, and some that knew her would often say that at those times she conversed with Familiars or Spirits ; she was always

ways poor, as it is observable that those kind of People are : Her way of living being to sell *Bisquets* to Baudy houses, where she generally got Drunk, and being a very Debauched and Leud Woman, and despised and slighted by the Neighbourhood for this her leud and base course of Life. By such small Shifts, together with the Assistance of the Charity of the *Trinity House* into which by reason she was Antient and a Seamans Widdow she had of late years gotten ; she with much ado lived a necessitous and miserable life, being continually in want, and at varience with all that knew her.

Above twenty years since she nursed a Girl who did always report that she was a Witch, and after she was at a womans Estate was still fearful and apprehensive of her, untill the time of her Death. 'Tis believed the Child had been affrighted by some of her Tricks when she was Young, which made her in the greatest Dread and Terror imaginable of her ever after.

About sixteen Years since, *Walter Fowler* her Son was Transported to *Barbados*, who always used to declare that his Mother was a Witch, that she had bewitched him and several others, and would relate several strange Exploits of her doing, and saying often to others that she was there in the Room and tempted him to do such and such Mischiefs, and would averr that he saw her present, when no one else in the place could see any thing ; this mind he continued in, always accusing her of bewitching him, until about nine Years since that he was hang'd in the *Island of Barbados*, for Murdering his Wife and king open a House.

About



About six weeks since, she having lain sick a considerable time in *King-street* aforesaid, where she had a mean Room Furnished, and having a poor Neighbour to look after and nurse her; she sent her out of an Errand to fetch her something she had occasion for, and the woman going out of Doors, lock'd the Door and took the Key with her, leaving no body there save the aforesaid *Alice* sick in her Bed, and coming back again, found the said *Alice* stripped, dead and cold as *Clay* laying on the Floor on her Back, and having her two great Toes ty'd together, and a *Blanket* flung over her; the poor woman being very much surprized at this, called in the Neighbours who were all in great astonishment when they saw the Corps lying, and had had an account how it was left, and the rather in that there was so great a stink when they stir'd the Corps that they could hardly endure the Room.

Several of the Neighbours were so curious to search the Corps, and do all of them affirm that they found in the private parts of the Corps five Teats; to wit, four small ones and one very big, and that they were all of them as black as a *Coal*.

This considered, together with her ill report that she had *when* alive, made all the neighbours refuse to accompany the Corps to the *Earth*, so that the next day she was put into the *Church Coffin*, and by the Bearers without any more company buried in the *Church-Yard* of *St. Paul Shadwell*; so that as in her Life she *was* little beloved, at her Funeral she *was* as much slighted and scorned by every body, no one offering to accompany her Corps, as is before rehearsed.

If

If any one is so curious to make a farther enquire into this Matter, it is so *known* a Truth to the Inhabitants of *King-street* aforesaid, that there is not one in the place but can affirm and justify the *whole Relation* ; and the Matter is so fresh, that it is impossible it should be yet forgotten, it *being* not above six Weeks since the Woman died, as I am informed by a credible Person that *went* to enquire of the Business *amongst* the neighbours, and was one that *well knew* the said *Alice Fowler* in her *Life time*, and from *whom* I had this Relation ; *which* in regard of the *strangeness*, I *thought* fit to Publish.

The Orange Gazette.

WITH ALLOWANCE.

From Friday February 22. to Tuesday February 26. 1683.

Paris, Febr. 26.

THis Afternoon the French King set forward from Versailles, accompanied with the Abdicated King of England, in order to visit his Maritime Towns in Normandy and Picardy, taking with him his ablest Engineers, to strengthen and build Forts on the Coast, to prevent, if possible, any Descent, which he fears will be made upon the Country the ensuing War. And 'tis discoursed at Court, that so soon as his Majesty has reviewed those Provinces, he will go in Person at the Head of 80000 Men into Flanders, to act both against the Spaniard and Dutch. Already the Dauphin has directions to hasten with 30000 Men thitherwards, and take along with him for his Assistance the Mareschals de Humieres, and de Duras, with instruction that he attempt no considerable Action without their approbation and advice.

The King also appointed Monsieur the Duke of Orleans his Brother to move with a considerable Force to the Rhine, and that the Mareschals Luxemburg, de Lorge, and Belisands attend him thither. The Lord Dunbarton, Viscount, will be made a Mareschal of France, and Command some part of the Army; he with Colonel Sarsfield and other Officers, reported to be gone and Landed in Ireland, are at present here: And upon the return of the Kings from Picardy, there is to be an Extraordinary Council to carry on this Summers Expedition; and 'tis believed the late King of England will be admitted therein.

Ditto. Two days before the French King set forward on his Journey, dispatched away Count de Avaux, his late Ambassador in Holland, on some secret Undertaking. And there be those at Court who conclude, that he goes for Holland, to propose an Accommodation: But should it happen to be true, the States General are too wise a People at this Juncture to hearken to any Overtures of that Nature, well knowing, That his Gallick Majesty, who made War for his Glory, would not offer Peace to his shame, if he were sensible he could resist the powerful Torrent of all Christendom, his avowed Enemies that were breaking in upon him. Since also the Prince of Orange, (now King of England) which has done such a glorious Work for the British Nation, by rescuing it from POPERY and SLAVERY, will undoubtedly perform the like to France, in conjunction with the Confederates, restore his Highness of Lorraine to his Dukedom most unjustly deprived, the Elector Palatine to his Principalities, all Germany to their rightful Princes, (the Principality of Orange to the Crown of England) the French Nobility and Parliaments of that Kingdom to their ancient Splendor, abolish the Gabels and prodigious Number of Taxes those miserable People labour under, unslave the Peasants, re-edifie the Protestant Churches, confirm the Edict of Nantz, and restore the true and ancient Gallickan Liberties; and 'tis not in the least to be doubted these things being premised, but the People of that Kingdom will, with the same assurance, endeavor to accomplish the Work, as those of England have done before them.

Ditto. The Dauphiness sent to the late Queen of

England to desire her to remove from her Apartment at Marli, and bring the Child she calls the Prince of Wales along with her to Versailles; to be near her, during the Absence of the Court. The late King has made the Count De Lofun, who came lately in England to fight against the Prince of Orange, Seward of his Household: And his late Majesty has dispatched Mr. Skelton to the Emperor, to signify his Misfortune. Another Gentleman to the Pope, to endeavour to Compromise Matters between his Holiness and the French King: But some believe it would have been more for his Interest, and saved Charges, to have kept them at home.

Plymouth, Febr. 15.

We having this Afternoon received Advice of the Princess of Oranges's Landing at Whitehall from Holland, fired 21 Guns from the City, and 9 from the Island, and as many from the Dover Frigate riding in Port, who sails tomorrow for Portsmouth, to Convoy the Mary Ketch of London, John Holmes Master, bound from New-England with Masts for the Navy.

Ditto. The 19. The blessed News coming to us Yesterday, that WILLIAM and MARY Prince and Princess of Orange were Proclaimed King and Queen of England, &c. The Mayor, and Aldermen in their Formalities, with demonstration of their Joy and Satisfaction, Drums bearing, and Musick playing before them, Proclaimed them also this Morning, first before the Guild-hall, then on the New Key by the Exchange, and afterwards at the Barbican; and advancing to the Gate of the Citadel, acquainted the Governour therewith, who immediately Fired all the Cannon planted about it: The Island Seconded him, and all the Ships were not wanting in doing the like, Displaying their Antients as a Signal of their Joy. This Day the Ship Ann of this Town, Henry Basseet Master, arrived here from Majorca, and Sailed away for London forth-with. The French Banker of Havre-de-grace some time detained, was cleared, and Sailed away for that Port. Some Persons arriving here from that Place in France, Reports, That a very great Consternation is all over the Country, upon the News of the Prince of Orange being likely to be King of England, infomuch, that 1000 Men are Night and Day at Work to strengthen our Fortifications, and more Cannon will be sent to plant upon them.

Birmingham, Febr. 14.

This being our Market-day, Mrs. Richardson, House-keeper to Mr. Hicks Schoolmaster in this Town, who has a great many Noblemen and Gentlemens Sons to Educate, bought 22 l. of Butter of a Popish Woman Higler, Tenant to our late Popish High-Sheriff Esq; and carrying the same home to expend in the Family, cut one Pound thereof, and perceiving it discoloured with yellow and green spots, shewed it to an Apothecary, who was of opinion it was poisoned; which to prove, sent for two Dogs, and gave each the quantity of a Nutmeg, and they both died within 10 and 14 minutes one of another. The Woman escaped out of Town for the present, but we hear she is since apprehended for the same.

Black heath, Febr. 28.

This Morning his Majesty came early hither to view the Battalions design'd for Holland, and gave them his Thanks

Thanks for the good Service they had rendered him in England, ordering them, pursuant to the desire of the Honourable House of Commons, a large Donative or Reward, which I am informed is in this following Proportion, a Colonel 100 l. A Lieutenant Colonel 150, a Major 100 l. a Captain 75 l. a Lieutenant 50. an Ensign 25 l. a Serjeant 12 l. and every private Centinel 50 Shillings. The Horse and Foot are Embarking at Greenwich, and will Sail away forthwith.

Hampton Court, Febr. 23.

This Afternoon their Majesties arrived here from Whitehall, designing to remain in this place till Tuesday morning, taking a great good liking to the situation and salubrity of the Air, and walked out with Sir Christopher Wren to view the Building, in order to make some Repairs therein. The next day their Majesties heard Dr. Lloyd, Bishop of St. Asaph, preach a Sermon in the Chapel. In the Afternoon His Majesty rode out into the Park, and being a glorious day alighted, and walked some considerable way on Foot. Sir Henry Hubert this day killed His Majesties Hunt, in order to the Gentleman of the Horse, the Heer Overkerke being Master thereof.

London, Febr. 25.

This day we received a Spanish Post, which says, that the Queen of Spain was dead, to the great Regret of the Court. And that the King had ordered the new raising of 4000 Foot, and 1000 Horse. And that 30 Men of War, besides their Gallies, be forthwith Equipped, to Cruise in the Mediterranean. And that a Declaration of War against France was in the Press at Madrid, and already all French Effects order'd to be seized in that Kingdom.

Frankfort, Febr. 21.

The French has declared and made out a List of 250 Towns, Burghs and Villages, and added above 40 more to them, which they design to destroy on both sides the Rhine; all the Villages about Manheim being included, have Orders to remove their Effects in order thereunto. The Elector of Brandenburg having received Advice from his Minister at Ratisbonne, that the Dyer had fully resolved on a War against France, order'd all his Forces, particularly those in Cologne to fall upon the French in any Quarter, by way of Reprizal, for the damage done by them in the Duchy of Juliers, and Land of Bergues.

Frugz in Switzerland, Febr. 9.

The French having left off Fortifying of Grenezack during the Assembly of the Cantons at Baden, had fallen to work again upon the separating of the Dyer; whereupon the Cantons of Basle finding themselves block'd up, represented to the General Assembly how prejudicial it would be to their City in particular, and all Switzerland in general: so they have unanimously in the Assembly come to a Resolution to raze the said Citadel before it be advanced any further, and also the Fortification the French have made at Huningen; And that they will execute this their Resolution by Force of Arms, except the French King, upon their Application to him, will demolish them himself. And both the Evangelick and Catholick Cantons are very Unanimous therein, Zurich having already got together 6000 Men with Cannon, their Quota of Forces, in a readiness to march upon the first occasion.

Whitehall, Febr. 23.

I am credibly assured, That his Majesty hath appointed their Graces the Dukes of Norfolk and Ormond, Earl of Oxford, Viscount Mordant, Lords Churchill and Lumley, with the Heer Benting, to be Lords of his Bed-Chamber: And the Earl of Carberry, Admiral Herbert, Sir Tho. Lee, Sir John Louthen, Sir Michael Wharton, Sir John Chickley, and Mr. Sacheveril be Lords of the Admiralty: But the Judges, Treasury, and Commissioners for the Great Seal, are not affixt, People only Discouraging what theis Phantries encline them to in the Matter.

St. James's Square, Febr. 23.

This Evening George Lord Savil, Younger Son of the Marquis Halifax departed this Life, after some days of Sicknes, to the great Regret of that Honourable Family, being a very Knowing and Promising Gentleman.

Advertisements.

This is to give Notice, That there is a small Number yet to be Sold of Caryl's Exposition of Job in Two large Volumes, bound 40 s. Likewise a small Number of Pool's Synopsis on the New Testament in Latin, in Two large Volumes, was Printed above the Sea, for the Benefit of young Divines, are now sold very cheap, the two Volumes in Quires 20 s. and well Bound 30 s. Likewise those that want the whole Sets, or odd Volumes, may be supplied by William Marshall at the Bible in Newgate-street, where those that have the First or Second Volume of the Old Testament of the Synopsis, may receive money for them, or have them supplied. Where you may likewise be supplied with Dr. Owen's late pieces, The True Nature of a Gospel Church and its Government: And his Treatise of Sin and Grace. And Mr. Knowles's Exposition on the whole Book of the Revelations.

A Pack of Cards, representing, in lively Cure, the History of the late Times; as of King William's coming to England. The Memorials and Invitation by the Nobility. His whole Expedition. The Tryals of the Bishops. The Birth of the Child. The Earl of Essex's Death. Made and Sold by W. Bayley at the Sign of the Knave of Clubs at the Bridge Foot in Southwark. And likewise Sold by Mr. Vincent at the Temple gate, Mr. Mortlock in Westminster-Hall, Mrs. Faltam at the Parliament stairs, Mr. Scariswade in Cornhill, and most Bookellers at 12 d a Pack.

These are to give Notice to all Persons, That in Grays Inn-Lane, in Plum-Yard, lives Dr. Thomas Kirlew a Colleague Physician, and his Late Majesties sworn Physician in Ordinary, who with a Drink and gentle Pill, hindring no Business, Cures all Scabs, Scurffs, Itch, Kings-Evil, Leprosie, and Venereal Disease, expecting nothing if he cures not. Of the list he hath Cured above 500 Persons in this City many after Fluxing. It quickly and safely Cures the Running of the Reins, tho' with Sores and Swellings, which to do with Mercury is dangerous, if not deadly. He useth outward means to all. The Drink is 3 s. a Quart. The Pills 1 s. a Box, which is Two Purges. They excel all Purges, in cleansing all Impurities, and so prevent and cure many Diseases, and infallibly the Gout and Stone, if taken as he shall direct. He gives his Opinion to all for nothing, and his Medicines for little, but to the Poor for Thanks.

These are to give Notice to all Persons, for the Benefit of the Publick Good, That Mr. Elmy, Professor of Physick, and Operator, of known Integrity, and above 25 Years Practice, Lived at the Blue Ball in Whalebone Court, at the Lower End of Bartholomew Lane, by the Royal Exchange. Who most Safely and Expeditionally Cures Deafness, and Noises of the Ears in any, of what Age soever, (if Curable) and at first sight, by Inspection, resolves the Patient if so or not, as most Eminent Persons of Quality in this City can Justifie. He hath likewise an Expeditionary way in Curing all Pains of the Teeth, without Drawing. He hath likewise a most excellent Gargarism or Mouth-water, which Cures any Canker, Ulcer, or Scurvy in the Mouth, fastning loose Teeth, and making black ones as white as Ivory. His Pills only prepared for the French Disease, and the Running of the Reins, may be had in Boxes of several Prices, with other Venereal Arcana's, as occasion require, with Directions.

L O N D O N, Printed for J. C. near Fleet-Bridge. 1688.



Two New BALLADS.

The L—ds Address to K. G. II. Since he that to a *Turk* would turn,
Must be a *Christian* first.

THANK ye, most Great and Martial Sir,
For your good News of Peace :
And tho' you doubt, say it is sure,
We'll set our Hearts at Ease.

2.
Nor shall we in the least repine,
Or shew we're discontent
With the bad State of our Affairs,
Which *no Care* cou'd prevent.

3.
Nay, shou'd you need Remedies more strong
Than *wise Negotiation*,
And the Time come, when we must *fight*,
Not *bully*, for the Nation ;

4.
Against Allies, or Old or New,
The Supposition's odd,
Your Conduct wise, and Courage keen
Will save All under G—d.

The K——'s Answer.

THANK ye, my L—ds, this must be good
At Home, and eke Abroad.

A New BALLAD.

HITHER from farthest East to West,
Ye *Israelites* repair ;
In hospitable *Britain* rest
And seek *Messiah* there :
A glorious Knight has now design'd
Your Race from Curse to free,
Nor is there sure in all your Kind
A verier *Jew* than he.

2.
Remember not your old Disgrace,
When *Sevi* sought to reign,
Nor fear your Champion shou'd embrace
The *Alcoran* again :
The doughty Knight wou'd sooner burn,
Should things come to the worst,

3-
No *Sultan* e'er would give you Land,
Nor *Hollanders* consent
You should remove their Hills of Sand,
Or Deluges prevent :
On easy Terms you enter here,
Nor toil to dre in a Fenn ;
The *Engliss* less the Cross revere,
Than *Dutch*, or *Mussulmen*.

4-
When *Julian*, dear Apostate ! rul'd
His Purpose was the same ;
But Earthquakes vile his Projects fool'd,
And Balls of ugly Flame :
But now your Hopes may be fulfill'd
Another Way as well,
And what a *Julian* cou'd not build,
An *Engliss* Man may sell.

5-
Th' *Egyptians* you may quickly spoil,
In Purchasè out-do,
Where fairest Spots of all their Isle
With Milk and Honey flow ;
Which Monkish Drones, in Popish Night,
For Fruitfulness did chuse,
Now turn'd in pious Days of Light,
To Synagogues for *Jews*.

6-
'Tis true, you wish'd of old, that Blood
Might on your Heads remain,
But your adopted Breth'ren good
Will wipe away the Stain :
Fear not the Wrath of Heav'n to feel
On all your Nation sent,
Your Friend those Curses will repeal
By Act of P——t.

7-
The *Arians* all will join with you,
As once in *Spain* ally'd,
That so, Religion betwixt Two
May soon be crucify'd :
The Gospel, like its Lord, is sold,
Nor gives the Price Offence,
Make it but a Ship-Load of Gold,
Instead of Silver Pence.

THE BUBBLERS MEDLEY, or a SKETCH of the TIMES: Being EUROPE'S MEMORIAL for the YEAR 1720.

Chi Populus vult Decipi, Decipiat

London, the Nineteenth Day of May 1720
Received of Simon Nowell Esq^r the Sum of One Thousand Pounds ...
being in full for One Hundred Pounds ... in the Capital & Principal Stock
of The Governour and Company of Merchants of Great-Britain Trading
to the South Seas, & other Parts of America, and for Encouraging the Fish-
ery. & this Day Transferred in said Company's Books, unto *Simon Nowell Esq^r*
Witness, *Clark Bubbleall* By *Tho: Foresight*



A Man might laugh to see an
Eagle, which can't reach a good Grape;
But had the Eagle found the Alley;
Of late brought in Change there;
The might have even worse
Give up the Ghost for empty Air;
And see Estates, in hopes of Double
Till of a sudden all was still;
That had so many Millions cost;
Yet could find no more Money lies;
To see the House where the Money lies
That cost so many Tears and Sighs.

The Stock-Jobbing Ladies.
Ombre and Ballet laid aside
New Games employ the Fair;
And Brokers all these Hours divide
We Job Lovers used to pore
The Court is the Park the foreign Song,
And Harlequin's Grinace
Behold each blooming Face
With Jew and Gentile, undismay'd,
Young Tender Virgins Mix
Of Winkers nor of Beard of said
Nor all their Counting Tricks
Bright Jewels polish'd once to deck
The fair One's riving Breast
Or parade round her Ivory Neck
The Gentle Passions of the Mind
How Avarice controules!
Even Love now does no longer find
A Place in Female Souls.

Behold a poor dejected wretch,
Who kept a Sea Coach of late,
But now is glad to humbly catch
A Penny, at the Prison grate.
'Tis strange One sett of Knaves should
A Nation fam'd for Wealth & Wit
But stranger still that Men in Power
Should give a Sanction to the Cheat.

What ruin'd Numbers daily mourn
Their groundless hopes & follies part
Yet see no how the Tables turn
Or where their Money lies at last.
Fools lost, when the Directors won;
But now the Poor Directors loose,
And where the Sea Stock will run
Old Nick, the first Projector knows.



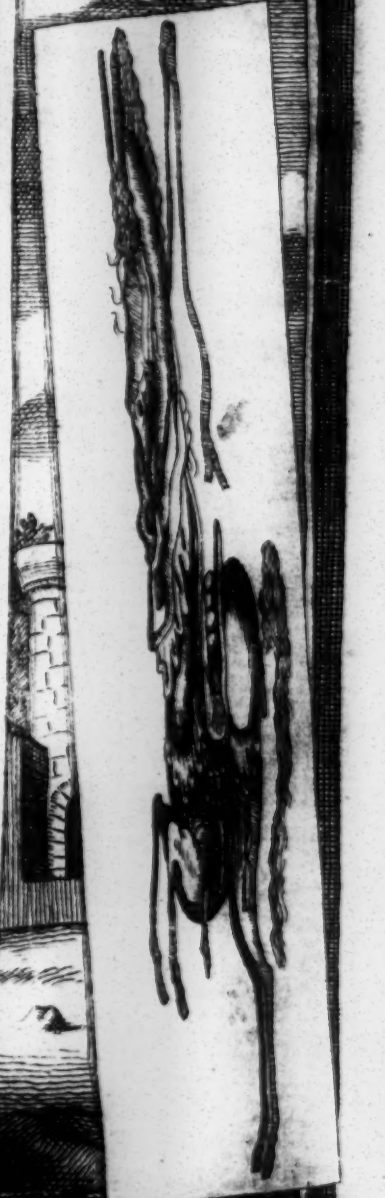
This evil Solomon said,
Among the Rabble rout,
That Beggars did on Horseback
Whist Brinces walk on foot.
South-Sea has verily d'ye same,
For Mighty Men of late
Are brought to Poverty & Shame
Whist Scoundrels ride in state.



A South Sea BALLAD

- 1 In London stands a famous Pile,
And near that Pile an Alley,
Where merry Grooms for Riches wil,
And Wisdom stops to folly.
Here Sad and Foyfull High and Low,
Court Fortune for her Graces,
And as she Smiles and Frowns, they show
Their Gestures and Grimaces.
- 2 Here Stars and Carters, do appear,
Among our Lords the Rabble.
To Buy and Sell, to see and hear,
The Jews and Gentiles squabble.
Here crasy Courtiers are too Wise
For those who trust to Fortune;
They see the Cheat with clearer Eyes,
Who peep behind the Curtain.
- 3 Our greatest Ladies higher come,
And ply in Chariots daily.
Of pawn their Jewels for a Sum,
To venture in the Alley.
Young Harlots too, from Drury-Lane,
Approach the Change in Coaches,
To fool away the Gold they gain
By their obscene Debauches.
- 4 Long Heads may thrive by sly Rules,
Because they think and drink not;
But Headlongs are our thriving Fools,
Who only drink and think not.
The lucky Rogues, like Spaniel Dogs,
Leap into South-Sea Water,
And there they fyke for Golden Frogs,
Not caring what comes a'ter.
- 5 'Tis said that Alchymists of Old
Could turn a Brazen Kettle,
Or leaden Cistern into Gold,
That noble tempting Abettle;
But if it here may be allow'd
To bring in Great with Small Things,
Our cunning South-Sea like a God,
Turns Nothing into All Things.
- 6 What need have we of Indian Wealth,
Or Commerce with our Neighbours,
Our Constitution is in Health,
And Riches crown our Labours.
Our South-Sea Ships have Golden Shrouds,
They bring us Wealth, as granted;
But lodge their Treasure in the Clouds,
To hide it till its want d.
- 7 O Britain! blest thy present State,
Thou only happy Nation,
So odly Rich, so madly Great,
Since Bubbles came in Fashion.
Successful Rakes exert their Pride,
And count their airy Millions,
Whilst homely Drabs in Coaches ride,
Brought up to Town on Pillions.
- 8 Few Men, who follow Reason's Rules,
Grow fat with South-Sea Thea,
Young Rattles and unthinking Fools
Are those that flourish by it.
Old musty Sables and pushing Blades,
Who've least Consideration,
Grow Rich apace, whilst wiser Heads
Are struck with admiration.
- 9 A Race of Men, who tother Day
Lay cry'd beneath Disasters,
Are now by Stock brought into Play,
And made our Lords and Masters.
But should our South-Sea Babel fall,
What Numbers would be Frowning,
The Losers then must ease their Gall
By Hanging or by Drowning.
- 10 Five Hundred Millions, Notes and Bonds,
Our Stocks are worth in Value,
But neither lie in Goods or Lands,
Or Money let me tell ye.
Yet tho' our Foreign Trade is lost,
If mighty Wealth we vapour,
When all the Riches that we boast
Consist in Scraps of Paper.

To
mas Bowles
Print Seller
next to the Chapter house
St Pauls Church Yard
London





By the Lords Justices,

Parker C. Kent C. P. S. Holles Newcastle, Roxburghe, J. Craggs,

A PROCLAMATION.



Whereas this present Parliament stands prorogued to the first Day of October next, We, with the Advice of His Majesties Privy-Council, do hereby Publish and Declare, That the said Parliament shall be further prorogued, on the said first Day of October next, to Munday the three and twentieth Day of November next; And We have given Order, that a Commission be prepared for proroguing the same accordingly. And We do hereby further Declare His Majesties Pleasure, That the said Parliament shall, on the said three and twentieth Day of November next, be held, and sit for the Dispatch of divers weighty and Important Affairs. And the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and the Knights, Citizens, and Burghesses, and the Commissioners of Shires and Burghs of the House of Commons, are hereby Required and Comanded to give their Attendance accordingly at Westminster on the said three and twentieth Day of November next.

Given at *Whitehall* the Twenty ninth Day of *September*, 1719. In the Sixth Year of His Majesties Reign.

God save the King.

The Secret Disclos'd
IN THE
Itinerant Field Orator's
METHODIST SERMON,
FROM
Master Russell's Lecture,
OR
Attic Evening's Entertainment.

YOU That have EARS to hear, EYES to see, TONGUES to Taste, and THROATS to swallow Draw near. — Draw near I say, and pick up the *Crumbs* I shall scatter among You. — The *Crumbs* of *Comfort*, wherewith you must be *Cramm'd*, untill you become *Chickens* of *Grace*, and are *COOP'D* up in the HEN-COOP of RIGHTEOUSNESS.

IF your HEARTS are as hard as a SUFFOLK-CHEESE— or a NORFOLK-DUMPLIN. — My *Discourse* shall beat them as it were, on a COBLER'S LAPSTONE, 'till they become as soft as a *Roasted-Apple*. — Aye, even as soft as CUSTARD-MEAT, and melt in your BELLIES, like a MARROW-PUDDING.

Do you know what TRADE ADAM was. — I say, Do You know what Trade ADAM was? If you don't, I'll tell you. — Why ADAM was a PLANTER, for he PLANTED the beautiful Garden of *Eden*.

Well then, Do you know what was the first Thing ADAM set in his *Garden*? — Ho! ho! ho! You don't! don't you. — Then I will tell you. — His FOOT. — His FOOT, I say, was the first Thing ADAM set in his *Garden*. — But he could not keep it there. — No, no, no, no, no, no, he could not keep it there, for LUCIFER came behind him, tript up his HEELS, and trundled him out again NECK and SHOULDERS.

I'll tell you a *Secret*. — I say, I'll tell you a *Secret*, KNEES were made before ELBOWS. Aye, KNEES, I say, were made before ELBOWS, for the *Beasts* of the *Field* were made before MAN and they have no ELBOWS at all. — Therefore, down on your KNEES, down on your MARROW-BONES, and *Pray for Mercy*, else you will all be turned into *Beelzebub's* Under-Ground KITCHEN, to make *Bubble and Squeak* of your SOULS for the DEVIL'S DINNER. To avoid which,

————— Drop your MONEY at the Door,

And (when I please) I'll give it to the Poor.

Price ONE PENNY.

ACCOUNT

Of a most horrid, barbarous, and bloody

MURDER,

Committed by one *John Monsteuens* Esq; a *Cornish* Parliament Man upon his own Person, in cutting his Throat from Ear to Ear on *Thursday* the 19th. of *December*, at *Brown's Coffee-House* in *King-street, Westminster*.

Although the Crime of Self-Murder is imputed by several most eminent Divines of the Reformed Churches, a Sin against the Holy Ghost, as well as Presumption, of which two the former is rather the worse, as not having a possibility of Repenting, yet the most unaccountable Barbarity of destroying one's self is so predominant, that many Men of excellent Parts and Endowments are guilty of that dangerous Vice. As for Example, one *John Monsteuens*, Esq; and a worthy Member of the Borough of *Portsmouth*, alias *Westlow*, in the County of *Cornwall*, who being in Company on *Thursday* the 19th. of *December* with several Persons of Quality, and some Gentlemen of Note, who were likewise Members of Parliament as well as himself at *Mr. Brown's Coffee-House*, a Place of creditable Resort of most Gentlemen of good Behaviour, he coming down Stairs with several Gentlemen who invited him to take a Glass of Wine at a Tavern in *Westminster*, he took a sharp Razor out of his Pocket, and cut his Throat from Ear to Ear, at the Bottom of the Stairs, when the Maid of the House coming in with a Pound of fine Sugar, and seeing *Mr. Monsteuens* bleeding, she cry'd out to her Master, *Sir, Sir, the Gentleman is spewing Blood*; whereupon he came running down Stairs, with several other Company, where he found the Gentleman in a sad Condition, and carry'd him up, and the same Night a Party-Jury set upon him, but for more Satisfaction the whole Jury set on *Friday* the 20th. of *December*, and brought him in as a Person affected to Lunacy; but however, as being a Person of great Loyalty, he is a Person much lamented by all that knows him.

At the Sign of the Three Black-Birds in the Great-Minories, near Aldgate. Is Sold a never failing Ointment for the Gout, and Rheumatick Pains, although the Parties be reduced to their Crutches: Also a Cure for the Tooth-Ach without Drawing.

NAKED TRUTH.

Facile qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas. Virg.
Disciteque o miseri & causas cognoscite rerum. Pers.
Ad sanitatem gradus est primus novisse morbum. Eras.

NO Subject is more perplex than that of Trade, yet nothing is so naked and plain in sedate Thinking. All agree, that our chiefest Strength is in our Golden Fleece. Is it not obvious and plain, that in the Consumption of Callico's and Norwich-Stuffs, the Indians are employ'd by the former, and our own Poor, by the latter? If the same Persons that bought *Exeter-Serges* for Germany, discontinue that Practice, and export Callico's instead thereof, (as at this time is true in fact) it requires no depth of Thought to judge how this affects the Price of our Wool, and the Labour of the Poor.

I shall begin my Paper with the Reign of Queen *Elizabeth*, who by her Golden Fleece reduc'd the Exorbitant Power of Spain. By the stop of our Wool from Exportation, she brought into this Kingdom vast Numbers of *Flemmings*, who work'd our Wool in *Flanders*, and thereby very much sunk that Trade, which was the chief Strength of King *Philip*, and as much advanc'd her own Kingdom.

The Duke of *Roan*, in his Treatise of the *Interests of all Christendom*, tells us, that *France* and *Spain* were the two Poles of *Christendom*; but yet allows, that Queen *Elizabeth*, by the Improvement of Commerce, did almost Equal either, and that thereby she had advanc'd a third Puissance.

The Dutch Historian tells us, that she incroach'd upon the *Hanse Towns*, by advancing her Trade up the *Baltick*; She added *Germany* to the Charter of her Merchants trading to *Zeland*, *Brabant*, and *Flanders*, and gave them the Title of *Merchant-Adventurers of England*; and this Company shipp'd off Eighty Thousand Cloths, *communibus annis*, and the value of Fifty Thousand in Cottons and Kersies; allowing three Cottons to one Cloth, as Sir *Walter Rawleigh* tells us.

King *James* the First took different Measures, and gave Liberty to Export our Wool, paying a Duty; which Law remain'd his whole Reign, and the Reign of his Son, King *Charles* the First; by which means the Cloth-Trade sunk very much, and the Nation grew uneasy.

The Parliament, in *Oliver's* time, made an Ordinance to support the Merchant-Adventurers of *England*, and came to this Resolution, in a full debate of Trade, That the Woollen-Manufactures of this Kingdom could not be issued out to the Benefit of the Nation, but by Rule and Government in Trade. And *Oliver* put out a Proclamation to support the Charter of the aforesaid Merchants, changing their Residence in *Holland* from *Delph* to *Dort*, and maintain'd their Privileges: Which gave great Encouragement to Trade, and was indeed his chief Support in so slippery a Station.

King *Charles* the Second, for Security, fled first into *France*, and by a special Messenger from *Oliver*, was removed thence; notwithstanding which, the King of *France* being an aspiring Prince, doubtless made use of so great an opportunity to establish his Interest with that Prince in his Exile, as seems plain in the Consequence of Affairs.

At the Restoration of King *Charles*, a good Law was made to prevent the Exportation of our Wool. In 1663. it was made Felony to all Persons that should be any way aiding or assisting in the Exportation of Wool; which Law subsisted Thirty-four Years, and never one Person suffer'd by the said Act; during which time, *France* had as much Wool from hence as his occasions requir'd: The *Review* tells us, he had 167000 Packs in one Year.

In the Year 1663. the Charter of the Merchant-Adventurers of *England* was broke, and the Factories in *Flanders* and *Holland*, which had been establish'd by *Oliver*, were soon overthrown, to make way for the King of *France's* Designs, in establishing his Woollen-Manufactures. In the Year 1664. the King of *France* establish'd his Tariff of 40 Livers upon each English-Cloth of 31 Yards. And in the Year 1665. he set up the making of Broad-Cloth at *Abbeville*, in the Province of *Pickardy*, by the help of one *Josias van Robay*, a *Flanderkin*, who was expert in the Manufacture. The King lent him gratis, for Ten Years, Two Thousand Livers for each Loom that he should set up in three Years time, which he soon advanc'd to Forty, and had Eighty Thousand Livers. He succeeded so well in this design, that in the Year 1667. he advanc'd the Custom to 80 Livers upon all English-Cloth; and in ten Years after to 120 Livers.

In the 25th Year of King *Charles* the Second, a Law was made in *England*, very much in favour of *France*, that took off Aliens Duties from our Woollen Manufactures exported, (a fatal Law to the Merchandize and Navigation of this Kingdom.) *France*, notwithstanding the benefit of our Wool, never came to make *Colchester* and *Rocking Bays*, which were the chief Merchandize to *Spain* and the *West-Indies*. And the Spanish Trade having no other guard than their Aliens Duties, the French Merchant here, with the Money arising out of his Black Silks, Linens, Brandy, &c. could invest the same in *Colchester-Bays*, &c. and send them directly to *Spain*, to join his Linens, and other Products of *France*, and thereby had a more compleat Sortment of Goods, than any other Merchant, and could make profitable Returns to *France* in Pieces of Eight, Spanish Wool, Cutchineel, &c.

Fashions alter'd very much in *England*, and were govern'd too much in favour of *France*. The laudable Wear of Hats was chang'd into Hoods made with French Silk, and every Servant Maid in *England* became a standing Revenue to the Crown of *France*, with a quarter part of her Wages, which is still carry'd on; and from these Advantages in Trade sprang up the Exorbitant Power of *France*, which hath cost this Kingdom, and indeed *Christendom*, so much Blood and Treasure: A good Judgment was over-power'd by Natural Inclination, *Trabit sua quemque voluptas* — *Metra e Galiâ instructa* — and the whole Misfortune may be fairly plac'd to the account of 41.

At the Revolution, a Law pass'd, which destroy'd the Charter of the Merchant-Adventurers, and in great Measure our *British* Merchandize and Navigation, and let *Holland* into our very Bowels. It was a Noble Saying of the Duke of *Roan*, That *England* was a mighty Animal, that would never die, unless it kills it self. And in the six first Years of this Reign, greater quantities of Wool were shipp'd to *Holland*, than we had at any time before, and our Cloth-Trade sunk to a lower Ebb. Printed Tickets were given about in *Holland*, to give notice, that One Thousand Packs of English Wool were to be sold at a publick Sale.

In the 7th and 8th of King *William* and Queen *Mary*, a Law was happily made, which repeal'd the Felony, and laid a Penalty upon the Hundred, (as in the case of Robbery) which was so well executed at that time, that our Woollen Manufacturers had Work to the full, and the French and Dutch Manufacturers came to a full stop. The Dutch apply'd themselves to the States General, to put a stop to the Importation of English Cloth, demonstrating that 10000 Families

families were ready to starve, in the Cities of *Leiden*
 and *Harlem*, for want of Work; and the *Flanders*
 did at the same time put a stop to our Cloth
 upon the same Reason; which being not obtain'd in
Holland, they came with their Utensils into *England*,
 and are here at this time, working up that Wool
 which was formerly carry'd into *France* and *Holland*;
 and by their Habits now, and then, they seem to
 have made no bad exchange. And to do Justice to
 all, I must allow, that Improvements have been made
 in some particulars by their coming over.

These things being undeniable Matters of Fact, the
 Consequences from this must be plain; That our fo-
 reign Markets are mended, as of late hath been shewn,
 by the Ten last Years Exportation, compar'd with
 the Ten former, to *Turky*, *Lyvonia*, *Lisbon*, and in par-
 ticular to *Russia*, from Six Ships to Sixty; which could
 be no way influenc'd by French Silks. And in the
 Year 1699. the French King, of his own accord, re-
 duc'd his Custom from 120 to 55 Livers. So that
 these Matters seem Face to Face to answer each other
 in Fact and Time, and the Proof hereof may be easily
 made good, by taking a Ballance of our Exportation
 in the Year 1696. compar'd with the Exportation in
 the Year 1711. which I believe is above a Million in
 our favour. And this Increase upon one hand, and
 Decrease upon the other, hath enabled her Majesty
 (by the Blessing of Heaven) to reduce the Exorbitant
 Power of *France*, by the same measures that *Queen*
Elizabeth reduc'd the Exorbitant Power of *Spain*.

I doubt not but *France* hath been supplied with
 considerable quantities of *British* Cloth by *Holland*
 during these Wars; and much of our Cloth sent by
Holland and *France* to *Turky*, and other Markets, and
 sold for their own Cloth; considerable quantities of
 Cloth being at this time made in *Great Britain*, with
 particular Lifts, in Imitation of Dutch Cloth, and
 mark'd with Dutch Marks by their Order. We can
 be under no reasonable Apprehensions of a worse
 Trade by a Peace with *France*, if we secure our Wool

no better than we have done; and it's very unlikely
 that from *Friendship* we should come to *Fondness*,
 and split our Interest the second time upon the same
 Rock.

To prevent the Importation of wrought Manu-
 factures, we must return to the Rules of our An-
 cestors, in strict Prohibitions, viz. Wrought Silks,
 Woollen Cloths, Laces, Ribbands, Fringes of Silk,
 Silk any way Embroider'd, Laces of Gold, or Silk
 and Gold, &c. as by 3 *Edw. 4* 1 *Hen. 7*.

As to French Linens, great Regard ought to be
 had, that they pay as high Duties as German Linens,
 in all its Species, the latter being the effects of our
 Woollen Manufactures. Also the state of the Coin in
France is matter of Consideration: The Earl of *Le-*
chester, in the Reign of *Queen Elizabeth*, did go over
 to settle that Affair in the *Low Countries*.

As to our *Greenland* Fishing, I believe we are at more
 latitude to fish, than we have Merchants and Ships
 to catch the Fish; as it was in catching of Whales.
 So great Advantage hath of late Years been made
 by Fishing at Land, that most of our Merchants are
 become Exchequer Gentlemen, Governors and Di-
 rectors of Banks, Companies, &c.

As to Wine; was the vast Importation discourag'd,
 by limiting it to a low Price, as by the Statute of
 7 *Edw. 6*. I believe it would more conduce to the
 Benefit of the Publick. And here I must speak the
 Naked Truth, & loquitur lachrimis, that Eight parts
 in Ten of the Merchandize of our Woollen Manu-
 factures is at this time in the hands of Dutch and
 Foreign Merchants, who hereby command the Ma-
 kers, not only in petitioning as they think fit, but
 in choosing such Members as they direct: And whilst
 Trade is in this Channel, there seems little hopes
 that the Price of Wool should advance, or our Poor
 be relieved. And this being the State of our Mer-
 chandize in the Reign of *Henry* the Seventh, that
 prudent Prince turn'd the Tables from Stock-Jobbing
 to Merchandizing.

The Naked Truth.

C. 161. f. 2 (82)

T O T H E
D U K E
O N H I S
R E T U R N.

Written by *NAT. LEE.*

C O M E then at last, while anxious Nations weep,
Three Kingdoms stak't ! too pretious for the deep.
Too pretious sure, for when the Trump of fame
Did with a direfull sound your Wrack proclaim,
Your danger and your doubtfull safety shown,
It damp't the Genius, and it Shook the Throne.
Your Helm may now the Sea-born Goddess take,
And soft *Favonius* safe your passage make.
Strong, and auspicious, bee the Stars that reign,
The day you launch, and *Nereus* sweep the Main.
Neptune aloft, scow'r all the Storms before,
And following *Tritons*, wind you to the Shore ;
While on the Beach, like Billows of the Land,
In bending Crowds the Loyal English stand :
Come then, tho' late, your right receive at last ;
Which Heaven preserv'd, in spite of Fortunes blast,
Accept those hearts, that Offer on the Strand ;
The better half of this divided Land.
Venting their honest Souls in tears of Joy,
They rave, and beg you wou'd their lives employ ,
Shouting your sacred name, they drive the air,
And fill your Canvas Wings with gales of prayer.
Come then I hear three Nations shout agen,
And, next our *Charles*, in every bosome reign ;
Heaven's darling Charge, the care of regal stars,
Pledge of our Peace, and Triumph of our Wars.

Heav'n

Heav'n eccho's Come, but come not Sir alone,
 Bring the bright pregnant Blessing of the Throne.
 And if in Poets charms be force or skill,
 We charge you, O ye Waves, and Winds be still,
 Soft as a failing Goddess bring her home,
 With the expected Prince that loads her Womb, }
 Joy of this Age and Heir of that to come.
 Next her the Virgin Princess shines from far,
Aurora that, and this the Morning Star.
 Hail then, all hail, They land in *Charles* Armes,
 While his large Breast, the Nation's Angel warms.
 Tears from his Cheeks with manly mildness roul,
 Then dearly grasps the treasure of his Soul:
 Hangs on his Neck, and feeds upon his form,
 Calls him his Calm, after a tedious Storm.
 O Brother! He cou'd say no more, and then,
 With heaving Passion clasp'd him close again.
 How oft he cry'd have I thy absence mourn'd,
 But 'tis enough Thou art at last return'd:
 Said I return'd! O never more to part,
 Nor draw the vital warmth from *Charles* his heart.
 Once more, O Heav'n, I shall his Vertue prove,
 His Council, Conduct, and unshaken Love.
 My People too at last their Errour see,
 And make their Sovereign blest in loving Thee.
 Not but there is a stiff-neck'd-harden'd Crew
 That give not *Cæsar*, no nor God his due.
 Reprobate Traytors, Tyrants of their Own,
 Yet Grudge to see their Monarch in his Throne.
 Their stubborn Souls with brass Rebellion barr'd,
 Desert the Laws, and Crimes with Treason guard.
 Whom I — but there he stop'd, and cry'd 'tis past,
 Pity's no more, this warning be their last;
 Then sighing fald, my Soul's dear purchas'd rest,
 Welcome, Oh welcome, to my longing Brest:
 Why should I waste a tear while thou art by,
 To all extreams of Friendship let us fly,
 Disdain the factious Crowd that wou'd rebell }
 And mourn the Men that durst in death-excell,
 Their Fates were Glorious since for thee they fell.
 And as a Prince has right his Arms to well'd,
 When stubborn Rebels force him to the Field;
 So for the Loyal, who their Lives lay down,
 He dares to Hazard both his Life and Crown.

P I N I S

Printed for J. Tonson, at the Judge's Head in Chancery-lane, 1682.

A
H U E and C R Y
A F T E R
Beauty and Virtue.

WHere are you fled ? I've sought in every Street,
But can no *Beauty* nor no *Virtue* meet :
I've sought both Hills and Dales, but all in vain,
Sure they're transported o're the *British* Main.
True *Beauty's* lost, or cover'd o're with Paint,
I find a *hundred Whores* for every *Saint* ;
I know not where to ask, nor to what place
To run to find a True Bred *English* Face ;
The *Spanish* Paint, and the *French* Patches now
Do over-spread the *Chin*, the *Cheek*, the *Brow* ;
Beauty's besmear'd, for every little Jade
Doth make another *Face* than *Nature* made.
Those that were born with a fresh *Countrey* hue,
By *Paint* have lost it ; Give the Devil his due.
Whoring and *Painting* flourish now so well,
We hardly know where *Honest Women* dwell :
Virtue is out of *Fashion* ; she's a *Saint*
That can with Art and Skill Sing, *Whore*, and *Paint*.
Every *Apprentice* Cod-piece almost itches
To run a-tilt at those polluted *Bitches* :
They are such Hair-brain'd Coxcombs, Idle Fops,
That they regard no Masters, nor no *Sho*es,
Whilst these bewitching *Charms* appear in sight,
Who with false *Jewels*, and false *Face*, shine bright.
Gone are the *Golden* dayes, when the *Chief Whore*
Was with *Disdain*, flung in the *Common* *Shore*.

Few *Rosamonds* are poyson'd now: we find
 All sorts of People to a *Whore* prove kind.
 They ought to be abhorr'd, as the worst Fates,
 Like *Moths*, they waste both Bodies and Estates:
 They bring on us worse than *Ægyptian* curses,
 They waste our Credits, and consume our Purfes:
 Yet we, fond men, are such bewitched Fools,
 We spend our time onely in *Venus* Schools;
 We run our brittle Ships against those Rocks,
 As if we long'd to slave them with the Pox,
 Whilst we thus Vicious are, it is not strange
 That we from *Beauty* and from *Virtue* range:
 Curse on those cursed *Charms*, that like old *Eve*,
 Draw *Cullies* on, with Apples in their sleeve.
 A painted, patched face I count the Charmes
 That draw so many *Cullies* to their Arms.
 Fine *Feathers* make fine *Birds*, we're wont to cry,
 Would they lay *Patches*, *Perfumes*, and *Painting* by,
 They would be far more comely to the Eye.
 Loath and abhor them, for their base Design
 Is both to Damn your Soul, and Sink your Coyn.
 As *Rosamond*, or as *Jane Shore*, go serve them,
 Keep back your *Coin*, and you'll be sure to starve them.
 They will not *Work*, they covet to be *Idle*;
 Learn to be *Honest*, let them bite o'th' Bridle:
 Such filthy Vermin do deserve no pity,
 But Want and Hunger, both in Town and City.
 Brand them like *Cain*, let *Whores* wear *Whorish* marks,
 Wee'll know them then in *Streets* as well as *Parks*.
 Thus shall our *Land* be happy, *You* be blest,
 And *Whores* have neither *Coin*, nor *Food*, nor *Rest*.

F I N I S.

CASE

OF THE

Transport-Ships, taken up in the Years 1689, 1690, and 1691, for the *REDUCTION* of *IRELAND*. Humbly offered to the High Court of

PARLIAMENT.

WHEREAS an Act passed the last Session of Parliament, Entituled, *An Act for Granting to His Majesty several Additional Duties upon Coffee, Tea, &c. towards Satisfaction of the Debts due for Transport Service, for the Reduction of Ireland; which Act was to Continue but for Three Years, at Five Pounds per Cent per Annum Interest.*

And the said *Fund* being only given for Three Years, it hath so far Lessened the Value of the said Debt, as that those many Poor People, in the fundry Sea-Ports all round this Kingdom, who are concerned therein, can obtain very little or no Credit thereon.

And many of them being Widows, and Fatherless Children, who, for want of what hath been so long their just due, are rendered real Objects of the Pity and Compassion of this Honourable House :

It is therefore Humbly Pray'd (for the better Relief of the Persons concerned in the said Debt) That it may be Enacted, That the Duties arising by the said Act, may be continued in Force for Payment of the Interest of the said Debt, until the Principal shall be provided for by the Parliament.

THE
C A S E
OF THE
Transport-Ships for the
Reduction of IRELAND.

Strange and wonderful

NEW S

FROM

BORTON,

Near the City of

CANTERBURY

In the County of

KENT,

Of a Sad and Dreadful Account of a Barbarous and Bloody Murther, Committed by one *John Jones* of *Monmouth-shire*, upon the Person of a *Jew* (after many pretensions of Friendship) with his own Knife in a most inhumane Manner, on the 24 of *Jul*, 1686. with all the Material Circumstances that attended the Wicked Act, and Manner of seizing the Murthrer with many other Matters relating to his own Confession before the Justice, and of some Papers that were found about the Murthered Party: Attested by Persons of Worth and Known Integrity, as it appeared upon Examination.

Amongst the many Murthers Committed by Wicked and Bloody minded Persons, none have of late been known more Barbarous, nor proceeded from a higher degree of Ingratitude, than what I shall Impartially Relate, (as it is attested by Persons of Worth and known Integrity) which take as followeth.

About the Latter End of *June* last, as appears by a Passport; since found, one *John Jones*, a Native of *Monmouth-shire*; took Shipping at *Newport* with a *Jew* and came for *England*, where Arriving the first Instant; they Landed at *Dover*: But it not appearing that *Jones* had any Money to defray his Charges, the *Jew* who had (as is conjectured) proved kind to him, desired him now to be his Conductor and Interpreter, as being in all likelihood unacquainted with the Country, who readily accepting the offer, they came in the Evening to *Canterbury*, and took up their Lodging for that Night, at the sign of the *Three Mariners* in *St. Dunstons* Parish, near the said City, and departed early the next Morning for *London*, insomuch, that about Eight of the Clock they reached *Byrton*, where at the House of one *Mr. Hems*, being the sign of the *Anchor*, they Break-fasted on a Dish of *Steaks*, and there the *Jew* bore *Jones's* Charges, by defraying the Reckoning, &c. and so departed in order to prosecute their Journey: But so it unfortunately happened, that the *Jew* having left his Knife behind him, desired *Jones* to bring it after him, which he accordingly did, securing it for him, as he farther required, &c. it being one of those desperate ones, the *Dutchmen* commonly call *Snickersnee*, &c.

With the Knife mentioned, as they were passing along the Road, *Jones* came on the Right-side of the *Jew* who was altogether unarmed, and in probability

bability, ignorant of what was intended) and without any Provocation, suddenly struck him under the Pap, upon which, the *Jew* finding himself Assaulted and his Life in Danger, struggled with him to wrest the Knife from him, so that he fastened one Hand upon it, and the other in his Hair; but *Jones* having the advantage, drew the Knife through his Hand so violently that it Cut him to the Bone, and with a Reverse Stab'd him on the Left-side, and then perieving him Faint and stagger he pressed upon him, and over-powering him by main strength Cut his Throat, and cast the Bloody Knife with which he had Committed the Fact into an adjacent Field, after which, he fell to Riffling the Dead Body; but observing a Coach coming at a distance, he brushed with what Pillage he had gotten through the next Hedge into a Field, and passed on about two Fields distance from the Road, where opening the *Jew's* Bundle under a Hedge, he found in it a clean Shirt, which he put on, and with his own foul one, wiped the Blood from his Cloaths, &c. and there continued about the space of two Hours a drying it, and then made off the next way in order to Escape; but coming to a certain House, and seeing a Man at Work there, either Thatching or Tyling, he was surprized and betook himself to another way, following a small Path, which lead him to a place called *Stone Stairs* near *Feversham*, where he was met by two Gentlemen, who hearing of the Murther so newly Committed, were in search of the Murtherer, and looking upon this *Jones* as a suspicious person, demanded from whence he came, who answered from *Canterbury*; then they told him he was out of his Road, and farther said, that they finding a man Murthered did suspect him to be the Murtherer, &c. and so seizing on him, they brought him back to *Canterbury*, where he was Examined before Capt. *Joseph Roberts*, one of His Majesties Justices of the Peace, &c. before whom he would not Confess the matter of Fact, but alledged that he saw the person murther himself, and so he took that by-way for fear he should be suspected; but that being altogether improbable in relation to the manner of the Wounds given. and other Suspitions rendring his Guilt more apparent; he was at that time Committed to the Common Goal where the next Day he Confessed the Fact much in the manner as has been related to Dr. *De Prez.* and Dr. *Key*, worthy Divines living in *Canterbury*, who Signed this Relation, &c. and farther, *Jones* said that the Devil put it into his mind to do the Murther not above an Hour before he Committed it; and so I leave him to receive the Reward of his Crime, by the Just Punishment of the Law.

As for the Party Murthered, there were found about him Papers in *Hebrew*, which being Translated at the Request of some Gentlemen, by a Reverend Doctor of Divinity; they appeared to be Scripture Texts, taken out of *Exodus* and *Deutrinomy*: One containing the 13 Chap. of *Exodus* to the 16 Verse, another the 6 Chap. of *Deutrinomy*, from Verse 4, to Verse 10. and a third the 11 Chap. of *Deut.* from Verse 13 to Verse 22, and some other Papers that were likewise Translated by the same Hand. As for the Name of the *Jew* it is not as yet known, he being a Stranger.

This may be Printed, July the 16th. 1686. R. P.

L O N D O N; Printed for J. L. 1686.



M. Whitebread's CONTEMPLATIONS

During his Confinement in NEWGATE.

c. 161. f. 2 (86)

To a Soul in the Body.

Poor Soul, what mak'st thou here? is this the place,
Thou wert design'd for? sure the Noble Race
Thou art descended from, may well require
Better accommodation; and aspire,
To greater matters, than immur'd to stay,
Under a mouldy roof of dirt and clay:
Where thy employment's like to be,
To hear, to smell, to touch, to tast, to see,
Things wholly succouring of flesh and blood;
And are with Beasts, and Birds, a common good.
Mean while thine own good parts are down'd and lost,
To serve the Humours of a peevish Host.
Nor shalt thou please him long with all thy care,
And diligence. For e're thou art aware;
He'll change into a thousand forms and shapes,
And put as many humours on; as Apes
Make mouths and mops: now he's for this, now that,
Nor shalt thou eas'ly know, what he'll be at
Next moment, or next hour. One day he's well,
Another sick to death; so fierce, so fell:
That nothing can content him. Nothings right;
He quarrels with the day, rails at the Night.
As if they were the Authors of his ill,
And bound to come, and go at his fond will.
There's nothing now to do, but weep and mourn,
As if he were a creature quite forelorn;
Destin'd without Reprive for Grave or Urn:
But possibly e're long the Tide may turn.
And he from discontented, sick, and sad;
May pleasant be, Joviall and half mad.
'Tis as the humour flows, now cold, now hot,
Now moist, now dry. But still 'twill be thy lot
To wait upon him, and in all his wild
Exotick moods, to tend him as a child:
Caressing, soothing, using all the skill,
A Nurse employs to keep her Baby still.
It moves my heart to pity, when I see
Thy understanding, Will, and Memory,
(Parts fit to place thee on a Regal Throne)
Thus undervalu'd; and thou scarce to own
Thy great misfortune: but seem'st to rejoyce
As in a thing contriv'd by thy own choice.
But look to't well, for trust me time will come,
When he for all thy kindness, and in room
Of all thy service, will serve thee a trick,
And leave thee nothing but his bones to pick,
From whence thou scarce shalt gather, wherewithall
To satisfy his debts; which then will fall
To thy lot to discharge, as having bin
His constant partner, and his next of kin.
Nor shall he so escape. For he must know
That though he sculks in Grotts, and Caves, as low
As Earth's deep center, 'twill him not avail,
He must appear without mainprize or bail.
And answer to th' Action, which will be
A desp'rate bus'ness both for him and thee,
For as y're jointly bound Body and Soul;
You both are answerable for the whole.
Rouze up thy self then, and without delay,
Shew him his danger, teach him to obey
Thy just Commands: Make use of spur and rain,
And if thou dost perceive, that he again
Would break loose from thee, hold a stricter hand;
Rebuke, perswade: But quit not thy Command.
And above all remember thy descent,
Make him too capable of the intent,
Of his, and thy great Maker, to bestow
Much nobler things, and greater, than this low
And abject State of Life, you now do lead,
Can promise. Tell him, he must learn to reade
His better fortune in the Starry Globe
Of Heaven, where he a rich and precious Robe,
Of Glory shall receive; if he prove true
To God, and Conscience, to himself and you.
Deal with him so, that he oft casts an eye
Up to that seat of Bliss, where he'll descry,
Things worthy of his hopes, and find desire
And love enflam'd with a celestial fire:
So that when e're he will, or must return,
To treat again with Earth, he'll kick and spurn,
And what he lately did so much admire,
And dote upon, and soon again retire (treat,
To those great thoughts, wherewith Heaven did him
And oft with tears and amorous sighs repeat:

Base World, vild Earth, how I thee do despise!
When up to Heavens bright Sphere, I cast mine eyes.

SOLITUDE.

Dear Solitude, 'tis thou I see alone,
Restor'st Men to their wits, to thee we own
Our selves deep debtors. We had half forgot,
That we were men, till 'twas our happy lot
To light on thee. Now free from those fond toys
That everlasting bustle, endless noise,
The busy World engag'd us in we finde,
We had something else to do, something to minde,
Imports us more, than we as yet perchance,
Had thought well on: Our Life was not a trance?
A waking dream, a spice of the disease
On Brain-sick Lunaticks is wont to seize:
Flattering their fancies, causing them to take
Themselves for Kings, Queens, Princes, and to make
Their brags and boasts of strange and mighty matters;
Swearing they're richly clad, though all in tatters:
But rags are Robes with them, Joyn'd stools a Throne;
Sticks Scepters are, and scarce half caps a Crown.
Their wooden dish pure Gold; their bed of straw
Embroider'd Velvet: All they say's a Law.
Ay! this indeed is downright *Bedlam* mad,
'Tis very true, and if perchance y'had had
The time and leasure Solitude affords;
Long since y'had found the deeds (if not the words)
Of most Mens Lives, to speak them little less;
Than those now mention'd, and their Happiness
As little real, with this onely difference,
That these in number those exceed, and hence
By vote 'tis carry'd; these are wise and those
Fit guests for *Bedlam*: though (under the Rose)
These quite as Mad are in another kind,
As viewing but what passes, you shall finde.
Mark their designs, pretentions, pursuits, Aims,
At such mean things, as only bear the Names
Of reall goods; but are no more the things,
They go for, than the Players Acting Kings,
Are reall Sovereigns: 'Tis from fancy that,
Most things their value take. From whence or what,
Is Gold, that it so great esteem should have?
'Tis but a yellow Clay. Yet Lord and slave,
To it must homage give, and half adore:
And he that has thereof the greatest store,
Is held the greatest, the best Man; whereas
He's still but dust, and Gold but dirt as 'twas.

JEWELS.

What Bibles that? Why don't you see or have,
Its Sun-bright beams dazeld your sight? then save
Your pains and eyes, and look else where: But know
To this a Prince his Liberty may owe.
Sweet Sir, your pardon, but pray is it not
A Pibble still? or has it lately got
Some strange Enchanting Virtue? to cut glas
Is that alone for which it famous was,
If that be all, though it shine ne're so bright,
Y're rul'd by fancy, not by reasons Light.

BUILDINGS.

See yonder Noble Structure, which e're while
A *Chaos* was, now 'tis a stately pile;
Where *Greece*, where *Rome*, where *England*, all its Art
Engag'd has, besides kind Natures part
Of choice materials, Marble, best Free-stone,
And things great and rich, as you will own,
But that's of all, the least considerable:
The Art, Contrivance, Symmetry is able,
To raise wonder in the very stones. And
Pray good Sir stop a little, hold your hand.
After this fair recitall, after all
You have or can say, touching this you call
A stately Noble Structure is't not still,
A heap of Stones and Morter? by the skill
Of cunning Workman cimented together;
T'enhance the grand design, 'gainst Wind and Weather.
For there are those, who will not stick to say,
A close thatch'd Roof, and Wall well dawb'd with clay,
Your first design, and chief end will fulfill
As well, and as compleatly, as all the skill,

Which crafty Artist doth employ intending,
T'enrich himself by your vain needlesse spending.
Leaving't in doubt too, where the Italian curse
Shall fall upon your head, or empty purse.

To Death.

Death, th'art welcome. For though thou art a Thief,
Instead of Robbing, I expect relief,
From thy kind hand, 'tis long since I have found
Thou steal'st upon me, and dost still get ground.
So that I see, there's little hopes by flight,
T'avoid thy pursuit. And although I might,
There is so little comfort in the way,
I still must keep, that I had rather stay
Expecting thy last stroke; than thus remain
In such a dying Life, where such a train
Of miseries, such cares, wants, griefs succeed,
The one the other dayly; that 'twere need,
To have a heart of Brasse, and Breast of steel,
To bear the cruel brunt. And now the Wheel
Is set a running, 'twill scarce stop its course;
'Till it has hurri'd all from bad, to worse.
So 'tis, and so 'twill be. But, pray, good Death,
Lets make a friendly truce, before my breath
Has quite forsaken me. I find, I have
A little work to do; for which I crave
Some short forbearance. It cannot be long
My cares, my years, now coming in full throng,
Upon my drooping Soul. And first of all,
Provision should be made against the call
Of the Almighty; for a strick account
Of thoughts, words, actions, which must needs amount
To a vast summe: O, what a fearful charge
Will then be brought against me! not at large.
But where each minute thing, each circumstance
Shall be produc'd, and what e're may enhance
Sinns direfull malice, Mercy then no more
Shall act her part: but justice on the score
Of things irrevocably done and past;
Shall give the Sentence: and we then our last,
And endless doom receive. Now this is that,
I crave some respite for. For though't be what
I have long labour'd in, striving to frame
My Conscience so, that it might without blame
Appear before his eyes, who searches all
The close Recesses of mans Heart: yet shall
I gladly once more make a strict review
Of what is past; and in my Soul renew
That just Repentment; which at other times
I seem t'have entertain'd against my crimes;
Detesting them, and willing that my blood,
Joyn'd, and in union with that precious flood;
Which from my Saviours sacred wounds did flow,
May wash my sinful Soul, and cleanse it so;
That when before my great Judge I appear,
Well manag'd Confidence may vanquish fear.
This is what I do project. But pray stay,
Take not my first word. For perchance I may
Repent me, and on second better thought
Resolve, forbearance may be too dear bought.
For as there's nothing I so much detest,
As sin: a thousand fears would me invest;
Least so unhappy I again should be,
As to offend my great good God. I see
The dangers are innumerable: The Nets
Are spread on every side: and he that gets
Well off from some, or most, is not secure:
Some crafty Syren him may yet allure,
And cast upon some desp'rat Shelve or Rock:
Which to avoid, may ask a greater stock
Of strength, and foresight, than my weakness dares
Presume upon. Hence day, and night, such fears,
And frights my trembling Soul, must needs oppress:
That life cannot be held a Happiness.
Then welcome Death, by thee I hope t'obtain
A better Being, and secure remain
From Sinn; that greatest, foulest, blackest Devil
The subt'lest Foe, the only dreadful evil:
Which can a generous Soul befall. The case
Thus then resolved is: that though the face
Of Death hath something harsh in't, yet the harms
Life still expos'd to, and the killing charmes
Of Sinn so numerous are; that to eschew
Such endless Hazards, 'tis best to renew
Our first Address, and chuse without Reply
Rather to dye, to live; than live to dye.

Dux bonis omnibus appellans.

THE

Swans Welcome

To His Royall Highness The

DUKE.

OR,

Some Remarks upon that Note-worthy Passage, mention'd in the True Domestic Intelligence, Dated Octob. 14. 1679. concerning a Company of Swans, more than ordinary gathered together, at his Royall Highness's Landing.

I Hope my *Flagellum Mercurii Antiducalis* hath given the World some satisfaction, as to my *Day-Fatality*, so much carp'd at by *Romes Packet*, Septemb. 5.) as also by the *Touch of the Times*: I shall onely say, That even the pure sincere *Cloak-party* themselves have taken notice of the *Fatality of Days*; (for page 367. of the *Memoires of the Lives and Actions of James and William Dukes of Hamilton*, says, *That the Rout of Duke Hamilton's Army was received with great joy by the Kirk-Party in Scotland, who Religiously observed, That the Division of the Duke's Army (which was its ruine) was upon the 17. of August, which was the day on which the Covenant was made, thence called by some, St. Covenants Day.*

But to my present matter.

I conclude my *Decastish*, in the *Fatality*, with this *English Version*,

*Great Duke, rejoice in this your day of Birth;
And may such Omens still increase your mirth.*

Since which Composition (which was *Anno 1677.*) some kind Omens have befall'n his *R. H.* as the 3. of *March's Dedications*, with (though derided by the *Time Toucher*) *St. Felix day*, (29 Day) observed by the Publisher of the *Royal Effigies*, and since recited by me in my late *Flagellum*.

And *St. Lucie's day*, memorably observed by the two eminent Brethren *St. Marshes*, in the Birth of *Henry le Grand*, King of France, sufficiently excuse, allow, and protect; the words are these, *He was born the 13 Octob. St. Lucies day, as if by a good Augury to be the Light and Ornament of the Princes of his time: A Day remarkable for the Winter Solstice, and esteem'd the most happy point of all Nativities.* Thus they.

2. The accident of the Swans accosting the Duke at his Landing.

That Birds, some are *Male-ominous*, some *Bene-ominous*, (ill or well boding) Authors give many instances, and I am able my self to particularise; I will onely mention three or four.

Charles (from his stature called the *Little*, a man of admirable Courage and Conduct) King of *Jerusalem* and *Hungaria*, and many other Provinces, had at his Coronation several ill Omens; amongst many others, a multitude of Crows seated themselves upon the Royal Palace; and immediately after his Coronation, he was traiterously and miserably massacred. See the fore-recited Authors, in their Genealogick History of the House of *France*.

Ovid, lib. 5. of his *Metam.* in his story of *Ascalaphus*, terms the Owl, *Ignavus Eubo dirum mortalibus Omen*. Lib. 6. he calls it, *Prophanus Eubo*; and says, It sate upon the Bride-bed of *Tereus* and *Progne*, fore-boding the un-luckiness of the Marriage. And * lib. 15. he terms it, *Stygus Eubo*.
Portents of
Caesars.

Tristia mille locis Stygius sedit omnia Bubo.

Look the Book of Martyrs, (*sub. H. 5.*) and you find the Pourtrait of the Council of *Constance*, and the ill-ominous Owl that appeared there, prodigiously presaging the Deposition of Pope *John* 24. But see *Camerarius*, p. 244. who elegantly relates the story, and highly praises the excellent Qualifications of the Pope.

Mellificium Historicum says, Two Eagles sate upon the Palace-top a whole day, when *Alexander* the Great was born, which the Sooth-sayers averr'd to portend the double Empire of *Europe* and *Asia*.

But let us see what Authors say of the candid Swan; all esteem him for a Bird-Royal, and oftentimes in Coats and Crests, we meet him either Crown'd, or Coronally Collar'd: And he was the Badge of several great *English* Princes, of which, anon.

Mr. *Guillim* (but indeed Dr. *Barkham*, as Mr. *Fuller* avers in his *Worthies*) says, He is a Bird of great Beauty, and Strength also; and this is reported of him, That he uses not his strength to prey or tyrannize over any other Fowl, but onely to be revenged of such as offer him wrong; in which case, says *Aristotle*, he often vanquishes the *Eagle*.

Tierius says, He signifies purity of mind; nay, *Apollo* himself.

Now in antient time he was consecrated to *Apollo*, *Apollo* signifying nothing else but the *Sun*, which is *Oculus & Luxe Mundi*, *Gen.* 1. 16, 17, 18. *Apollo* is sometimes called *Liber Pater*, a Liberal Father, (the Latin word bears that sense as well as others) and that is confirmed, *Deut.* 33. 14. Astrologers termed him, *Rex Planetarum*, and says, He gives Rule, Riches, and Honour, (is Significator of Emperors, Kings, Princes, &c.) The Swan is the Bird of the Sun, and also of his Royal Highness.

Martianus says, Shipmen take it for good luck, if in peril of Shipwrack they meet Swans. I hope the attendance of these Swans (the matter in hand) forebodes his *R. H.* happy deliverance from all his stormy, tempestuous, vexatious troubles.

Let us see what brave Princes have used this happy Bird (commended by *St. Ambrose*) for their Cognizance.

First, *Edward* 3. (a brave Prince as ever was, and concern'd in the Auspicious Fate of 14 *Octob.*) used it a Tournament, being embroider'd on his Shield and Surcoats with this Motto.

2. *Thomas of Woodstock*, Duke of *Gloucester*, used it continually. *John Gower*, that famous Poet, much bewails the murder of that excellent Prince; *Cygnus de corde Benignus*, oftentimes giving him the Epithet of *Swan*. See *Weaver*, 638.

A Swan, with a Coronet about his Neck, was one of the Supporters to King *Hen. 4.* (as Mr. *Sandford* in his *Gen. History*, 258.) A Prince of singular Valour and Clemency; for he refused not the Duels with *Tho. Mowbray*, Duke of *Norfolk*, (see *Stow*, anno 1378.) And secondly, He pardon'd *Owen Glendowry*, that had so damnably plagu'd him; (see *Stow*, anno 1401, 1402. *Bis.* 1403, 1404, 1405, &c.) at the request only of *David Holbeach* Esq; that was but a Servant of his own, and formerly Acquaintance of the said *Owens*, (*ibid.* 1404.

Certainly he was an admirable Prince, by that wise and honest Advice he gave his Son upon his Death-bed, (as *R. Brook*, p. 27.) viz. to minister the Laws indifferently, to ease the oppressed, to beware of Flatterers, not to defer Justice, nor to be sparing of Mercy. *Punish* (quoth he) *the Oppressors of thy People, so shalt thou obtain favour of God, and love of thy Subjects, who whilst they have wealth, so long shalt thou have obedience, but being made poor by Oppressions, will be ever ready for Rebellion.* But let me not forget, that before he came to be King, the Swan was his Badge, and was imbroider'd upon his Caparisons, when he entred the List aforesaid, against the famous Duke his Adversary, (as a Miss. given to the Heralds Office, by Sir *William Dugd.* Garter.

The Seat of *Cicely Nevill*, Dutches of *York*, (a little Woman, but famous among our Writers for her great Spirit) was supported by a Swan; (see Mr. *Sandford* *Laur. Herate*, p. 352.) She was Mother to *Edw. 4.* and *Rich. 3.* as also to *George*, Duke of *Clarence*, (Princes of great Valour and Wit.) She saw first her Husband and third Son slain: Secondly, She saw the two Princes her Grand-children, murder'd by their own Uncle, and her Son: Thirdly, She saw her said Son also slain. Yet bearing all these Crievarces with a most even and invincible mind, she lived to the 11th. of *Hen. 7.* admirably making good——*Mala sunt superanda ferendo.*

And such as these were the Princes of the *Swan*.

There was an Order of Knight-hood of the Swan in *Cleveland*, (as says *Savine*) who also affirms, the Princes of that House, have ever born that beautiful and generous Bird for their Devise, Crest and Supporters.

I need make but little Comment upon what hath been said. I have hinted before the generous Nature of the Swan, being like that of the heroick Lion; and he cannot but be the *Duke's* Bird. My advice is,

Desistant Ranae torvum irritare Leonem.
The Lion is by nature kind, though bold,
If that the Beasts themselves in duty hold.

Cygnus de Corde Benignus.

Ovid, lib. 2. tells us, That *Cycnus*, King of *Liguria*, grieving for his Kinsman *Phaeton*, was turned into a Swan, a Royal Bird then. And he describes his Nature thus,

Stagna petit, patulosq; lacus, ignemq; perosus.
Quæ colat elegit contraria flumina flammis.

Rivers and spreading lakes are his delight,
Which are to flames and fires quite opposite.

This Great Duke hath been Lord High Admiral of *Arragon*, and also of *England*, (*Maximus Marinus Maria petens*) hath had great Command upon the vast Lake of the World, (*viz.* the Sea.)

Astom. p. 119. He hath been *Immensi Tremor Oceani*, (as Sir *Tho. Higgens*, in his Excellent Ode, which henceforth I shall call *Swan-Song*, (imitating *Leland*.)

And as to that damned Reflexion, impos'd upon the World by a late Knave, (*Septemb. 5. Rome's Packet*) this Poet, by a divine prævious inspiration, long since hath foretold the contrary. And the divine Providence will in due time, (as in the case of *Joseph* and *Susanna*) confound the Faces of impudent and seditious Detractors.

A latter Motto (of King *Charles* of Blessed Memory) as upon his Royal Pourtraiture in his Book, and in several Churches may appear, was *Clarior è Tenebris*.

Even so his most Illustrious Son, *etenebrosis Calumniarum Cimmeriis, clarissimus, purissimus, ac Columba innocentissimus* (*ad instar Cygni candidissimus*) olim orietur.

Out of the black and dark Sullies of ignominious Calumniation he shall arise, clear as the Sun, innocent as the Dove, white as the candid Swan.

In my *Flagellum Mercurii Antiducalis*, I mention'd the evil Spirit that we read of, *Judges* 9. And I now add, his *R. H.* condition at present is like the Kingly *David's* (so much celebrated by the excellent Marquess *Virgilio Malvezzi*) *1 Sam. chap. 30. vers. 6. The people, &c.* But he comforts himself in the Lord his God, *Acquiescat & videbit salutem Domini, Isa. 52. 10.*

Ovid, lib. 7.
fab. 10.

FleBILE principium melior fortuna sequetur.

Since I had finish'd this, I heard of the Artillery's solemn and cordial Invitation to his *R. H.* to congratulate his happy Return.——The Duke was usher'd into the World with Medals, intimating the very Circumstance——*Mille Cohortes*, (see Mr. *Sandford*, p. 562.)

Neither am I now such an impertinent Wizzard, as *Rome's Packet*, *Sept. 5.* would make me; for I aver'd the Duke's Return would be accompanied with Joy and Feasting.

And it seems the Artillery Cohort begins it.

Great Duke, Thee safely home return'd we see,
Feastings and gladsom Healths intended be.
The Military Band make first their fair Address,
The Senators and Citizens must do no less.
Their *Swans* have shewn them what they ought to do,
They are *Apollo's* Birds, their love is true.

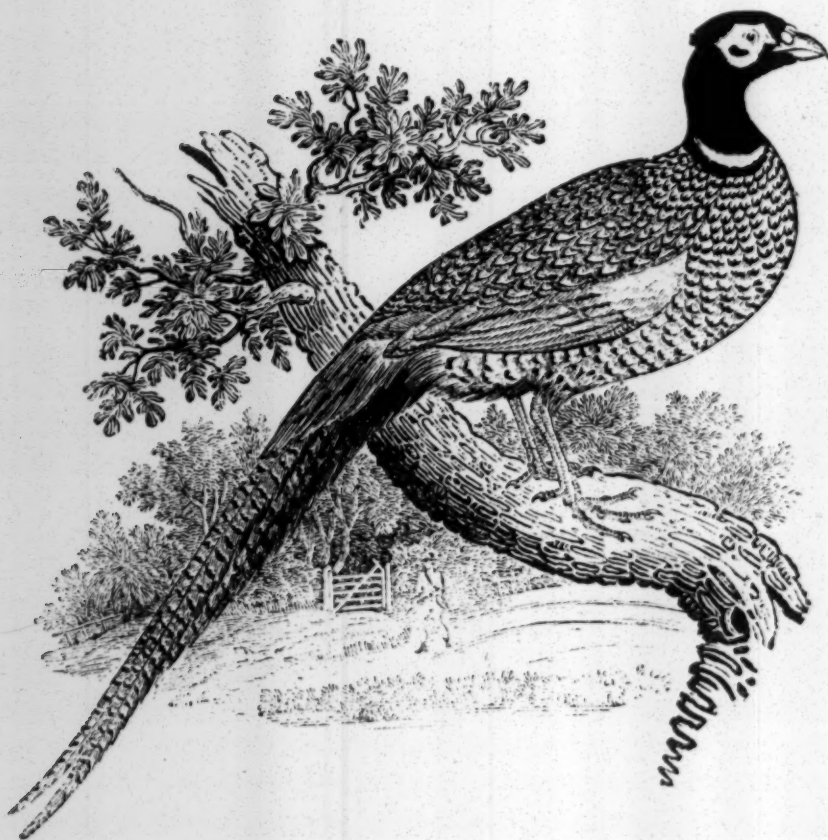
In my Fatality, I would have mention'd the good Omen of the Medal and Motto, (for I have it in my Notes) but I was afraid the capricious, malicious, Anti-Monarchical Crew, would have made malevolent Reflexions upon it, as tending to a standing Army, and gladiatory Government.

But providentially the suspicious Invitation intervening, I become bold and daring to publish it.

F I N I S.

5. 1. 1. 7. 2 (88)

HISTORY OF BRITISH BIRDS.



In a few Weeks will be published,
THE FIRST VOLUME OF THIS WORK,
The Figures engraved on Wood by T. BEWICK.

Wove Demy 10s. 6d.—Royal (hot-pressed) 13s.—Super-Royal 18s.—
And a few Impressions on Imperial Paper at One Guinea each.

Subscriptions are taken in by the Authors, BEILBY and BEWICK,
Newcastle upon Tyne; by G. G. and J. ROBINSON, London;
and by the principal Booksellers in England.

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by the principal Booksellers in England.

A True D. 190.
C. 161. f. 2 (89) 12
RELATION

O F

A Monstrous Female-Child,

With two Heads, four Eyes, four Ears, two Noses, two Mouths,
and four Arms, four Legs, and all things else proportiona-
bly, fixed to one Body.

Born about the 19 of May last, at a Village called *Ill-Brewers* near

TAUNTON DEAN

I N

Somerfet-shire.

LIKEWISE

A true and perfect Account of its form so prodigiously strange,
with several remarkable passages observed from it since its
Birth, so great and amazing, that the like has not been
known in many Ages: with many other Circumstances.



As it was faithfully Communicated in a Letter, by a person of worth, living in
Taunton-Dean, to a Gentleman here in *London*, and Attested by many hun-
dreds of no mean Rank; and well known to several Gentlemen in and about
L O N D O N.

L O N D O N, Printed by *D. Mallet*

A True
R E L A T I O N
 O F

A Monstrous Female-Child.

Born about the 6th of *May* last, at a Village near
Taunton-Dean in *Somerset-shire*. &c.

Wonderful are the Productions of Nature, and great-
 to be admired, providence that Rules the world
 and orders all below, has marked out various and
 sundry Forms and shapes not usual, nor Common, but such as
 may fill all persons with Astonishment, for who can hear and
 not be amazed at what we here intend for to relate, a thing so
 monstrous strange and wonderful, the like of which has not been
 heard of nor seen in many Ages past, viz. A Female Infant,
 or more properly two Females joyned in one, so much beyond
 the skill of Art to make a separation between; that all conclude
 them to be two distinct Bodies joyned so firmly in the Womb,
 Back to Back. It's first appearance in the World was about the
 6th Instant of *May*, after a long expectation, and a tedious Tra-
 vel, The groaning Mother was disburthened of the Monstrous
 Brth, whose frightful Apparition so amazed the several Assistants
 and Spectators, that starting back all pale, they knew not what
 to think, but long time stood doubtful in their wonder, e're they
 durst approach, supposing it more dreadful than it was, but after
 a more curious View, they found it was a human Creature, and
 bore the stamp (though in an unusual Form) of woman, so
 that taking heart, they animated each other so far, as to take it
 in their Arms, whilst with a double Voice it cried aloud, and
 found it in all proportions as followeth, viz. That it had two
 perfect

perfect heads, as large and as lively as any Children usually have at their Births; which were supported by two different Necks, which grow from the united Body or Bodies, two Female Faces, beautiful, fair, and of a pleasant Aspect; in which were plainly imprinted all the smiling Graces of well-promising Virgins; two rolling Eyes each Face contained, two Ears, both in their proper places. Upon each Noses and Mouths, of fit and proportionable Largeness, the Bodies joyning Back to Back, two Arms grew on one side and two on the other, with all their joynts as pliable and Active as tender strength could allow, at the end of each Arm a fair hand with Fingers, Thumbs, and all placed in due Order, having in all sixteen Fingers and four Thumbs; the breast-bones and Ribs divided from each other, so curious was Nature in perfecting the work, that it would not leave any thing out of Frame, the very Nipples though but small appearing a due number of Ribs and a panting Heart on each left side, so that all believe notwithstanding this wondrous Conjunction that it contains two dividual Sou's so wonderful are all the works of the omnipotent Creator, who formed us of Dust, and so can make tis as it best pleases him. But when the Infant or Infants, which you please, cry, their Voices or Cries are of the self same note, though 'tis seldome that both heads cry together. The Bodies being joyned, two Bellies do equally appear, with Navels, bowels and all other things requisite in Nature as Female-Privities, places of Evacuation and the like; so that there remains nothing in perfection to perfect two Females, only their strict conjunction in one, four Legs likewise are in order joyned and placed, leaving Toes and Feet proportionable to the great contemplation and amazement of many hundreds who daily flock thither to see the monstrous work of Nature, and admire so great a piece of curiosity during the time of the Mothers Travel she was so big and unwieldy, that all concluded that she would have two Children or Twins at that Birth; which observations and asseverations did not altogether fail, though it happened at a more strange rate than was expected, the Father of this duplicit or double infant, is as it is averred, no other than a poor honest laborious man and takes great pains for the Maintainance of himself and his Family being a Man of very honest Repute, and free from all aspersions of Vice or exorbitances, the which as to many of the censorious of this Age might have imputed the Cause

Cause of so strange an accident, yet not altogether to leave the Reader in an extasie of thought or admiration at this wonderful birth of nature and work of providence, there is several learned Historians that make mention of the like tho'tis very rare, for as it is recorded by a warrantable Author in his Book of Nature, of the like Birth that happened, and that the Children so joyned in the womb being brought forth did live for several years : being chearful and pleasant, endued with understanding and all other capacities incident to rational souls, and that they so continued, till one of them dying and by reason there could not be made a Section to separate the dead from the living without hazarding the *Life* of the remaining, he continued alive till the noisomeness of the deceased infected him, and thereby, and by no other Cause as could be conjectured he dyed. So may we see the wonders of the omnipotent God, and that we can or ought to do herein, is to adore his Divine Majesty, and with the Prophet say, *This is the Lords doing, and it is marvellous in our Eyes.*

The Age of Wonders :

To the Tune of *Chivy Chase*.

THE Year of Wonders is arriv'd,
The Devil has learnt to dance ;
The Church from Danger just retriev'd
By Help brought in from *France*.

Nature's run mad, and Madmen rule,
The World's turn'd upside down ;
Tumult puts in to keep the Peace,
And Popery the Crown.

In all the Ages of the World,
Such Wonders ne'er were seen ;
Papists cry out for th' *English* Church,
And Rabbles for the Queen.

The Pulpit thunders Death and War,
To heal the bleeding Nation ;
And sends Dissenters to the Dev'l,
To keep the Toleration.

The High-Church Clergy mounted high,
Like Sons of *Jebu* drive ;
And over true Religion ride,
To keep the Church alive.

The Furioso's of the Church
Come foremost like the Wind ;
And Moderation, out of Breath,
Comes trotting on behind.

The Realm, from Danger to secure,
To foreign Aid we cry ;
With Papists and Nonjurors join,
To keep out Popery.

King *William* on our Knees we curse,
And damn the Revolution ;
And to preserve the Nations Peace,
We study its Confusion.

With treacherous Heart and double Tongue,
Both Parties we adhere to ;
Pray for the Side we swear against,
And curse the Side we swear to.

To Heaven we for our Sov'reign pray,
And take the Abjuration ;
But take it *Hocus-Pocus* way,
With juggling Reservation.

Sachem'rel like, with double Face,
We Pray for our Defender ;
To good Queen *Anne* make vile Grimace,
But drink to the Pretender.

With Presbyterians we unite,
And Protestant Succession ;
But if the Devil came for both,
We'd give him free possession.

Our Scheme of Politicks is wise,
Good Lord ! that you'd but read it ;
'T pulls *Marlbro'* down, to beat the *French*,
And the Bank, to keep our Credit.

Because our Treasurer was just,
And House of Commons hearty ;
And neither wou'd betray their Trust,
Or sell us to a Party :

Our Business is, that neither may
Their Places long abide in ;

But get some chosen in their room,
As no man can confide in.

Who shall deserve your mighty Praise
For Fund, and eke for Loan ;
And may the Nation's Credit raise,
But never can their own :

Because declaring Rights to reign,
Our Parliaments have part in ;
We'll have the Queen that Claim disown,
For one that's more uncertain.

The Restoration to make plain,
That *Perkin* mayn't miscarry,
We've wisely wheedl'd up the Queen
To Right Hereditary.

The Dignity of Parliaments,
The stronger to imprint in 's ;
We hug the Priest who they condemn,
And ridicule their Sentence.

In order to discourage Mobs,
And keep the People quiet ;
The Rabblers we condemn for Form,
But not a Rogue shall die yet.

The Duke of *Marlborough* to requite,
For retrieving *English* Honour ;
His D — s shall have all the Spite
That Fools can put upon her.

For Battles fought, and Towns reduc'd,
And Popish Armies broken,
And that our *English* Gratitude
May t' future times be spoken :

While fighting for the Nation he
Looks Danger in the Face,
We strive to insult his Family,
And load him with Disgrace.

Because he's crown'd with Victory,
And all the People love him ;
We hate the Man for the Success,
And therefore will remove him.

And now we're stirring up the Mob
Against a new Election,
That Hig-Church Members may be chose
By our most wise Direction.

That Queens may Parliaments dissolve,
No doubt 'tis right and just ;
But we have found it out that now,
Because she may, she must.

The Bankrupt Nation to restore,
And pay the Millions lent ;
We'll at one dash wipe out the Score,
With Sponge of Parliament.

Then we can carry on the War,
With neither Fund or Debit ;
And Banks shall eat us up no more,
Upon pretence of Credit.

If not, we'll close with Terms of Peace,
Prescrib'd by *France* and *Rome* ;
That War, being hudled up Abroad,
May then break out at Home.



By the King,
A PROCLAMATION.

G E O R G E R.



HEREBY Our Parliament stands prorogued to Thursday the Fifth Day of this instant December, We, with the Advice of Our Privy Council, do hereby publish and declare, That the said Parliament shall be further prorogued on the said Fifth Day of this instant December, to Tuesday the Twenty first Day of January next ensuing: And We have given Order to Our Chancellor of Great Britain to prepare a Commission for proroguing the same accordingly. And We do hereby further declare Our Royal Will and Pleasure, That the said Parliament shall, on the said Twenty first Day of January next, be held, and sit for the Dispatch of divers weighty and important Affairs: And the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and the Knights, Citizens, and Burgeses, and the Commissioners for Shires and Burghs of the House of Commons, are hereby required to give their Attendance accordingly at Westminster, on the said Twenty first Day of January next.

Given at Our Court at St. James's the Fourth Day of December, 1728,
in the Second Year of Our Reign.

God save the King.

L O N D O N,

Printed by John Baskett, Printer to the King's most Excellent Majesty, 1728.



By the Queen, A PROCLAMATION.

A N N E R.



Whereas Our Parliament stands Prorogued to the Ninth Day of this Instant October, We, with the Advice of Our Privy-Council, do hereby Publish and Declare, That the said Parliament shall be further Prorogued on the said Ninth Day of this Instant October, to Tuesday the Thirteenth Day of November next ensuing: And We have given Order to Our Keeper of Our Great Seal of Great Britain to prepare a Commission for Proroguing the same accordingly.

And We do hereby further Declare Our Pleasure, That the said Parliament shall on the said Thirteenth Day of November be Held and Sit for the Dispatch of divers Weighty and Important Affairs. And the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and the Knights, Citizens and Burghesses, and the Commissioners for Shires and Burghs of the House of Commons, are hereby Required and Comanded to give their Attendance accordingly at Westminster on the said Thirteenth Day of November next ensuing.

Given at Our Court at *Windsor*, the Seventh Day of *October*, 1711.
In the Tenth Year of Our Reign.

God save the Queen.



By the King,
A PROCLAMATION.

G E O R G E R.



HEREBY Our Parliament stands prorogued to Tuesday the Fifth Day of December next; We, with the Advice of Our Privy Council, do hereby publish and declare, That the said Parliament shall be further prorogued on the said Fifth Day of December, to Tuesday the Sixteenth Day of January next ensuing; and We have given Order to Our Chancellor of Great Britain to prepare a Commission for proroguing the same accordingly. And We do hereby further declare Our Royal Will and Pleasure, That the said Parliament shall, on the said Sixteenth Day of January next, be held, and sit for the Dispatch of divers weighty and important Affairs: And the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and the Knights, Citizens, and Burgeses, and the Commissioners for Shires and Burghs of the House of Commons, are hereby required to give their Attendance accordingly at Westminster on the said Sixteenth Day of January next.

Given at Our Court at St. James's the Thirtieth Day of November, 1732,
in the Sixth Year of Our Reign.

God save the King.

L O N D O N,

Printed by *John Baskett*, Printer to the King's most Excellent Majesty. 1732.



M A R L O D G E.
WRITTEN BY ELIZABETH,
AUGUST 16, 1792.

OFT', at my merry stars command,
I've travelled over sea and land,
But have not seen, or near or far,
Ought like the beauteous Lodge of Mar.

I've view'd the fam'd Arcadian plains,
Which haunt the love-sick poet's brains;
But they must not be plac'd on par
With those around the Lodge of Mar.

I've seen the fam'd Olympus top
Where poets gather rhyming crop;
But that's a smaller mount by far,
Than that which crowns the Lodge of Mar.

I've seen the Tyrolean height
To wand'ring peers, most beauteous sight;
But it would all their gazing bar
To see the hills o'er Lodge of Mar.

The murm'ring rill, the clearest stream,
That haunt a love-sick maidens' dream,
Such streams (best joy of love or war)
Are found alone near Lodge of Mar.

Would you the noblest chase pursue,
Hundreds of stags are soon in view;
But those may lead you much too far,
So fleet are stags at Lodge of Mar.

Angling perchance is your delight,
Millions of trout are within fight;
But soft, a pondrous rock may bar
Your angling at the Lodge of Mar.

Schauffhausen's fall, or Vaucluse fam'd,
Are neither of them to be nam'd
With those cascades that strike the ear,
And thunder round the Lodge of Mar.

Would you delicious growse enjoy,
With gun and pointer growse destroy;
There's nothing ever can debar
Your finding them at Lodge of Mar.

The ptarmigan, the bounding roc,
The black game all are doom'd to woe;
When statesman, peer, or prince, or tar,
Goes out to shoot at Lodge of Mar.

Nay, British Ladies, neat and slim,
With hands so white, and legs so trim,
Despise the bite, the scratch, or fear,
When perch'd on rocks near Lodge of Mar.

For there such game to see would vex,
Make Venus e'en forget her sex—
Forget Love's arts for those of War,
Could Venus see the Lodge of Mar.

* Rocks of tremendous height and size,
Hang pendant o'er the astonish'd eyes;
Though distant wide, we think too near,
The pondrous roof near Lodge of Mar.

It might, indeed, for aught we know,
Crush th' admiring group below,
But guardian angels still, with care,
Protect the guests at Lodge of Mar.

Success attend the noble Thane
Who can that lovely spot maintain:
His be the best and brightest star,
That owns the beauteous Lodge of Mar.

~~~~~  
\* CORRIE MULLZIE, an extraordinary  
rock near Mar Lodge.



# Battering Rams

Against

## ROMES GATES,

Made to be

The Remark of her CHARACTER,

Whom her Children and once Subjects now begin to hate.

I. **W** Ho is it that continues unprepared (unto the Battle of the Lamb) in this great Day of Slaughter (under which many are brought down into the Valley of *Megiddon*) but such, unto whom the Trumpet gives an uncertain Sound? Who being partakers of and with the Whore of *Rome* (in her Evils and wicked Abominations) must look also now to be made partakers (with her) in the Plagues and Torments come upon her (in a Day and Hour unlooked for,) Widowhood and loss of Children; for the Grave and Hell cries, *Give, give; What now shall be given her?* but a miscarrying Womb and dry Breasts.

II. This state of her (the Whore of *Rome* and Mother of all our Sorrows) is that under which she is reputed fallen, and in which she is now made and become more contemptible than that (of the state of Widowhood itself) relating to the shame of her Youth and reproach of her Widowhood; which shall never more be wiped away and blotted out (of our Remembrance) wherein it stands thus represented, as doth her Guilt the Cause thereof, (in a fresh charge against her :) Whom call no more *Lady of Pleasure* (as though she were never to see Widowhood) and *Queen over Nations*; that hath sat at ease in the flesh, and sung *Arakime* to your Souls (*Soul, Soul, take thy ease, &c. for thou hast riches laid up for many years;*) alas, in one hour (as was multiplied her Miscarriages and Misdeeds, so in like manner) is multiplied, complicated and filled up the measure of her Iniquity; consequent unto which all her Sorrows and Miseries increased, are now come upon her (both Widowhood and loss of Children.)

III. Her Character (as a City pourtray'd with Walls and Gates, and the Fabrick of whose Foundations was first erected and settled on seven high Hills, or Mountains) is so lively described, that observing this third Advice to the Painter (of such things and matters requisite in so great undertakings,) there needs no other Interpretation of the Mystery included, than the Life of the Patron consider'd, and thus remark'd (with Observations on the Parallel between a bad vile Woman, and such is the Whore of *Rome*) wherein under any Self-security (or carnal Ease and Pleasure promis'd to the flesh,) the cause of a Nations Ruine and Misery, lies at stake; of which the Reader is thus fairly warn'd

IV. Is she a City wall'd? Tell her Towers, raise your Batteries, and let all that have skill in Martial Discipline, now play their Engines of War against her, scale her Walls, throw down her Bulworks and Fortresses, and cause to fall to the ground all her Towers of Defence, (so shall you quit your selves like men;) Let not your Eyes spare, nor Hearts pity; but as she hath done unto you, into her bosome reward it double: Do unto her, according as she hath and would have done; who hath drunk of your Blood, until she is again made to vomit it up: Give her to drink of her own Vomit, (the dregs of her bitter Cup.)



V. Yet the Weapons of our Warfare are not carnal but spiritual, and mighty (through the Power of God) to the pulling down of Satan's strong Holds; against whom we wrestle, and not only with flesh and blood, but Principalities and Powers (*Spiritual Wickedness in high places*;) Remember therefore *Jericho* of old, about whose City-walls went (her Enemies) seven times round, (touting with Rams-horns) until they fell, and great was the fall thereof (to the laying open her Gates, by which enter'd all the Miseries, Evils and Mischiefs, now thus come upon her;) Like one on whose Neck is tyed a great Millstone, and then cast down (in the Sea of the bottomless Pit, a Gulf of Misery whence she never again is to rise; for she is fallen, she is fallen under irrecoverable Loss, Ruine, and Destruction.

VI. The exalted Power of the Lamb, a species of that Ram caught (by the horns) in the Thicket, where for *Abraham* he was made a Sacrifice (instead of *Isaac*;) and by whose Horns (of Power) Batteries have been rais'd and made at and against the Walls of *Mystery Babylon* (the Mother of Harlots and all Abominations, &c.) These like unto seven Trumpets, that have sounded forth the Mystery of things written in the Book of the Life of the Lamb, with seven Horns full of Eyes, upon whom was put seven Seals; namely the Mystery of seven Plagues and Vials fill'd with the wrath of such the Lamb (ready to be powred forth upon the Earth and its Inhabitants.) These, we say, have been and are exalted, above and over the rage and fury of the Beast with seven Heads and ten Horns, upon whom rides and is exalted such the Whore of *Rome*, *Mystery Babylon*.

VII. There are the Causes and Reasons, that as many of her Children and Lovers do already begin to hate her, so others her Children also shall hate both their Father (the Beast that begot them) and Whore their Mother, that brought them forth (under such the pale of Mother-Church;) who (such their *FATHER* shall thrust throw with a Dart, and burn their Mothers Flesh with Fire *unquenchable*. Give her a Cup brim-full, for her Pleasure hath been and is the Cause of all her and your Pain, Sorrow and Misery, thus come upon, and that hath overtaken you (her Children,) and her (your Mother;) of which (as you her Children are made and become sensible of the Cause of such Pain and Grief) shall return and rest upon her, as occasioned by her Witchcrafts and Sorceries.

VIII. It is the Fraudulency and Guile of their Mother, that stands figur'd forth in her, who was first betray'd (by the old Serpent,) which encourageth these her Children (in their boldness and confidence) to follow her guileful steps, and by-ways of Fallacy, Treachery, and all abominable Deceit: So that no wonder it is (their Fathers having eaten sour grapes) that the Childrens Teeth are set on edge; and that all Filthiness (sticking in and upon her skirts) hath and doth flow, grow, and reign in and over such a Generation of evil Doers, from whom we are commanded to fly and be made separate; not so much as to touch or partake with her (in their unholy things;) whose Portion (that was thus first beguiled and beguileth) is *WRATH*, even the wrath of the Lamb: From whence, you to avoid (who are found flying, labouring, and seeking to make your escape to the Rocks and Mountains, that they may thence hide and cover you) shall not, nor cannot so do, but by reflecting on the Cause (in your selves, and that first leaving or escaping there.)

IX. Wrath is the Mother of us all (of whom we by Nature, as well as others are born Children and Heirs;) the Mystery of which hereditary Passion (under which we are thus brought forth) is the Effect of Causes productive unto the Creatures first Fall from God, under such Ruine and inevitable Destruction, that pursues Mankind's imaginary Ways and Inventions, working and wrought up (or brought forth) fruits of *Mystery Babylon*, or *Hagar*, that is in Bondage (with her Seed or Children) to these the beggarly Rudiments of *Rome's* formal ways of Worship and Service towards God, under which all Murthers, Rapes, and Villanies are countenanced, as the Sodomy of that City (spiritually called *Sodome* and *Egypt*.)

*The Character of this the Whore of Rome, or bad Woman; by whom the parallel is made (according to the Pattern drawn and set before you) between her the Mother and Mystery of Iniquity, and her Brood, Children of the same.*



892/1000:10/10/10

roy off 5 2 3

7 curamus 2 2 3

9

Thomas Stafford Esq et D<sup>ns</sup> Archieps Archaiepiscopus  
Officiarius primus huius Curie Dilecto Nobis in Christo Edwardo  
Kerry filio naturali Edwardi Kerry nuper de Ducklington  
in Com<sup>te</sup> Leicestr<sup>ie</sup> Archiepiscopi Archaiepiscopi

Salutem in Domino Cum dict. Edwardus Kerry sic (ut præmittitur) defunct. ab Intestato  
nullo per eum condito Testamento ab hac Luce migraverit; Nos igitur providere volentes ne bona jura  
aut Credita dict. defunct. dilapidentur vel alias inutiliter consumantur, sed ut in solutionem debitorum  
dict. defunct. & in alios pios usus fideliter conserventur & convertantur. Ad petendum colligend. exigend.  
& recipiend. omnia & singula bona jura & Credita dict. defunct. in quorumcunq; manibus sive Possessione  
existentia sive remanentia, Eaque & in eis libere & plenarie Administrand. & disponend. *Libi* de  
*Pujus* Fidelitate & circumspectionis industria plurimum in hac parte confidimus, Primitus de bene  
& fideliter administrando omnia & singula bona jura ac Credita dict. defunct. & de solvendo ejus Debita  
juxta verum valorem bonorum prædict. ac Juris in hac parte exigentiam. Deq; vero & perfecto Inventario omnium  
& singulorum bonorum jurium & creditorum dict. defunct. per *le* exhib. Ac etiam de justo pleno  
ac plano computo calculo sive Ratiocinio de ac super Administratione *hac* in bonis prædict.  
cum ad id congrue fuerit *is* requisit. per *le* reddend. Ad Sancta Dei Evangelia in debita Juris  
forma rite Jurat. plenam Tenore præsentium concedimus potestatem *legis* Administratorem  
omnium & singulorum bonorum Jurium & Creditorum dict. defunct. nominamus, ordinamus, facimus & con-  
stituimus per præsentos. Salvo jure cujuscunque Dat apud *Oron* sub sigillo Officii nostri prædict.  
Vicesimo Primo Die Mensis Decembris Anno Domini. 1698

*Edw. Kerry*  
*Archiepiscopus*



61. f. 2 (97)  
¶ And she shalde full of content  
¶ She absent her selfe an omyng tyme  
¶ From whiche she cam into hye agayne  
¶ And sayde goode fyre I pray you be content

¶ She comyth and taketh hym by the throte  
¶ And sayth goode man hast thou blooded thy coote  
¶ I faght for me I dyd but playe  
¶ She taketh fawre water and washyth his face  
¶ And maketh a cleane and good hym a baste  
¶ Then he is content what she doth saye

¶ Then the tyme the olde man doth passe  
¶ Some tyme with sorowe some tyme with lolas  
¶ Some tyme to slepe and some to wynte  
¶ And his yonge wyfe wyll daunce the syngule traile  
¶ She careth for nothyng but let her tyme passe  
¶ And of tymes she wylde then doth she thynke

¶ She careth neyther for colwe ne yet for shepe  
¶ But for goode synke and leyng dobone slepe  
¶ When she muste she haue  
¶ She may not be let from her naturall rest  
¶ Ther wyll come suche a qualme ouer her brest  
¶ If any man speke he shall be called knawe

¶ When she hath slepte well and wakyth agayne  
¶ She stretcheth her selfe with a fart or rwainghe  
¶ Whiche doth her body betwixt moche gode  
¶ In none she wyll call vnto her handmayde  
¶ Bynge me a bawle let me pylle abroode  
¶ Whether is your mayster a cokke or a combe on his hode



**F**orsoth maystres he is gone his waye oute  
 whether god knowith I put you out of doute  
 I trowe to some ale house for to drynke  
 The deuyl goo with hym that sayth she than  
 For I wyll neuer be combryd with an olde man  
 If I myght byring hym ons to the pyt byrns

**H**ow the mayde conforteth her merstrys:



**A**ll maystrys sayth she be of goode chere  
 Sende for a pynt of wyne for ale is drye  
 And confort your selfe whyle that ye may  
 Let hym say what he lyst do as ye wyll  
 He shall be glade his appetyte to fulfyl  
 Or els he shulde were an hoine by my say



If the yong wyf lacke the ryte wylth the lot  
Her olde husbnde shall haue many a sore.  
And byde the deuyl take hym bones and a  
Finis.

**C**lenuoy of the prynter  
Go lytell boke vnto these olde soles  
That dooth them mary to lusty yonge  
Byd them go fylle in Ielosyes poles  
With weyght of hornes theyr heere  
I bescrew them that thought for them to  
For whan couetyse dooth mete with le  
Redes must the lyfe be full of mysery.

**C**Imprented at London in Southwarke  
by my Peter Treuetis







De beata



**O** intercreata & interrenū bene dicta singulari arq; incomparabili dogma dei genitricis marie gratitudinē dei templū spūs scti sacra-riū: ianua regni ce-lorū que post dei

for' bñit oibis trāit. Antima mē mie aures tue pietatē suplicatōib; meis indignissimis & esto michi in-teritio p'dōi pia in oibus auxiliā trix. **O** iohannes bñissimē xpi fami-liā adiuuēdū ab eodē dño nro iesu xpo doge es elect' & iter ceteros ma-gis dilect' atq; in mysteris relecti-bus bñicta oēs iohannis. **A**ppas xpi et euāgelista sacre es polarissimē. **E**cce tu inuoco tū maria matre euāgē saluatoris nri ut michi opē tuū eū ipā pferre digner. **O** due gēne ce-lestes maria et iohēs. **O** duo lumi-naria diuinit' ante dei lucetia veis radus celestū meorū effugate nubi-la. **A**nos enī estis alii duo i qbus de-pas p filiū suū spūaliter edificauit sibi domū: in qbus ipse filius dei ob sincerissime virginis meriti dile-ctionis sue cōfirmant p'milegiū i cruce pendēs vni vestrū ita dices. **M**ulier ecce filius tuus. **E**t inde dicit discipulo: ecce me tuus. **I**n huius ergo tā sacratissimi amoris dulces die que tūc ore dñico velut mē & fili' ad ius se cōiūcti estis vobis duob' ego mi-

sancti gregoriū.

**I**n me dñe ale mee. Amen. **I**de. **A**ue. **O** deo te dñe iesu xpe i sepulchro positi uiperba & aromatu' caditis deprecor te dñe iesu xpe. ut mox tua sit vita mea. Amen. **P**ater n. **A**ue.

**O** deo te dñe iesu xpe resurgente a mortuis/ascendente ad celos/ se-denēq; ad dextera patris/deprecor te miserere mei. **I**de n. **A**ue ma.

**O** dñe iesu xpe pastor bone/ iustos conserua/ peccatores iustifica/ & oibus fidelibus miserere/ et apertus esto michi p'cedi. **P**ater n. **A**ue ma.

**O** dñe iesu xpe rogo te p'p' illa ma-gnā amaritudinē passionis tue quā sustinuit p' me in cruce & meru-erit aia tua nobilissima cressa est de corpore tuo sūssimo miserē ergo aie tuē i egressu tuo. Amen. **I**de. **A**ue.

**A**redo. **A**. **A**doxany te xpe & bñ dñi-nus tui. **R**. **A**li p' istā cruce tuā redemisti mundū. **D**ñe exaudi oco-nē meā. **E**t cetera. **I**teus ad. **O**so.

**P**oenigantissime dñe iesu xpe re-spicice sup me miserum peccatōrē oculis mīe tue qbus respicisti p'itū i atrionariā magdalēnā i conuio et latrone in crucis patibulo: p'cedi michi de tu b'ro p'etro p'cā mea di-gne dedica/ et cū maria magdalēna pferre te diligē: cum latrone in te iesu paradiso eternaliter te vidē

(98)

**A**ue. **I**de. **A**ue. **O** deo te dñe iesu xpe i sepulchro positi uiperba & aromatu' caditis deprecor te dñe iesu xpe. ut mox tua sit vita mea. Amen. **P**ater n. **A**ue.

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**O** dñe iesu xpe rogo te p'p' illa ma-gnā amaritudinē passionis tue quā sustinuit p' me in cruce & meru-erit aia tua nobilissima cressa est de corpore tuo sūssimo miserē ergo aie tuē i egressu tuo. Amen. **I**de. **A**ue.

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**O** deo te dñe iesu xpe resurgente a mortuis/ascendente ad celos/ se-denēq; ad dextera patris/deprecor te miserere mei. **I**de n. **A**ue ma.

**O** dñe iesu xpe rogo te p'p' illa ma-gnā amaritudinē passionis tue quā sustinuit p' me in cruce & meru-erit aia tua nobilissima cressa est de corpore tuo sūssimo miserē ergo aie tuē i egressu tuo. Amen. **I**de. **A**ue.

**A**redo. **A**. **A**doxany te xpe & bñ dñi-nus tui. **R**. **A**li p' istā cruce tuā redemisti mundū. **D**ñe exaudi oco-nē meā. **E**t cetera. **I**teus ad. **O**so.



[illegible][illegible]

¶ Item multa fabricator / quibus  
quidam dictio bona i termino  
beneficiorum habuimus refoz  
dare ammittunt totum cui que fuit  
nebas cu facultatis manus fuit  
ad quod ius obuia claus primo  
et uelidime agere: et pñatio re  
habituos pdes suos cu no effe  
cuerunt uolueri eoru totum fuz

San Francisco, California, U.S.A.



est de p[ro]prietate  
et de p[ro]prietate  
et de p[ro]prietate

tu fac mōre et omīlōy tuoy pūre  
cōfō mīlī pūōzī et exāōdī pēstīam  
ī tu fēōz mīlīdīnē mīe tuc amē

Admoneſtu xpo qui pſat ut  
 pſoſat capite tua angelis et  
 nobiſe venerandi ſpina corona be  
 heneſſari ſoluiſti bſ ſigneſſe ſedue  
 ter i redemptioe madi pſre nome  
 ſam tuam p mencia et iſterſſioneſ  
 bſuſſe gentiſ et ſe tu marea et oia  
 aduſ tuoz iduſge ſuſu pſoſi qeſo  
 ſeſſeſ capite mui deliquiſſe muſe  
 tereſſu me pſoſe ante ſat ne

Quia cum ipse quod habet in  
 sua natura erit datus pro  
 retri buendo ut sanguis effusus  
 redemptione mundi pro nomine  
 eius et pro nostra et infelicione  
 tu gentem tuam et me et oia  
 tuos in quibus michi peccata  
 et tota dicitur et illius opatione  
 salutem et in inferre super me.

pror. Zm. jdr. Zuc ma.  
Domne refu rpe d' p'sofumia

[illegible]

gaudium dñe ita chaste et  
 h' est dñi q' bellissima g'hoſia  
 ſua/ſuauiſ/ benigna & pulcherr  
 ma/ breuitat' inat' mat' ſua paſſi  
 ſet in celo coronat' beat' q' co  
 e'de propitius/ b' e'ne meritis glo  
 rioſis et precibus cōſtitutus ſauit' &  
 propitiate mentis et corporis con  
 gaudi alacritate et abundantia oſta  
 donoy ſp'itualiſ & corporaliſ con  
 ſequantur in hoc ſeculo p' iuſte be  
 ſigne viuam' et poſt teſtatu' huius  
 ſeculi ab gaudio eterna felicitate que  
 v're valeam'. adiu' vniuſ et regnas  
 ſecus p'et oia ſecula ſecloy. Amen.







[illegible]







ACTA

10 11 12

五

in simplici corpore xpi. **Ex pñ**  
 finiano esse i patibulo crucis co-  
 ra. Salus nobilis et preciosissima  
 sanguis de latere crucifixi dñi mei  
 xpi rñi hñes + totu' beted ac noue  
 macule culpas abluens. Aufer igit  
 a me remissione tñi ois iniquas  
 offensas + grauidimis sñi uitiis top  
 bidat: ut purificat' mñe + corpore  
 accedere merer ad itñ sctoy: + la-  
 et mñia tui corpis + sanguis degu-  
 thare. Supplet ei o miseratoy homi-  
 obsecro: ut qd ab deo pñi hois de-  
 bidit nō michi sint ad purg' augmen-  
 ta: sed ad iduigñat' + tuitores. fac  
 me dñe ita ea ope + corpore pñe aliq  
 fieri + affectu fectur: ut p eoy dñe  
 merer pformari iustitiam mox +  
 reuerediōis tue p beted hois mox  
 rificatiōes + nouitate iuste uite: ut  
 dign' sim corpori tuo qd erecta in  
 corpore + simmōt' tuu' + tu caput  
 meu: ut manea te / + tu i me qñen'  
 in reuerediōe relinens corp' hu-  
 militat mee cōfiguratū corpori cla-  
 ritate tue sctm pñitiōne epñi + m  
 te iuctuū gaudeat de gl'ia tua. Amē.

**In simplici corpore xpi.**  
 que nō sua dñm' ut lites sub-  
 tediū meūis tñi dic dñu' et senabit  
 aia mea. **Deo simplici corpore xpi.**  
 Gratias ago tñi ope + miseric  
 corpe deo me usq'q' actiones  
 xeme de tue maiestati pñissime + un  
 mñe pñ habeo / qz me indignū + m  
 tñi pñe pñicio corpe et sanguine  
 dñi sui dñi mñi xpi pñi gloriat' +





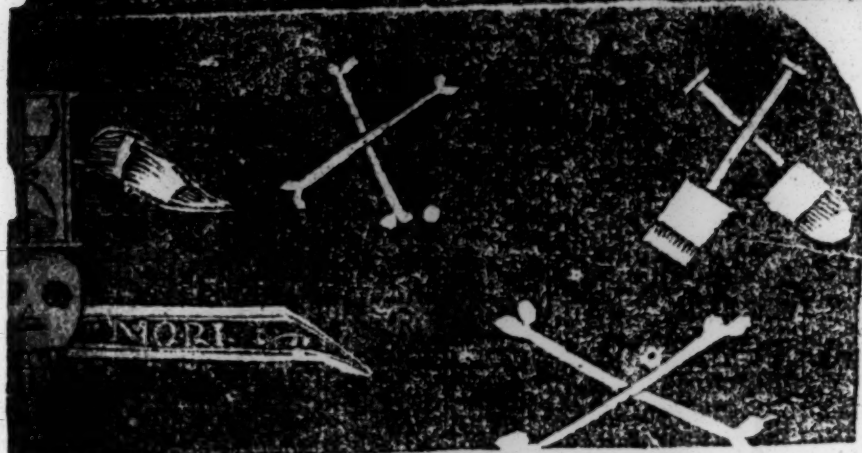






Mr Goodwin his  
1759

C. 180. 4. 20



ily in Tears :

# EGY.

ed Death of his Grace

Duke of Gloucester,

allace at *Windsor*, on *Tuesday* the 30th.  
ear of his Age.

But tis our Sins, makes Fatal Stars Combine,  
To snap in sunder *England's* Royal Line;  
Our mighty Monarch, when this News he hea  
He will Lament, in sad and Brinish Tears;  
Such diff. News ne're Touch

Here needs no Daubing, Flattery to Paint,  
A Vicious Mortal for a very Saint;  
No Poets Art to praise him now he's gone,  
Who had so many Virtues of his own;  
His Youthful Heart rejoyc'd in *England's* good,  
And though a Child, for our Just Rights he stood.  
Yet while we Sigh, what Fate will have, must be,  
No Power on Earth can alter Heaven's Decree;  
The Great, the Good, both Old and Young must Diē.  
A Debt to Nature due, none can deny;  
No Heirs to Crowns, can be Exempt from Death,  
The Greatest Monarch, must resign his Breath.

Here lies a Princely Body in the Dust,  
A Child in Years, yet Pious, Wise and Just;  
The hopes of *England's* Glory and Renown,  
Tho not on Earth. in Heaven he wears a Crown.